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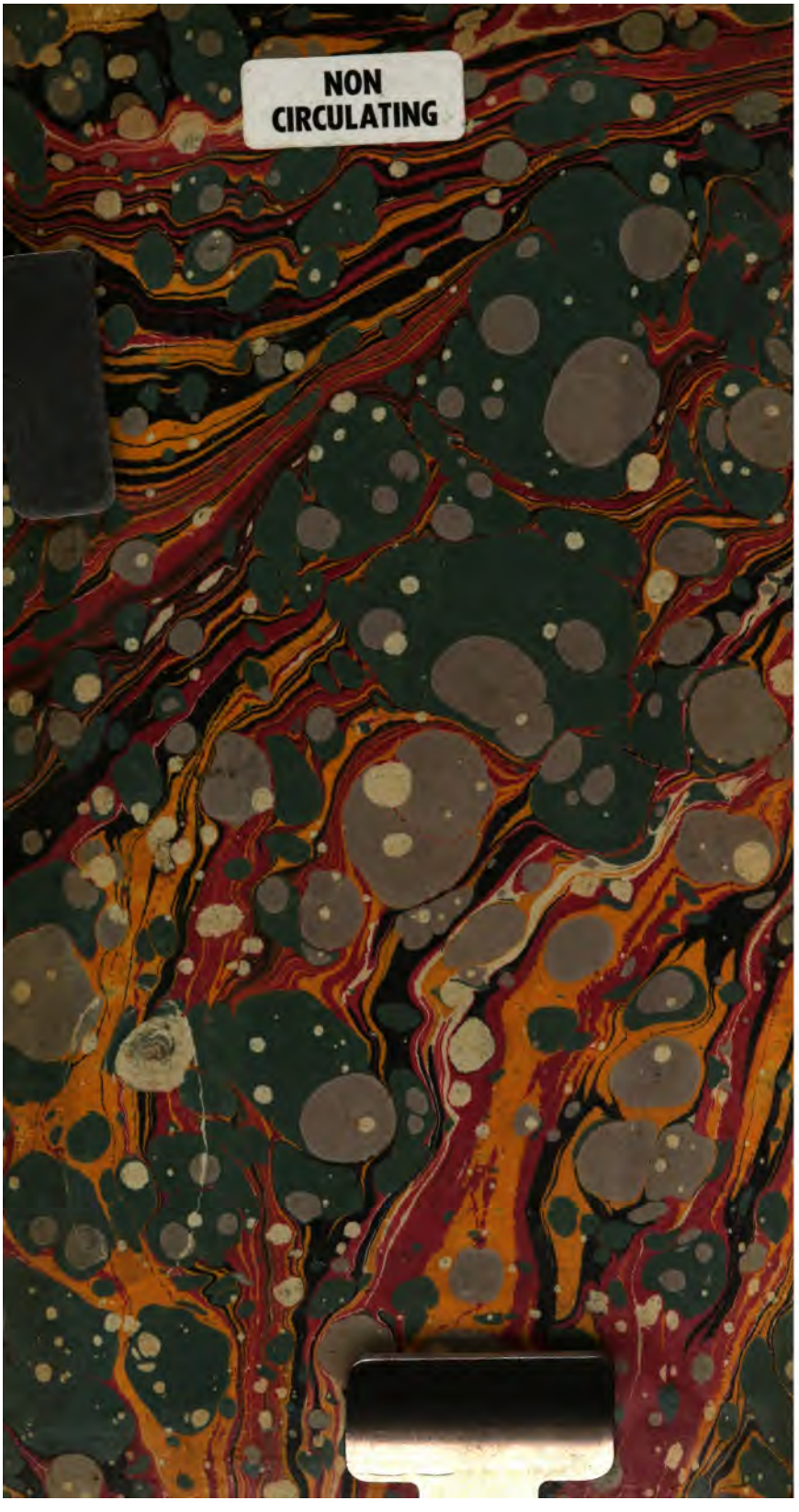
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TRAVELS

THROUGH

SPAIN,

IN THE YEARS 1775 AND 1776.

IN WHICH SEVERAL MONUMENTS OF ROMAN AND MOORISH ARCHITECTURE ARE ILLUSTRATED BY ACCURATE DRAWINGS TAKEN ON THE SPOT.

By *HENRY SWINBURNE*, Esq.

RIEN N'EST BEAU QUE LE VRAI; LE VRAI SEUL EST AIMABLE.

BOILEAU.

THE SECOND EDITION; TO WHICH IS ADDED, A JOURNEY FROM BAYONNE TO MARSEILLES.

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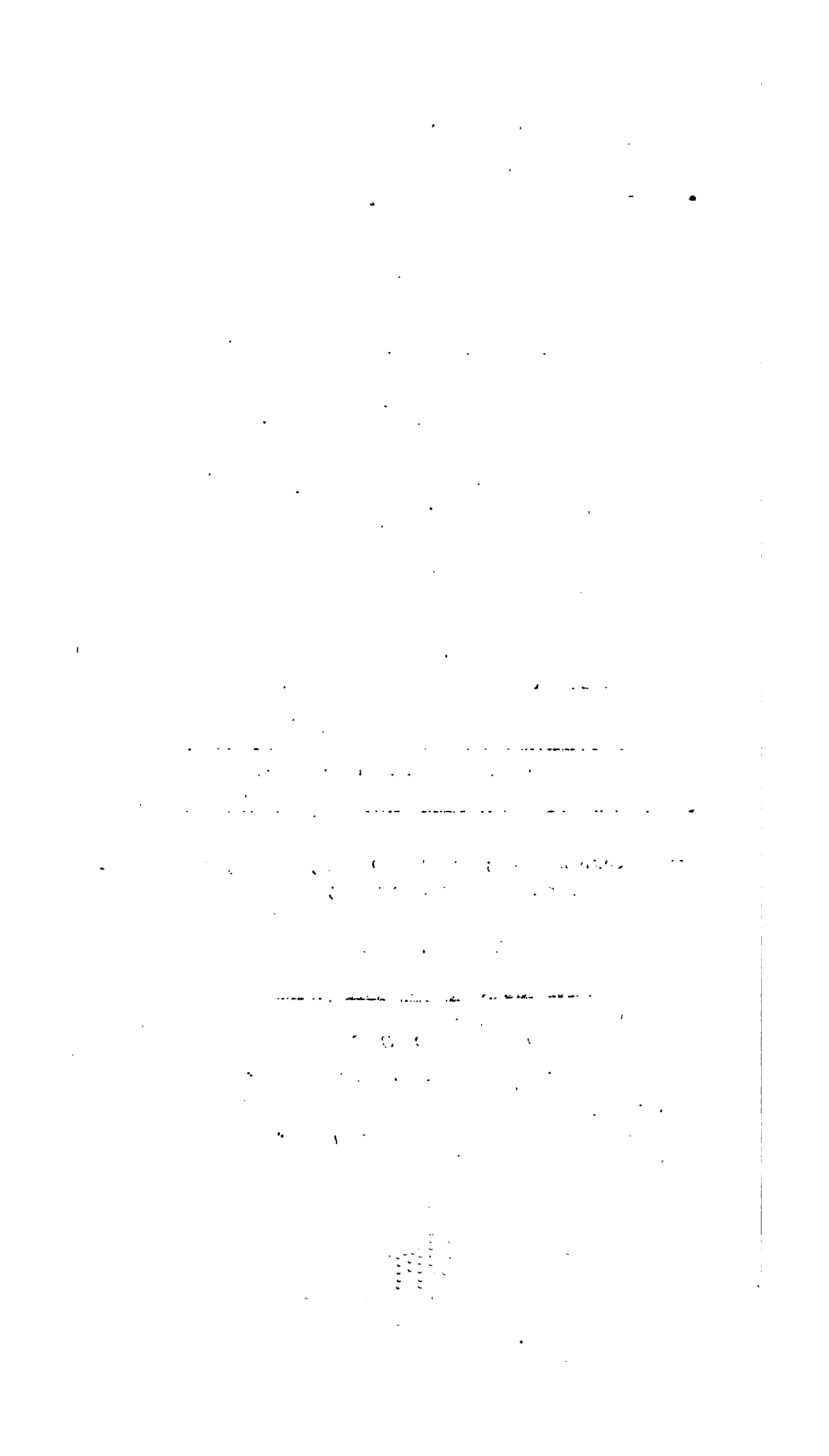

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but this project was dropped, in conſequence of an order iſſued out by the emperor of Morocco, prohibiting all Chriſtians from approaching, or even looking upon the holy city of Tetuan, where ſome Engliſhmen had lately taken liberties with the Mooriſh women. Being diſappointed in our firſt plan, we pitched upon that of running over to Tangiers, and from thence making an excurſion into the inland parts. Both theſe hopes were defeated by the contrary winds, and we were under the neceſſity of giving up ſo favourite a point, which, you may believe, was a moſt ſenſible mortification to us both.

We returned to Cadiz by our former route, ſome trifling deviations excepted; one of which was, to viſit the almoſt imperceptible remains of the city of Carteia, where Cneius, ſon of Pompey the Great, took refuge after the battle of Munda. Theſe ruins, of which ſcarce any thing but part of a wall

is

is to be ſeen, ſtand on a riſing ground at the mouth of a little river, which falls into the north-weſt corner of the bay. Writers have blundered ſtrangely about the ſituation of this town, ſome placing it at Algeçiras, or Old Gibraltar, and others ſo far off as Tariff. The rubbiſh and the quantity of its own coins found here, which are common enough among the Jews of Gibraltar, leave no room to doubt of the truth of the tradition which fixes it upon this ſpot. In paſſing the woods beyond *Los Varios*, we raiſed a prodigious eagle of the golden kind: our ſervants, who went before, took it for a boy muffled up in a yellowiſh cloak, and were ſo ſurpriſed when it took wing, that we could not prevail upon the man who carried the blunderbuſs to fire at it, till it was got out of reach. Its colour was a duſky yellow ſhaded with green, its head very ſmooth and dark; about the belly it was of a muddy brown.

At nightfall we came to a farm-houſe belonging to the duke of Medina Sidonia, where the ſervants, in the abſence of the maſter farmer, refuſed to give us leave to paſs the night. One of our men being diſpatched into the field, brought the farmer with him, very much out of humour at his houſe being made an inn of, and fully determined to pack us off about our buſineſs, as he ſuſpected us to be little better than rogues and ſmugglers; indeed the appearance of our meſſenger was not unfavourable to that opinion. St. Germain exhibited a ſet of ſtern features, with a thick black beard; an old laced hat fiercely cocked hanging over his eyes; a military jacket, acroſs which was ſlung a ſcimitar and a pair of piſtols; dirty leather ſpatterdaſhes, a hoarſe voice, ſtrange language, and foreign accent. All this together could hardly, in ſuch a country, convey the idea of any thing but a captain of banditti.

ditti. When the farmer entered his court-yard, and ſaw ſuch a formidable ſet of armed men in poſſeſſion of his caſtle, he thought it adviſable to alter his tone, and be very civil. We accepted his offer of a new barn or granary, where we pitched our tents, ſupped, and ſlept very comfortably, having previouſly ſtuffed with ſtraw the holes which had been left in the wall for the free ingreſs and egreſs of the pigeons.

Theſe farms are very extenſive, and entirely unconnected with their neighbours. Each farm has its own baker, who twice a week diſtributes a certain quota of bread to every houſe-ſervant, herdſman, plough-boy, and ſhepherd. The plain about the houſe is a deep rich ſoil, the paſturage luxuriant, but in many places over-run with weeds and rank graſs; a muddy rivulet winds through the flats, and is often a very troubleſome paſs for travellers.

We met with nothing remarkable on the road to Vegel; ſtorks, whoopoops, and a fox, were the only living creatures we ſaw. The ſun grew ſo extremely powerful, that we were glad to paſs the noon-tide hours under a large tree before the door of one of the *ſiete molinos*, by the ſide of a brook. The miller and his neighbours were very civil, and furniſhed us with a table, chairs, glaſſes, and every thing neceſſary for our repaſt, one of the moſt delicious I ever made. The old and young formed a circle round us, while we devoured our cold ham and turkey. As I perceived one of the young fellows ſmile and look very arch, I told him I hoped he was not ſcandalized at our eating meat in Lent, as we were allowed that liberty, as travellers. "No, "no," replied he, "not I indeed; for I "know you belong to a happy ſet of "people, with whom *to-day* is always the "*holiday*, and to-morrow the *vigil* and *faſt*."

His

His joke made us laugh, and ſet all his companions in a roar: in the height of our mirth and good-humour, a little old woman ventured to aſk a taſte of a bumper of Malaga, which being the bottom of a bottle I had given my man to drink; he endeavoured to put her off, with telling her that it was the wine of the Moors, conſequently ungodly, and ſuch as a zealous Spaniard would think himſelf poiſoned were he to put it to his lips; however the old dame begged ſhe might taſte it out of curioſity, and having once got the glaſs into her hands, ſwallowed every drop of the wine at one gulp, to the great aſtoniſhment of poor St. Germain: to comfort him, ſhe aſſured him ſhe ſhould have a better opinion of the Moors as long as ſhe lived, ſince they made and drank ſuch excellent liquor.

In about three hours ride we got to Chiclana, and next day hired a bark to carry us to Cadiz. The rowing down the

river was very pleaſant, as by its continual winding we kept in ſight of the pretty hill of Chiclana, till we paſſed through the arches of the bridge of Suaço into the bay. The channel through the ſhallows is very narrow and crooked. The king's dock-yards at the Caraccas lie near the entrance; and farther down is the Trocadero, or magazines and docks for merchantmen. The approach to the city is beautiful; but the ſlowneſs of our motion, retarded by contrary winds and currents, made us heartily ſick of our water party.

On the 3d of April we left Cadiz, and in leſs than an hour landed at Port Saint Mary, where we were received and entertained for three days by General Count Alexander O'Reilly, with every poſſible demonſtration of politeneſs and cordiality. This gentleman has been of late ſo much talked of, that I was eager to ſeize the opportunity

opportunity of paſſing ſome time with him. To attempt to draw his character is far above my powers, or thoſe of any three day's acquaintance. It would be unfair and preſumptuous to decide upon the merits or demerits of any man on ſuch ſlight grounds. He appears to be very active, intelligent, and ſevere, in the poſt of inſpector-general of the Spaniſh infantry, an employment of great buſineſs. I believe him ſkilled in tactics; to have read a great deal in his more advanced time of life (for I don't imagine his education furniſhed him with any great ſtock of learning); to have ſeen with a penetrating eye, and to have ſtudied profoundly the characters and weakneſſes of men. His intrepidity in facing, and ſteadineſs in conquering, all difficulties, that may lie in his way to preferment, are ſufficiently known and variouſly deſcanted upon: his memory is prodigious; his

his judgment of men and things quick and precise, perhaps too peremptory. He has much ready wit at command, especially when he has a mind to turn the laugh against any particular person, in which case he is accused of often carrying the joke too far; and I don't know but he may owe some of his many enemies to the ridicule he has sometimes thrown upon them. Some think him rather too fond of talking, and of making himself the subject of his discourse, but they must acknowledge he speaks with great eloquence in a variety of languages. His countenance and figure are rather comely; but a wound in his knee causes him to limp, an imperfection which has afforded his enemies great scope for raillery: the king's fondness for him bears him up against all their efforts to ruin him; his majesty, who thinks himself indebted to O'Reilly for his life, in the sedition of Madrid,

Madrid,* ſupports him with inflexible conſtancy. When the new road was making to the palace of the Pardo, a little, ugly ever-green oak was found to ſtand in the line marked out for the highway. This tree, by its oddity and ſolitary poſition, had attracted the notice and gained the favour of the king, who forbade the engineers to meddle with it. In ſpite of all the remonſtrances of the miniſter and ſurveyors, the oak ſtill remains ſtanding in the middle of the road; the king often ſhews it to his courtiers, and, obſerving with a ſmile, that it has no friend but himſelf, calls it O'Reilly.

The only morning we had free from rain, we employed in a ride to Sanlucar, to ſee the mouth of the Guadalquivir, the ancient Bœtis, where the fleets of Spain were wont

* He rode into the crowd of rioters, and ſhot a fellow dead that had taken up a ſtone and was going to throw it at the king.

to rendezvous, before Cadiz was made the ſtaple for Indian goods, and before the bar at the mouth became ſo conſiderable as to impede the navigation of large veſſels.

The ground riſes very beautifully weſt of Saint Mary's; it is a perfect garden: ſpring, which is now in full vigour, and every hedge and buſh covered with flowers, rendered our jaunt delightful. The kermes or holme-oak is in great beauty, quite on fire with the ſcarlet gall-nuts of the little inſect which produces the falſe cochineal. Near the Guadalquivir, the country is arable, with few incloſures. In times of remote antiquity Sanlucar was called Fanum Luciferi. It was once the port of Seville, and at the ſeaſons for the arrival or departure of the fleets, the moſt ſtirring place in Europe: at preſent it is a neat, quiet town, without much buſineſs. The ſmall ſhips that carry on its trade, lie half a league farther up in the Anſa, where the

Indian

Indian flota uſed to moor. The river is wide and very rough at the bar; the oppoſite ſhore ſo dead a flat, that it is difficult to diſtinguiſh it from the water. I ſauntered along the Playa de Sanlucar, without meeting a ſoul: how changed from what it was in the days of Cervantes, when it was crowded with the buſy and the idle, the honeſt and the profligate!

On Friday evening we came to Xeres. I was much ſurpriſed to hear, from good authority, that this city contains no leſs than forty thouſand inhabitants, of which a twentieth part are eccleſiaſtics. We went next morning to the monaſtery of Carthuſian monks, a few miles off, remarkable for its breed of horſes, and for a very fine view over the plains towards the bay and ſhipping of Cadiz. The day was ſultry, and I could with pleaſure have lolled it out in the prior's garden, under the ſhade of a noble lemon-tree, refreſhed by the ſoft perfumes aſcending

on

on every ſide from the neighbouring orchards.

This convent, founded in 1482 by Alvares de Valleto, a citizen of Xeres, is grand, and well laid out: water is conveyed into every public hall and private cell. We were diſappointed of the principal end of our journey, which was to ſee their fine ſtallions, for they were all out in the country at the covering-ſtables. The earth, in the cementaries of Xeres, has the quality of preſerving corpſes uncorrupted for years and ages.

Upon leaving Xeres, we found the roads much the worſe for the heavy rains; and two days were ſpent in travelling a few miles through ſtiff, deep clays, where we expected to ſtick faſt every inſtant, as the wheels were clogged to a great height. We ſaw ſome buſtards in theſe plains.

This morning we arrived in Seville, which appears to great advantage from the hills, at the

the diſtance of a couple of miles. The ſoil upon the heights is ſandy, planted with pine-trees and vines, incloſed with hedges of various kinds of ſhrubs, among which there is a great quantity of yellow jaſmine. Round the city is a great plain of corn-lands, paſtures, and gardens; the Guadalquivir, which runs through it, is very ſubject to overflow its banks, and lay all the adjacent country under water; the lowlands by the river ſide are common, and two years cropped with corn, the third left to run up into graſs.

When we entered the city, our muleteers were obliged to ride as poſtillions on the foremoſt mules, to comply with the orders of the magiſtrates for preventing ſtoppages and accidents in the ſtreets, which are uncommonly crooked and narrow.

LETTER XXXI.

Seville, April 9, 1776.

WE arrived yeſterday morning in this capital of Andaluſia; and as ſoon as we had dined and dreſt ourſelves, walked out with no particular object in view, but merely to ſtroll through the ſtreets, by way of making ourſelves acquainted with the city; chance led us into the court of the Alcazar, or royal palace, and the centry directed us to a gallery, which he ſaid would bring us to the gardens. You have often heard me launch out in praiſe of ſome hanging-gardens in Italy, ſo refreſhing and voluptuous in the ſummer evenings; this of the Alcazar is exactly ſuch another; ſeveral parterres, ſurrounded by galleries and terraces, interſected by myrtle hedges and jaſmine bowers, and perfumed by clumps of orange-trees, have alſo the advantage of abundance of

of water. A large party of ſprightly damſels and young men that were walking here were much indebted to us for making the water-works play, by means of a ſmall gratuity to the keeper. Nothing can be more delicious than theſe ſprinklings in a hot day; all the flowers ſeemed to acquire new vigour; the odours, exhaled from the orange, citron, and lemon trees, grew more poignant, more balſamic, and the company ten times more alive than they were: it was a true April ſhower. We ſauntered near two hours in the groves, till we were quite in ecſtaſy with ſweets. 'Tis a moſt heavenly reſidence in ſpring; and I ſhould think the ſummer heats might be tempered and rendered ſupportable enough, by the profuſion of water which Seville enjoys.

Philip the Fifth reſided here many years towards the end of his life, and paſſed his time in drawing with the ſmoke of a candle

on dead boards, or angling for tench in a little reſervoir, by torch light.

On our firſt entrance into the palace, which is a *paſticcio* of Saracenic, Conventual, and Grecian architecture, I was much taken with the principal front of the inner-court; a piece of as good Moriſco work as any I had yet ſeen. Having read that the Moors built one part of this palace, I concluded I was admiring ſomething as old as the Mahometan kings of Seville; but upon cloſer examination was not a little ſurpriſed to find *lions*, *caſtles*, and other armorial enſigns of Caſtille and Leon, interwoven with the Arabeſque foliages; and ſtill more ſo, to ſee, in large Gothic characters, an inſcription informing me, that theſe edifices were built in the fourteenth century, by the moſt mighty king of Caſtille and Leon, Don Pedro.

Within this portico is a court ninety-three feet by ſixty-nine: it is flagged with marble, and

and ſurrounded with a colonnade of white marble columns of the Corinthian order, elegantly proportioned, and well executed; the walls behind are covered with groteſque deſigns in the Mooriſh taſte: Charles V. has contrived to foiſt his eagle and his *plus outre* into every corner. The great hall adjoining, called the *Media naranja*, or half-orange, from the form of its cupola, is richly gilt and ſtuccoed in the ſame manner. Here I own my little knowledge of architecture was fairly nonpluſſed; I was convinced that the portion of the fabric, called by the travel-writers the *Mooriſh part*, was the work of Peter the Cruel, who might eaſily procure ſkilful artiſts from the kings of Granada, with whom he was connected moſt part of his reign; but there was no accounting for the Corinthian pillars, unleſs I ſuppoſed them to have belonged to ſome Roman edifice, deſtroyed for the ſake of ſupplying materials for the palace, or to have been

placed by the emperor under the old gallery, in lieu of others in a barbarous ſtyle or ruinous ſtate. Next to the court of the lions, in the Alhambra, this ſquare is the moſt pleaſing piece of Arabic building I have met with, though in delicacy of deſign and execution, the ornaments of the Sevillian are much inferior to thoſe of the Granadine palace.

Near the weſtern entrance was formerly to be ſeen a ſtone ſeat, with its canopy ſupported by four pillars, all now deſtroyed. Here that ſevere judge, Don Pedro, ſat to decide cauſes, and give ſentence upon malefactors. His juſtice was ſo very inflexible, that in thoſe days of feudal anarchy, it was looked upon in the light of wanton cruelty and tyranny; perhaps that unfortunate monarch owes to the hatred of thoſe he meant to reduce to order, much of the obloquy which has been ſo plentifully beſtowed upon him by hiſtorians, who have painted him to us as a tyrant ſo bloody, ſo wicked,

wicked, as almoſt to exceed the bounds of probability. In Andaluſia, where he fixed his reſidence, and ſeemed moſt to delight, his memory is not held in the ſame abhorrence. The Sevillian writers ſpeak of him very differently; and inſtead of his uſual appellation of *Pedro el Cruel*, diſtinguiſh him by that of *El Juſticiero*. It is certain that his baſtard-brother and murderer, Henry of Tranſtamare, was guilty of crimes full as atrocious as any of thoſe imputed to Don Pedro; but as he deſtroyed him, his family, and adherents, the friends of the new ſpurious race of monarchs were left at full liberty to blacken the characters of the adverſe party, without fear of being called to an account for calumny, or even contradicted. Truth is now out of our reach; and for want of proper proofs to the contrary, we muſt ſit down contented with what hiſtory has left us, and allow Don Pedro to have been one

of the moſt inhuman butchers that ever diſgraced a throne.

We devoted this morning to an excurſion in ſearch of the ruins of Italica, where Trajan, Hadrian, and Theodoſius the Great, are ſuppoſed to have been born; a ſearch it may moſt properly be called, for we wandered a long league wide of the mark, but had no reaſon to be ſorry for the miſtake, whatever our Catalonian running-footman might think of the matter. We took too much to the left, after croſſing the river on the bridge of boats, and ſtrayed along the walls of a convent, where the monks were ſelling the lemons of their gardens through a hole in the wall. The wind was rather briſk, and wafted ſuch perfumes from the orange-groves, as almoſt lulled us to ſleep; the meadows and corn-fields that we rode through were delightful, as rich and luxuriant as any I ever ſaw in Flanders. On our right hand a range of orange-

orange-gardens perfumed the breeze before it reached us; and on the left the Guadalquivir ran winding through the plain. Our ſoft reveries were diſturbed by a full ſtop, that our runner Chriſtoval made at a gully, where a brook falls into a river. It could only be paſſed on foot, as there was no bridge but a few yawning planks, on which our horſes, however willing, could not pretend to find a footing; this obliged us to diſmount, and ſend our horſes round half a league to join us at the ruins of Italica, which we thought appeared very conſpicuous upon a hill before us. The ſun was hot, but the ſpirit of antiquarianiſm gave us ſtrength and courage to climb up to the platform of Saint John de Alfarache. After ſitting a while to take breath under ſome arborjudas in full flower, we proceeded to explore every corner of the crown of the hill; it is almoſt ſquare, incloſed with the ruins of vaſt towers and bulwarks, built of

cemented mud and pebbles. From the knowledge I had acquired of the different modes of building, ſince I came into the ſouth of Spain, I ventured to pronounce, that if this was Italica, the Moors had built upon the ſite, and antiquaries were groſsly miſtaken when they talked of Roman edifices and amphitheatres; not but that I thought the ſituation ſuch, as the judicious Romans might have preferred to that of Hiſpalis, the preſent Seville, both for beauty and ſtrength. The view from it over that city, the courſe of the river, and the rich plain, are worth more than the labour it coſt us to get ſo high: at this blooming ſeaſon of the year, when every thing is in full vegetation, green and freſh, I don't remember to have ſeen a finer country.

An old peaſant ſet my heart at eaſe (for I confeſs I was a little out of humour, as every diſappointed virtuoſo would have been) by informing us that this was a Mooriſh caſtle,

caſtle, * and that Sevilla Vieja, or old Seville (the name they give to Italica) was a little beyond a great church of Hieronymites, a league to the north, in the ſkirts of the plain. Our error once diſcovered, we trotted away through the flats to that convent, and there picked up a fellow without ſhirt or ſtockings, with a patched cloak, white hat, and long black beard; which gentleman undertook to ſhew us the antiquities.

Of the ancient colony of Italica, ſuppoſed to have been compoſed by Scipio of his veteran ſoldiers, ſcarce the leaſt veſtige remains. It is ſaid the Moors deſtroyed it, not to have a rival ſo near Seville, where they intended to fix the ſeat of their empire; but I doubt this is the mere ſurmiſe of ſome

* After the loſs of Seville, the Moors are ſaid to have remained ſome time at Alfarache, under the government of a kind of king.

modern

modern hiſtorian. I could not poſitively aſcertain it, but from a view of the ground, am apt to believe it was built in imitation of Rome, on ſeven hills, and that the river Bœtis ran at the foot of them. By accidental obſtructions and banks of ſand, accumulated in a long ſeries of inundations, the river may have been driven from its ancient bed, and forced more into the heart of the plain, where it now takes its courſe. Such an event as this would account for the ruin of ſo conſiderable a city as Italica; and without ſuppoſing that the Saracens were at the pains of demoliſhing it, would afford ſufficient cauſe for giving the preference to Seville, which ſtands upon the Guadalquivir.

On the ſummit of the firſt hill are ſome ruinous brick walls, called *El Palacio*, not in the leaſt remarkable. The peaſants that were here at work in the olive-yards, told us, that underneath there had formerly been found

found columns of ſilver and braſs; but as they were bewitched by ſome magician, nobody was ever able to draw them up; and now-a-days, not a ſoul has the courage even to dig for them, as they have all the reaſon in the world to believe, that the conjurer would twiſt their heads off for attempting it. This is a popular ſuperſtition, which I have found to be common to moſt countries, wherever any great remains of vaults and ancient edifices are to be ſeen.

On the moſt diſtant eminence are conſiderable remains of an amphitheatre, built with pebbles, and brick arches; moſt probably the marble caſing has been carried away, or deſtroyed by burning to lime. The form is a moſt perfect oval; the arena meaſures, as near as the corn would allow me to be exact, one hundred yards in its greateſt length, and ſixty in its greateſt breadth; ſome of the vomitoria, cells, and paſſages, are yet diſcernible, but ſcarce any traces

traces of the ſeats; however I made out twenty rows, two feet ſix inches wide, and two feet high; each ſtep of the ſtairs of communication is one foot high, and one wide. This amphitheatre is now more like Stonehenge than a regular Roman edifice.*

Not far from it is a fine pool of water, in a large vault under the hill; which I take to be the remains of ſome aqueduct, as the water is too warm to be near the ſpring head.

* The corporation of Seville having occaſion for ſtones to embank the river, which, by its frequent inundations, cauſed great damage to the city, ordered the amphitheatre of Italica to be knocked down. Many hands were employed to batter the walls, and to blow up with gunpowder ſuch parts as reſiſted the pick-ax. By theſe means they procured ſufficient materials for their embankment; but, as if the Guadalquivir meant to revenge the cauſe of taſte upon theſe barbarians, the very firſt flood ſwept away the whole fabrick.

Being

Being very hot and hungry, we made the beſt of our way home, through large plantations of orange-trees, which here grow to the ſize of moderate timber-trees; the fruit is much more pleaſing to the eye, if leſs ſo to the palate, than the oranges of Portugal, as the rich blood-colour is admirably contraſted with the bright tint of the leaves.

LETTER XXXII.

Seville, April 11, 1776.

SEVILLE is ſuppoſed to have been founded by the Phœnicians, who gave it the name of Hiſpalis: the Romans called it Julia; in after-ages the old name returned, and after a variety of corruptions, ſeems to have been revived in the modern appellation of Sebilla, or Sevilla, for the Spaniards uſe both indiſcriminately.

Under the Roman government it was embelliſhed

beliſhed with many magnificent buildings, deſtined for purpoſes of public utility and amuſement; but I believe the very ruins of thoſe edifices have long ago diſappeared.

The Gothic kings reſided here, before they removed their court to Toledo.

Muſa, the Saracen viceroy, took Seville by ſtorm, ſoon after the victory obtained at Xeres over king Rodrigo.

In the general confuſion that enſued upon the downfal of the kingdom of Cordova, in 1027, Seville became an independant ſovereignty, which was annihilated by the violence of the African prince Juſef Almoravides, who came into Spain in 1097.

Ferdinand the third, king of Caſtille, (who, in conſideration of his great ſucceſs againſt the Mahometans, as well as for his ſanctity, was canonized after his death, and is ſtill honoured as a ſaint of the firſt rank) took Cordova, and many other important places, from the enfeebled, diſunited Muſſulmen;

men; drove them from poſt to poſt, till he reduced the bounds of their empire to a very confined corner of the peninſula; after a year's ſiege, he forced Seville to open its gates to him, and acknowledge his ſway. Three hundred thouſand Moors are ſaid to have left the city upon the capitulation, and to have carried their arms and induſtry to ſuch countries, as were ſtill obedient to the law of Mahomet. It is difficult to conceive how Seville could continue to be a great and populous town after ſuch an emigration; yet we find it in a few years enlarged, adorned with new buildings, the chief of which was the cathedral, and long enjoying the rank of one of the moſt conſiderable cities in Spain.

Its moſt brilliant epocha was ſoon after the diſcovery of America, when all the new-found treaſures were poured into Europe from the fleets that returned from the new hemiſphere into the Guadalquivir, and made Seville the magazine of its invaluable

productions. The ſovereign frequently honoured this place with his preſence; merchants from all parts flocked hither to open houſes of commerce, or to provide themſelves with goods for foreign markets; the ſailors and adventurers of the Indian fleets rendezvouſed here, and with wanton prodigality laviſhed the wealth, which they had acquired in America. Then indeed was the time, when the Spaniard cried out in the fullneſs of his heart, *Quien no ha viſto Sevilla, no ha viſto maravilla.** Its court was then the moſt ſplendid in Europe; its ſtreets were thronged with an immenſe concourſe of people; its river was crowded with ſhips, and its keys covered with bales of precious merchandize. Great were the buildings begun, and ſtill vaſter the projects for future ones. Its proſperity ſeemed proof

* He that has not ſeen Seville has not ſeen the wonder of the world.

againſt

againſt the ficklenefs of fortune; but in the courſe of a very few years, it fell from the higheſt pitch of grandeur to ſolitude and poverty, by the danger and embarraſſments in the navigation of the Guadalquivir. The ſuperior excellence of the port of Cadiz induced government to order the Galeons to be ſtationed there for the time to come.

The ſhape of Seville is circular, without any great riſing in the whole ſpace. The walls ſeem of Mooriſh conſtruction, or of the ages which immediately followed the diſſolution of the Saracen empire; as I gueſs by their form and materials. The ditch is filled up in many places. The circumference of the walls is not more than five miles and an half. The ſuburb of Triana, on the weſt ſide of the river, is as large as many towns, but remarkable for nothing but its gloomy Gothic caſtle,

where, in 1482, the inquiſition formed its firſt eſtabliſhment in Spain.

The ſtreets of Seville are crooked, dirty, and ſo narrow, that in moſt of them two coaches find it difficult to paſs a-breaſt. The wideſt and handſomeſt place is the Alameda, or great walk of old elms, in the heart of the city; it is ſix hundred yards by one hundred and fifty, decorated with three fountains, and the ſtatues of Hercules, the reputed founder, and Julius Cæſar, the reſtorer of Seville.

Moſt of the churches are built and ornamented in ſo barbarous a ſtyle, that I had not the patience to examine them; the cathedral, the capuchins, and the charidad, are the only ſacred edifices really intereſting; the firſt by its antiquity, ſize, and reputation; the two latter by the chef-d'œuvres of Murillo.

The cathedral is more cried up than I think it deſerves; it is by no means equal

to

to York minſter, for lightneſs, elegance, and Gothic delicacy. The cluſtered pillars are too thick, the ailes too narrow, and the choir, by being placed in the center, ſpoils the whole coup d'œil, and renders the reſt of the church little better than a heap of long paſſages. The ornamental parts are but clumſy imitations of the models left by the Moors. Not one of the great entrances or porches is finiſhed; and to disfigure the whole pile, a long range of buildings, in the modern ſtyle, has been added to the old part.

Don Sancho the Brave began this church, near the cloſe of the thirteenth century; and John the Second finiſhed it about an hundred years after. Its length within is four hundred and twenty feet; its breadth two hundred and ſeventy-three; and its greateſt height one hundred and twenty-ſix. The circumference of each cluſter of pillars is forty-two feet. It has nine doors,

eighty windows, and eighty altars, at which five hundred maſſes are ſaid every day. The pavement is brick, but they are now new-laying it with marble. The great gate of the cloyſters (the only remains of the moſque) is a piece of handſome Mooriſh architecture. The large orange-trees that ſhade the fountains in the middle of the cloyſters, make them a moſt agreeable walk. At one angle ſtands the Giralda, or belfry, a tower three hundred and fifty feet high, and fifty ſquare: the Moors erected it about the year 1000: the Chriſtians have added two ſtories, and a prodigious weathercock, which, altogether, agree much better with the ancient building than patchwork is wont to do: the ſculpture of the Saracenic part, which is two hundred feet high, is in a much ſimpler taſte than their artiſts were accuſtomed to diſplay in public works. The effect of this tower riſing far above every edifice in Seville, is extremely

extremely noble. Tradition relates, that to form a ſolid foundation for it, the Moors made a deep hole, into which they caſt all the marble and ſtone monuments of the Romans that could be found: when repairs have been neceſſary, and the ground has been opened near the bottom, many broken ornaments and inſcriptions have been diſcovered. The whole work is brick and mortar; a winding ſtair-caſe is contrived within, ſo eaſy and wide, as to admit of two horſemen riding a-breaſt, above half way up. For ſome purpoſe, unknown to us, the architect has made the ſolid maſonry in the upper half, juſt as thick again as that in the lower, though on the outſide the belfry is all the way of the ſame dimenſions.

Murillo has adorned the Charidad and Capuchins with ſeveral moſt valuable pictures, which may be ranked among his very beſt performances; his manner puts

me much in mind of Guercino; but the characters of his figures are often mean, and copied from models in the loweſt claſs of citizens: the deſign of his hands and arms is alſo generally faulty, as he gives them rather too great a length; however, there is ſuch expreſſion, ſuch truth of colouring, and intelligence in the compoſition of his groupes, that a trifling defect of that kind is eaſily overlooked.

In the firſt of thoſe churches, Saint Elizabeth, queen of Hungary, curing ſome lepers, and other diſeaſed perſons, by anointing them with holy oil, is an admirable picture; there is an old woman and a boy under the hand of the ſaint, full of truth, character, and expreſſion. In the repreſentation of Moſes ſtriking the rock, are ſeveral excellent figures, and a very beautiful white horſe.

In the church of the capuchins, out of many of his pictures, which hang in every chapel

chapel on each ſide, thoſe that gave me moſt pleaſure, were a Saint Anthony of Padua, holding the infant Jeſus on a book; a friar embracing Chriſt crucified, who ſtoops from the croſs, and brings down an arm to preſs the ſaint's ſhoulder; an adoration of the ſhepherds; and Saint Thomas of Villanova, archbiſhop of Valencia, diſtributing alms at his palace-gate; which laſt I like the beſt of the whole collection.

In our way to this church, which ſtands without the walls, we looked into many others; but found nothing particular in any, except in one, a liſt of the books lately condemned by the inquiſition; among many others we ſaw the famous *Fray Gerundio* by father Iſla; ſome common French books relative to geography; ſome of Voltaire's late publications; and the political hiſtory of the European ſettlements by Raynal, prohibited not only as favouring of deiſm and infidelity, but alſo as contain-

ing many paſſages derogatory to the glory of the Spaniſh nation.

We returned by the great road round the walls, paſſing near the gate and tower where Saint Hermenegild was put to death by order of his father Leovigild, king of the Goths, for deſerting arianiſm, and for raiſing an unſucceſsful rebellion againſt him.

Further on we walked under the Caños de Carmona, or the great aqueduct; which is eſteemed by the Sevillian hiſtorians, one of the moſt wonderful monuments of antiquity exiſting in the univerſe. We were much diſappointed to find none of that beauty or grandeur they talk ſo much of; on the contrary, it is rather ugly, its arches unequal, the architecture neglected, and its direction very crooked. The conduit is ſo leaky, that a rivulet is formed of the waſte water. Authors are divided in their opinions concerning this aqueduct; whether to look upon it as a Roman, or as a Mooriſh work.

work. I believe it was originally planned and built by the former; but the innumerable repairs it has undergone have almoſt obliterated every trace of their manner: however, what it wants in ſhew, it certainly makes up for in utility; it conveys a very abundant ſupply of water ſeveral leagues from a place called Alcalá. The rocks are there bored, in various directions, an immenſe length of way under ground, in order to intercept every little runner, and collect ſo conſiderable a ſtream as to turn ſeveral mills, and bring ſuch a volume of water down to Seville, that almoſt every houſe in town has the benefit of it; except thoſe of the quarters, which are ſupplied by the pipes from the fountain of the archbiſhop.

We re-entered the city at the new gate, which forms an elegant termination to a handſome ſtreet of regular houſes one ſtory high, behind the Alcazar. The ſnuff manufactory

nufactory is ſituated in this ſtreet: for the more convenient carrying on this lucrative branch of commerce, Ferdinand the Sixth erected a moſt magnificent, roomy palace, in a grand but rather heavy ſtyle of architecture. It was finiſhed in 1756. One thouſand men are employed conſtantly, at the rate of ſix or four reals per diem, for about nine hours work. One hundred and eighty mules work twenty-eight mills or machines for grinding and mixing the tobacco with the red earth of Almazarron; the exceſſive adulteration with this earth, practiſed of late years by the directors, has occaſioned a prodigious falling off in the exportation of this commodity, and unleſs they alter their method, the trade will ſoon be confined to Spain and its dominions; the northern markets have long refuſed to take any off their hands. The leaves of the tobacco are imported from Cuba and the Braſils; the beſt ſnuff is called *Grance*.

Thirty-two reals a pound is the current price of the ſnuff, but none is allowed to be ſold by retail in the manufactory. We viſited every part of the houſe, at the hazard of being ſuffocated; in one room we found four hundred and ſixty men ſitting at work, making *cigarros* *, and tying them up in bunches worth four reals a-piece, for each of which they are paid for their labour four quartos. The officer that attended us, told us that the neat profits of laſt year, upon all the ſnuff and tobacco ſold out at the office, amounted to more than ſix millions of dollars.

Near the cathedral is the *Lonja*, or exchange, formerly a place of great reſort, but now, being deſerted by merchants, it is appropriated to other uſes; I believe to the holding of ſome inferior courts of juſtice.

* Theſe are little rolls of tobacco, which the Spaniards ſmoke without a pipe.

The

The building is ſquare, its ſtyle plain and noble, and it remains a monument of the good taſte of the Spaniards at that brilliant period of their hiſtory, which takes in the reign of Charles the Fifth, and of his ſon Philip. The Lonja was erected in 1583, upon a deſign of Juan de Herrera.

Olavides, the preſent Intendant, is ſaid to have great ſchemes for the embelliſhment of Seville; but as he is likewiſe director of all the new colonies in the Sierra Morena, and not upon the moſt ſolid footing at court, I doubt he has more projects in hand and idea, than he can poſſibly bring to bear, during the time he may probably remain in power. *

His

* In 1776 he was taken up and impriſoned in the dungeons of the inquiſition, from whence he was brought out to trial for irreligious diſcourſes. The chief witneſs againſt him was a friar, once his confidential friend, and employed by him in the eccleſiaſtical direction of the infant colonies. The ſentence was

His preſent operation, is to embank with a ſtrong brick wall, the bed of the river above the town, thereby to turn off the impetuous currents, that have ſo often burſt their way into the very heart of the city. Along the banks he has planted avenues of an ever-green tree, very like a poplar. It was brought from South America, and is called *Sapota.*

The great hoſpital de la Sangre, and the college of Sant Elmo, founded for a marine ſchool, are more remarkable for their ſize than for any other merit; the other buildings are little worthy of notice. The police of this city is very ſevere, but perhaps not uniformly and impartially ſo. My

was pronounced againſt Olavides with great ſolemnity: he was condemned to impriſonment in a convent, and to an exemplary penance; but ſoon after was ſuffered to make his eſcape to France, where he has reſided ever ſince.

man

man has been a day and a night in priſon, only for carrying my piſtols through the ſtreets to the gunſmith's. There has been as much writing as would do for a moderate ſuit in chancery, but it ſeems to be cheap enough, as I believe the value of a guinea will procure his releaſe, and pay the fees, as well as the expences of the procedures.

LETTER XXXIII.

Eccija, April 12, 1778.

HAVING ſeen every thing in Seville that was recommended to our notice, we left it yeſterday, and came to lie at Carmona; the road is through a perfect foreſt of olive-trees, which are much hacked and pruned, and ſet at the regular diſtance of twenty-ſeven feet aſunder.

Carmona

Carmona is a large town, ſtanding boldly on a high hill. Its caſtle, in ruins, covers a vaſt extent of ground, and contains many buildings that ſerved for palace and fortreſs to Don Pedro the Cruel, and his family. He placed his main hope in the ſtrength of this caſtle, and in the faithful attachment of Don Martin Lopez de Cordova, grand-maſter of the order of Calatrava, to whoſe care he entruſted his ſons Sancho and Diego, whom he had had by a lady he had taken to his bed, after the death of his famous miſtreſs Maria de Padilla. Henry of Tranſtamare, after the defeat and murder of Pedro in the plains of Montiel, laid ſiege to Carmona, took it by capitulation, together with the children and treaſures of the late king, and baſely breaking his word of honour, cauſed Lopez to be beheaded for his obſtinate reſiſtance.

Like every place in this province, Carmona makes a figure in Roman hiſtory, and

and has many remains of their walls, inſcriptions, &c. to ſhew as proofs of its ancient importance. The country about it is hilly and champaign, but far from unpleaſant, as it is all green, and has ſome wood and water in different parts of the view.

We dined to-day at the ſolitary venta of Monclova, and rode on hither to get a ſight of the town, but it proved farther off than we imagined, and it was dark before we got in. We were obliged to leave the carriage with our baggage at Carmona, to get the axletree mended, and hitherto we have had no tidings of it, ſo ſhall lie down in our clothes on a few chairs.

The road from Seville hither is better than any I have ſeen in Spain, ſome of the new road near Barcelona excepted; it is all gravel, which not being the ſoil of the country, muſt have been brought from a great diſtance, and has ſubſiſted in all probability, unaltered

unaltered and unrepaired ſince the Moors were driven out of Andaluſia; it is raiſed above the level of the fields, and commonly runs in a direct line from weſt to eaſt. As there are no viſible remains of pavement, I rather attribute it to the Saracens than to the Romans, although both nations are known to have attended particularly to the highways of this province, and to have made ſeveral cauſeways and roads of communication between the great towns.

We paſſed through La Luiſiana, a tract of land lately brought into cultivation by a colony of Germans, who have their habitations not far from the ſide of the highway, placed at regular diſtances of two or three hundred yards, all built after one ſimple model, with an allotment of corn-land round the houſe: this is the moſt weſtern of the new ſettlements.

Eccija ſeems prettily ſituated upon the river Xenil, and to have ſome pleaſant walks, and an aſtoniſhing number of ſteeples.

Cordova, April 14th.

Yeſterday we dined at La Carlotta, another plantation of Germans of great extent, made eight years ago, in a hilly foreſt. The houſes are ſcattered about. The pariſh-church, inn, director's houſe, ſome ſhops and dwelling houſes for handicraft men, form a very neat village on an eminence: as they have left ſtanding all the evergreen oaks of any tolerable ſize, the face of the country is very handſome, the green corn being checquered with groves, clumps, and ſingle trees. About twenty or thirty acres is an allotment for a family, under the obligation of remaining on the ſpot ten years; during which period, they are ſubject to no taxes of any kind. At the expiration of the term, if they chooſe to ſettle here, the land is made over to them in fee, and they commence payment of a ſmall quit-rent. The king furniſhes them with ſeed corn, but they

they are obliged to replace it in his granaries after harveſt; except the walls of a houſe, and ſome trifling inſtruments of huſbandry, this is all the encouragement they meet with; and as this is by no means a ſufficient help, and much of the ſoil is poor and hungry, and falls off at every crop, there is great reaſon to apprehend, that this colony will prove one of thoſe ephemeral productions that ſo often ſpring up in monarchical governments, and almoſt immediately after birth ſink into their original nothing. Some hundreds of the Germans have died ſince the eſtabliſhment, through poverty, intemperance, bad food, and change of climate.

The country, as you approach Cordova, is all bare, hilly, and arable. The view of the river, city, and woods, on the oppoſite hills, is extremely agreeable and pictureſque.

LETTER XXXIV.

Cordova, April 15, 1776.

WE have ferreted out the few things in this city, that can be accounted worthy of any attention from a traveller; have ridden up and down the environs as often as the weather would permit, and have ſtudied the moſque by day-light, and by torch-light; but ſtill this temple is ſo intricate a labyrinth, and contains ſo many extraordinary things, that I ſhall take one or two farther ſurveys of it, before I attempt to deſcribe it. The abundance of ſubject-matter, and its celebrity, will entitle it to figure in a letter apart. This ſhall be dedicated to objects of leſs importance, and when I ſhall have informed you of the preſent ſtate of the town, it will be proper to ſelect for you, from the beſt authors I have by me, ſome curious

curious particulars relative to its ancient hiſtory.

The environs are delightful, and enjoy a rich variety of woods, hillocks, and culture, vivified by abundance of limpid water. The flat land produces olives and corn, and much of it is laid out in gardens, where the fruit-trees grow to a remarkable ſize, and ſeem perfectly clean and healthy. The upper-grounds are over-run with evergreen oaks and pines, which the farmers grub up in the good ſpots to plant olive and carob bean trees in their ſtead. The farm houſes are built in the midſt of incloſures and orchards of orange-trees. Corn-land is let for ſo many meaſures of corn, either a fixed number for each harveſt, or an indefinite quantity according to the crops; the highlands are all let out at a certain rent in caſh.

The Guadalquiver runs before the town, which it has worn into a perfect half-moon. A bridge of ſixteen arches, defended by a

large Mooriſh tower, leads from the ſouth into Cordova, and near the end of the bridge ſtands the moſque, now the cathedral. The walls of the town are in many places juſt as the Romans left them: the method they have followed here in laying the ſtones is rather different from what I have obſerved in other Roman edifices. Here each long ſquare ſtone is terminated and flanked by two thin ones ſet up an end.

The ſtreets are crooked and dirty; few of the public or private buildings conſpicuous for their architecture; the new hoſpital for the education of orphans, has ſomething bold and ſimply noble in its cupola and portico. The palaces of the inquiſition and of the biſhop are extenſive, and well ſituated.

We are juſt returned from a bullfeaſt, where no horſemen were allowed, as the animals were not of a breed ſufficiently noble to try the lance upon. One poor bull, that would not fight, was very dexterouſly

ouſly run through the heart; two oxen were tormented a little, and then ſent to the adjoining ſhambles; and a ſmall cow, after behaving mighty well as to jumping and ſkipping, got a reprieve in conſideration of her exceſſive leanneſs. It was too tireſome even to make us laugh, but we are in hopes of ſeeing this exhibition in greater perfection at Aranjuez. The motive of this paltry ſpectacle is extremely laudable. The Corregidor (i. e. the triennial governor of the town, always a native of a different part of Spain from that wherein he is appointed to ſuperintend the police) gives theſe little ſhews to the people on Sundays and feſtivals; and out of the profits and hire of the ſeats, raiſes a ſum ſufficient to carry on the new walk he is laying out under the walls.

After the entertainment, the nobility paraded about in their coaches; and I was ſurpriſed to ſee ſuch elegance as I little expected in an inland town in Spain; very handſome

Engliſh and French carriages, ſmart liveries, and excellent horſes. The nobility of this place live in a manner not to be met with any where elſe in the kingdom; if their union and mutual emulation in rendering ſociety agreeable be ſuch as they are repreſented to me, they deſerve the higheſt encomiums from every lover of humanity: thirty families or more, meet every night at a houſe choſen by rotation, where the ladies do the honours of genteel refreſhments, merry good-natured converſation, and ſome low card-playing. The general run of the women ſeems to be handſome; ſome we ſaw on the walks were extremely beautiful.

Having thus marked out the little that modern Cordova has to ſhew, give me leave to carry you back to more remote times; to a period, when it figured to much greater advantage on the theatre of politics and commerce. This is not be fixed at the time,

time of its being a Roman colony *, though it boaſts of having given birth to Seneca and Lucan; nor in the ages during which it acknowledged the dominion of the Goths. To the Saracen Caliphs of the Ommiad family Cordova is indebted for its glory; as we hear but little of it before the year 755, when Abdoulrahman, only heir-male of the Ommiad line, paſſed over from Africa, at the head of a few deſperate followers, and found means to raiſe a rebellion in Spain. After a battle fought on the banks of the Guadalquiver, in which he overthrew the lieutenant of the Abaſſid Caliph of Damaſcus, Abdoulrahman became king of all the Mooriſh poſſeſſions in the South of Spain, and in 759 fixed his royal reſidence at Cordova.

* Strabo ſays, that Corduba was founded by Marcellus, and was the firſt Roman colony eſtabliſhed in Spain. Its Latin appellation was *Patricia*.

Then

Then began thoſe flouriſhing ages of Arabian gallantry and magnificence, which rendered the Moors of Spain ſuperior to all their contemporaries in arts and arms, and made Cordova one of the moſt ſplendid cities of the world. Agriculture and commerce proſpered under the happy ſway of this hero; and the face of the country was changed from a ſcene of deſolation, which the long wars and harſh government of the viceroys had brought on, into a moſt populous flouriſhing ſtate, exceeding in riches, number of inhabitants, activity and induſtry, any prior or ſubſequent era of the Spaniſh hiſtory. He added new fortifications to the town, built himſelf a magnificent palace with delicious gardens, laid cauſeways through the marſhes, made excellent roads to open a ready communication between the great towns, and in 786 began the great moſque, which he did not live to finiſh.

During the courſe of two centuries this court

court continued to be the reſort of all profeſſors of the polite arts, and of ſuch as valued themſelves upon their military and knightly accompliſhments; while the reſt of Europe was buried in ignorance, debaſed by brutality of manners, or diſtracted by ſuperſtitious diſputes. England, weakened by its Heptarchy, was too inconſiderable even to be mentioned in the political hiſtory of the times; France, though it had a gleam of reputation under Charlemagne, was ſtill a barbarous, unpoliſhed nation; and Italy was in utter confuſion, the frequent revolutions and change of maſters rendering it impoſſible for learning, or any thing good, to acquire a permanent footing in ſo unſtable a ſoil; Greece, though ſtill in poſſeſſion of the arts and luxury of ancient Rome, had loſt all vigour, and ſeemed abſorbed in the moſt futile of all purſuits; viz. that of ſcholaſtic argument, and religious ſubtilties.

The reſidence of the Ommiad Caliphs was

was long conſpicuous for its ſupreme magnificence, and the crowds of learned men, who were allured to it by the protection offered by its ſovereigns, the beauty of the country, the wholeſomeneſs of the climate, and the variety of pleaſures that returned inceſſantly in one enchanting round.

Cordova became the centre of politeneſs, induſtry, and genius. Tilts and tournaments, with other coſtly ſhews, were long the darling paſtimes of a wealthy, happy people; and this was the only kingdom in the weſt, where geometry, aſtronomy, and phyſic, were regularly ſtudied and practiſed; muſic was no leſs honoured, for I find that in 844, a famous muſician, called Ali Zeriab, came to ſettle at Cordova, and formed ſeveral pupils, who were ſuppoſed to equal the moſt celebrated performers that were ever known, even in the eaſt. That architecture was greatly encouraged, we need no other proof than the great and expenſive fabrics undertaken

undertaken and completed by many of theſe Mooriſh monarchs: whatever faults may be juſtly condemned in their manner by the connoiſſeur, accuſtomed to the chaſte noble graces of the Grecian proportions; certainly nobody can behold what remains of theſe Mooriſh edifices, without being ſtrongly impreſſed with a high idea of the genius of the artiſts, as well as the grandeur of the princes who carried their plans into execution.

Theſe Sultans not only gave the moſt diſtinguiſhed protection to arts and ſciences, and to the perſons learned in any of them, but were themſelves eminently verſed in various branches of knowledge. Alkehem the Second collected ſo immenſe a quantity of manuſcripts, that before the end of his reign, the royal library contained no leſs than ſix hundred thouſand volumes, of which the very catalogue filled forty huge folios. The univerſity of Cordova was

founded by him, and under ſuch favourable auſpices, roſe to the higheſt pitch of celebrity.

Abdoulrahman was ſucceeded by his ſon Hiſſem; whoſe paſſion for glory and architecture was not in the leaſt inferior to that of his father. He put the finiſhing hand to the moſque, which the plunder of the ſouthern provinces of France enabled him to complete in the courſe of a few years. Several hiſtorians relate, that the terror which his name inſpired was ſo great, that the inhabitants of Narbonne, in order to purchaſe peace and liberty, agreed to tranſport from their city to Cordova, all materials neceſſary for the conſtruction of the moſque. This ſtory is hardly credible; Mariana ſuppoſes it to have been a ſort of fine ſand proper for mixing with lime, that the Narbonneſe engaged to carry; but if there be any truth in the affair, I ſhould imagine it to be more probable, that they furniſhed

furniſhed him with columns and other monuments of antiquity, which Narbonne abounded with, and which were undoubtedly employed in great quantities in the building of the moſque. The bridge over the Guadalquiver was a work of Hiſſem's, after his own plans.

Alkaham ſucceeded Hiſſem.

Abdoulrahman the Second was alſo paſſionately fond of building. He was the firſt that brought ſupplies of water to Cordova, by means of leaden pipes laid upon aqueducts of ſtone. The quantity was ſo conſiderable that every part of the palace, the moſques, baths, ſquares, and public edifices, had all of them their fountains conſtantly playing. A great many of theſe works ſtill ſubſiſt. He paved the whole city, and erected ſeveral moſques.

After him reigned Mahomet Almundar, Abdallah, and Abdoulrahman the Third, who ſurpaſſed all his predeceſſors in ſplendour,

dour, riches, and expence. His ſubjects vied with each other in profuſion and magnificence. I cannot give you a greater proof of the prodigious opulence and grandeur of the Arabians in the tenth century, than by enumerating the preſents made to this prince by Aboumelik, named in 938 to the poſt of grand vizir. He cauſed to be brought before the throne, and laid at the feet of his maſter,

Four hundred pounds of virgin gold.

Lingots of ſilver to the value of 420,000 zequins.

Four hundred pounds of lignum aloes, one piece weighing one hundred and forty pounds.

Five hundred ounces of ambergreaſe.

Three hundred ounces of camphire.

Thirty pieces of gold tiſſue, ſo rich that none but the Caliph could wear it.

Ten ſuits of Khoraſſan ſables.

One

One hundred ſuits of fur of a leſs valuable ſort.

Forty-eight ſets of gold and ſilk long trappings for horſes.

Four thouſand pounds of ſilk.

Thirty Perſian carpets.

Eight hundred iron coats of mail for war horſes.

One thouſand ſhields.

One hundred thouſand arrows.

Fifteen led horſes of Arabia, as richly capariſoned as thoſe the Caliph was wont to ride.

One hundred horſes of an inferior price.

Twenty mules with all their accoutrements.

Forty young men, and twenty girls of exquiſite beauty, and moſt ſumptuouſly decked out.

This diſplay of riches was accompanied with a moſt flattering poem, compoſed by the miniſter in praiſe of his ſovereign, who,

in return for this homage, aſſigned him a penſion of an hundred thouſand pieces of gold.

Abdoulrahman built a new town * three miles from Cordova, called Zehra or Arizapha, from the name of his favourite miſtreſs. The palace was erected upon the plans of the moſt celebrated architect of Conſtantinople, at that time the beſt ſchool and nurſery of artiſts in the world. In this edifice, were one thouſand one hundred and fourteen columns of African and Spaniſh marble, nineteen of Italian, and one hundred and fourteen of moſt exquiſite workmanſhip, a preſent of the Greek emperor. The richneſs of the ſtate-room exceeded the bounds of credibility. The walls were incruſted with marble, inlaid with golden foliages:

* Suppoſed to have been at a place called Cordova la Vieja. There is nothing but a few ruins to ſupport the conjecture.

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in the middle was a marble baſon ſurrounded with various figures of animals ſpouting water; all theſe ſtatues were gilt and enriched with precious ſtones: the baſon was cut at Conſtantinople, and the figures were eſteemed the maſter-pieces of the moſt expert ſculptors of that city. Above the fountain, hung a famous pearl which the emperor Leo had ſent to Abdoulrahman. The other apartments of the palace fell little ſhort of this hall in magnificence. The moſt retired part was allotted to his wives, concubines, ſlaves, and black eunuchs, in all ſix thouſand. Over the principal entrance, in open defiance of the expreſs mandate of the prophet, ſtood the ſtatue of the fair Sultana who gave her name to this new city, now become the conſtant reſidence of the court. Here the emperor was wont to take the diverſion of hunting, attended by twelve thouſand horſemen, accoutred with belts and

ſcimitars, imboſſed with gold. At his return from the chace, he uſually retired to reſt himſelf in a ſplendid pavilion erected in the middle of the gardens, overlooking all the adjacent country. This banquetting houſe was ſupported by columns of the whiteſt marble; the gilding and painting of the ceiling vied with the precious ſtones ſcattered over it; and in the center was a vaſe, in which quickſilver ſupplied the place of water; it ſhook with every motion of the room, and reflected the rays of the ſun, which were admitted through ſome holes contrived in the roof.

You will no doubt be backward in crediting theſe relations; and the inconceivable expence this prince muſt have been at in theſe undertakings, will be apt to ſtagger your belief. The town of Zehra, with the palace and gardens, coſt him, for twenty-five years, the annual ſum of three hundred thouſand

thouſand dinars * ; add to this, the vaſt ſums requiſite for the maintenance of a ſeraglio of ſix thouſand perſons, a moſt numerous houſehold, a guard of twelve thouſand lancemen, and an incredible number of horſes, and it can ſcarce be conceived where he could find revenues ſufficient to anſwer ſuch prodigious demands. All his life he kept on foot, and frequently ſent into the field, very powerful armies. The ſalaries of the governors of provinces, towns, and forts; of the adminiſtrators of juſtice; the repairs of the fortified places, and the current outgoings of a formidable regular marine eſtabliſhment, are objects of ſuch expence, that it is eaſier to wonder than to believe, how they could be ſatisfied. But upon taking a review of the opulence of

* Reckoning the dinar at 9*s*. 2*d*. the annual expence amounts to £. 137,500 and in twenty-five years this makes the ſum of £. 3,437,500 ſterling.

Spain at that epocha, of its trade, population, tributes, and taxes; that aſtoniſhment which we muſt be ſeized with, on the hearing of theſe accounts, will in a great meaſure ſubſide.

The Moors were then maſters of all the richeſt provinces of Spain, populous to an exceſs. In Cordova alone, they reckoned two hundred thouſand houſes, ſix hundred moſques, and nine hundred public baths. *

The Arabian hiſtorian, † from whom the preſent detail is taken, informs us, that

* In all probability, moſt of theſe houſes were very inconſiderable huts of one room, as the Moors never dwelt more than one family under the ſame roof.

† Moſt of theſe particulars are extracts from l'Hiſtoire d'Afrique, par M. Cardonne, who tranſlated them out of the Arabic.

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in his time there were in Spain * eighty large cities, three hundred of the ſecond order, and that the number of villages and hamlets was not to be counted; upon the banks of the Guadalquivir, were no leſs than twelve thouſand villages; a traveller, in the courſe of a day's journey, met with three or four conſiderable towns, and could not travel an hour without coming to a hamlet.

The revenues of the Ommiad caliphs in the time of Abdoulrahman the Third, amounted annually to twelve million nine hundred and forty-five thouſand dinars, or about five millions five hundred and twenty thouſand ſix hundred twenty-five pounds ſterling. Beſides this income in ſpecie, a great number of impoſts were paid in kind,

* It does not appear from his account, whether he means the whole peninſula, or only the portion of it ſubject to the Saracens.

which it is not poſſible to aſcertain or fix any average value upon; but it is certain they muſt have been in proportion to the produce of the land, and conſequently very great in a country inhabited by a numerous and indefatigable nation, devoted to agriculture, which they had carried to a pitch of perfection unknown to the reſt of Europe. *

The mines of gold, ſilver, and other metals, which Spain abounds with, were another inexhauſtible fund of wealth to the Arabs, who kept a great number of miners conſtantly employed. The diſcovery of America, and of its treaſures, which ſeem to have brought contempt upon the riches

* This calculation of the Arabian hiſtorian favours much of exaggeration;' as the ſums mentioned far exceed all ideas we have of the quantity of gold and ſilver coin in circulation at the era: but I have given it in his words, without any farther comment.

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of the old world, has deterred the kings of Spain from continuing to work the mines they have at home.

The extenſive commerce carried on by the Moors with other nations, brought an incredible flow of wealth into their country. I ſhall not ſpeak of their inland traffic, as I find nothing in their authors that can throw light upon it, or enable us to form any preciſe judgment of its extent and importance. I intend to confine myſelf to the operations of their foreign commerce, which was diſtributed into various channels, many of them rendering an exceſſive profit. It conſiſted either of the natural unwrought productions of Spain, or part of the ſame productions manufactured at home, and exported to foreign markets.

Gold, ſilver, copper, raw-ſilk, oil, ſugar, falſe cochineal, quickſilver, pig and caſt iron, and above all, their ſilk and woollen manufactures,

factures, were the moſt lucrative articles of exportation.

Ambergreaſe, yellow amber, loadſtone, antimony, ſalt, talc, marcaſſites, rock chryſtal, tuttie, ſulphur, ſaffron, ginger, myrrh, and various other drugs, formed other objects of trade, which, though inferior in value and quantity, produced nevertheleſs great and clear returns.

Much coral was fiſhed on the coaſt of Andaluſia, and that of Catalonia had a pearl-fiſhery.

Spain contained many mines of rubies and other precious ſtones; thoſe of rubies near Malaga and Bejar, and that of amethyſts near Carthagena, were in the higheſt repute.

Theſe different commodities were conveyed to Barbary, Egypt, and all the Eaſt.

The temper of the Spaniſh arms was held in the greateſt repute by all the Africans; Spain was in a manner their arſenal from

from which they drew their cuiraſſes, bucklers, caſques, ſcimitars, and daggers.

The demand for raw-ſilk, and for the ſilk and woollen ſtuffs of various colours made at Granada and Baça, and for the woollen cloths manufactured at Murcia, was very great throughout Africa: there can be no doubt, but their trade with Egypt muſt have been upon a more extenſive plan than that with Barbary; the Spaniſh Arabs carried thither the goods of their country to barter againſt thoſe productions of Egypt, which Spain ſtood in need of. The immenſity of their traffic with the Eaſt, is not to be conceived; for reaſons of ſtate, the Ommiads conſtantly endeavoured to keep upon the beſt footing poſſible with the court of Conſtantinople, which they hoped would prove a check upon the enterprizes of the Caliphs of Damaſcus, who never ceaſed repining at the diſmembering of their empire by the firſt Abdoulrahman.

All

All the ports of the Grecian dominions were open to the Spaniſh traders, who imported rich cargoes of merchandize adapted to the calls of that refined luxury, by which Conſtantinople was then diſtinguiſhed; the profits upon ſuch operations of commerce may eaſily be ſuppoſed to have been prodigious.

Alkahem the Second ſucceeded his father. The Arabian writer relates the following ſingular proof of courage given by a cadi, in reproving this prince for a piece of injuſtice committed againſt one of his ſubjects.

A poor woman at Zehra poſſeſſed a ſmall ſpot of ground contiguous to the royal palace. The caliph being deſirous of extending his gardens that way, made propoſals to the old woman to diſpoſe of her land for a ſum of money; but ſhe continuing deaf to every argument employed to induce her to part with the inheritance

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of her forefathers, the head gardener took by force what ſhe refuſed to yield to entreaty. The woman, in an agony of deſpair, flew to Cordova, to implore the ſuccour of Ibn Bechir, the chief cadi of the city. This magiſtrate immediately mounted his aſs, taking with him a ſack of extraordinary ſize, and preſented himſelf before Alkahem, who was then ſitting in a magnificent pavilion on the very ground in queſtion. The arrival of the cadi, and the appearance of the wallet, ſurprized the ſultan. Bechir having proſtrated himſelf, entreated the prince to allow him to fill his ſack with ſome of the earth they were then upon. This requeſt granted, and the bag full, the cadi deſired him to help him to lift it on his aſs. This ſtrange demand was ſtill more amazing than the reſt: however, the caliph conſented; but upon putting his ſhoulder to it, could not help complaining of the exceſſive weight

of

of the load. "Sir," replied the cadi, "this "bag, which you find ſo heavy, contains "but a very ſmall portion of the earth "which you have unjuſtly taken from a "poor woman; how then do you expect "to be able at the day of judgment to "ſupport the weight of the whole field "you have had ſo little ſcruple of uſurp-"ing." Far from being incenſed at this audacious rebuke, the caliph generouſly acknowledged his fault, and ordered the land to be reſtored to the proprietor with every thing he had cauſed to be erected upon it.

This monarch left a minor to ſucceed him, and the kingdom to be governed by the famous viſier Mahomet Abenamir, ſurnamed *Almanzor*, or *the defender*, from his great victories and wiſe conduct. His deſcendants inherited from him the viſierſhip, and a power as abſolute as if they had been caliphs, until the weakneſs of the ſovereigns

ſovereigns encouraged, and the inſolence of the miniſters provoked the grandees to diſturb the ſtate with their jealouſies and diſſenſions; theſe broils occaſioned ſuch a ſeries of civil wars and anarchy, as overthrew the throne of Cordova, and deſtroyed the whole race of Abdoulrahman. Thus the glorious edifice founded by the valour and prudence of that conqueror, and cemented by ſimilar virtues in many of his ſucceſſors, ſunk into nothing, as ſoon as the ſceptre devolved upon weak, enervated princes, whoſe indolence and incapacity transferred the management of every thing to a viſier. Many petty kingdoms ſprang up out of the ruins of this mighty empire; and the Chriſtians ſoon found opportunities of deſtroying, by ſeparate attacks, that tremendous power, which when united had proved an overmatch for their utmoſt force.

But it is high time I ſhould put an end

to this long letter, which, I am afraid, you will look upon in no better a light, than that of an Arabian night's entertainment: The writers of the Mooriſh hiſtory, though often contemporaries of the princes whoſe lives they relate, may with good reaſon be ſuſpected of exaggeration in their diſplay of the wealth and atchievements of their heroes; but nevertheleſs, there muſt be ſome truth at the bottom, and their details cannot fail of being entertaining to every curious reader. My heart bleeds, while I tell you, that of all theſe glories, except the moſque, not even a ruin remains. Zehra, with all its delices, is eraſed from the face of the earth; no one even knows where it ſtood, and its very exiſtence may paſs for a fable. The piety of the Chriſtians in converting the moſque into a church, has preſerved it from a ſimilar fate.

That the wonders which have been the ſubject of this letter, may obtain ſome degree

gree of probability in your eyes, I ſhall haſten to ſketch out an exact deſcription of that ancient place of worſhip.

LETTER XXXV.

Cordova, April 16, 1776.

I Did not intend ſending you another letter from this city, as our plan was to have left it this morning by day-break; but there is no depending on the things of this tranſitory world, much leſs on the ſkill of a Spaniſh wheelwright. After waiting with impatience till he had completed the repairs of our ſhattered chaiſe, which had been overturned the day we came from Eccija, we at laſt received from him our travelling orders, and ſet off in great ſpirits; when, behold! directly oppoſite to the *Potro*, a place well known to Don Quixote's

firſt landlord, one of our wheels flew into fifty pieces, and brought us to the ground in the middle of the kennel: upon this, we had no choice left but of returning to our inn to paſs this day and to-morrow in the beſt manner we can. I ſhall employ it in writing to you what I intended ſhould ſerve to make a letter, to fill up part of my tedious hours in ſome venta between Cordova and Madrid.

The *Potro*, our *ne plus ultra*, is nothing more than a large fountain with a paltry ſtone ſtatue of a *colt* on the top; when Cervantes wrote his Romance, Seville was the mart of Europe, and all the neighbouring places under the benign influence of commerce, were much more frequented and better known than at preſent; we walked on the playa of San Lucar, without ſeeing a ſingle idle fellow, and the *compras* of Seville are now as empty as the ſquare before the Potro of Cordova.

The moſque, in Spaniſh called La Meſquita,

quita,

quita, from the Arabic word *maſgiad, a place of worſhip*, was begun by Abdoulrahman the Firſt, and deſtined by him to remain to after-ages as a monument of his power and riches, and a principal ſanctuary of his religion. His ideas were ſublime, and he was fortunate enough to find an architect whoſe genius was equal to the taſk of putting them in execution. He laid the foundation of the work two years before he died: his ſon Hiſſem or Iſcan finiſhed the whole moſque about the year 800. It was more than once altered and enlarged by the Mahometans themſelves, and has ſince undergone ſeveral changes ſince it became a Chriſtian church. The greateſt alteration was made in the fifteenth century, by building a cupola in the center upon Gothic arches, and ſcooping away part of the ancient edifice to form a large choir.

In the days of the Muſſulmen, the moſque was a ſquare building, with a flat

roof upon arches, which did not riſe more than thirty-five feet above the pavement. It was four hundred and twenty in breadth, and five hundred and ten in length, including the thickneſs of the walls. The roof was borne up by near a thouſand columns according to ſome accounts, and by ſeven hundred and ſeventy-eight according to others, which formed nineteen iles from eaſt to weſt, and twenty-nine from north to ſouth, if we may truſt to the deſcription given by Morales, and many other hiſtorians; but I own I cannot ſee how there could ever have been more than ſeventeen, and the plans of the academy mark no more.* The columns were of the richeſt marbles;

* From my own obſervations, and an examination of the plans taken by the academicians, ſent by the king to meaſure and draw this and other ancient buildings in the ſouth of Spain, I find the meaſurements given by moſt hiſtorians who deſcribe the dimenſions of this church,

marbles; the twenty-four gates were plated with bronze, emboſſed in a moſt curious manner. The principal entrance had its folding doors covered with plates of gold. Upon the higheſt cupola were three golden balls, bearing up a pomegranet and a flower de luce of the ſame precious metal. Four thouſand ſeven hundred lamps burned in the moſque every night, and conſumed in a year near twenty thouſand pounds of oil; it alſo required annually ſixty pounds of wood of aloes, and ſixty of ambergreaſe, for the perfumes.

Such is the deſcription of this famous temple left us in the writings of the Arabian and old Spaniſh authors.

I now proceed to give you a minute ac-

church, to be extremely difficult to reconcile, and I believe erroneous, at leaſt not much to be depended upon; for which reaſon I have adhered to the plans above mentioned.

count of its preſent ſtate, after the notes I took down upon the ſpot with the utmoſt attention.

The ſtreets round the moſque are narrow, and ill calculated for affording a general view. But indeed there is nothing very ſhewy on the outſide. The walls are plain enough, and not very high: the roof is hid behind battlements cut into ſteps. On the eaſt ſide, the whole length is divided by buttreſſes into thirteen diviſions, and about the ſame number on each of the other three ſides. The doors opened in many of theſe compartments are ornamented with ſtucco of different colours. On the north ſide is a lofty belfry, a modern building, that has made a total alteration in the appearance of that front. Seventeen gates admit you into the church and cloyſter. The cloyſter, or court which ſerved the Mahometans for their ablutions, and as a place to leave their ſlippers in, before they entered

entered the holy houſe, is an oblong ſquare of five hundred and ten feet (the length of the church), by two hundred and forty. A portico of ſixty-two pillars environs it on three ſides, about twenty-five feet wide. The middle is taken up with three handſome and copious fountains, groves of orange-trees, and ſome towering cypreſſes and palms, which form a moſt delightful retreat in the ſultry hours. We have had occaſion to experience the comforts of this ſhade at noon-day, when the natives being all retired to their *ſieſta*, we were left in full poſſeſſion of this ancient fabric. Contrary to the cuſtom of the reſt of Spain, the doors are left open all day, and nobody finds fault with thoſe that ſaunter about in the church out of idleneſs or curioſity.

Near the great gate, that leads from the cloyſter into the moſque, are three pieces of columns, each with an inſcription, which vary from each other only in the name of

the emperor, the reſt of the words being alike in all three.

T.I. C.A.E.S.A.R. D.I.V.I. A.V.G.V.S.T.I. F.
D.I.V.I. I.V.L.I. N.E.P.O.S. A.V.G.V.S.T.V.S.
P.O.N.T.V.F.E.X. M.A.X. X.X.I. C.O.S.
V. I.M.P. T.R.I.B. P.O.T.E.S.T. X.X.X.V.I.I.
A.B. I.A.N.O. A.V.G.V.S.T.O. Q.V.I. E.S.T.
A.D. B.O.E.T.I.M. V.S.Q.V.E. A.D.
O.C.E.A.N.V.M.
L.X.I.I.I.I.

The others bear the names of Auguſtus and Caius. What theſe kind of mileſtones, and the Janus Auguſtus were, I confeſs I am not able to inform you, nor can I procure any information from Maffei's collection of inſcriptions, as, inſtead of explaining theſe lines, he doubts of there being any ſuch exiſting.

The grand entrance of the church is at the thirteenth ile from the eaſt wall, which

is

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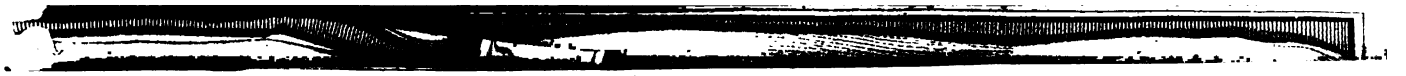
is rather wider and loftier than the reſt, and the parts more decorated.

Nothing can be more ſtriking than the firſt ſtep into this ſingular rather than beautiful edifice. To acquire ſome idea of it, you muſt repreſent to yourſelf a vaſt gloomy labyrinth, like what the French are ſo fond of in their gardens, a fine *quincunx*. It is divided into ſeventeen iles, or *naves*, (each about twenty feet wide) by rows of columns of various marbles, viz. blue with white veins, yellow, red, red veined with white, gray, and Granadine and African green. Theſe pillars are not all of the ſame height; for the Arabs, having taken them from Roman buildings, ſerved them in the ſame manner as the tyrant Procruſtes did his gueſts: to the ſhort ones they clapped on monſtrous capitals, and thick baſes; thoſe that were too long for their purpoſe had their baſe chopped off, and a diminutive ſhallow bonnet placed on their head. However, the thickneſs of the

ſhaft

ſhaft is pretty equal throughout, about eighteen inches diameter, and the capitals are generally barbarous imitations of thoſe of the Corinthian order. A couple of arches, one above the other, riſing from the columns, run along the rows; and from the ſame baſis ſprings an arch that forms the roof of each ile.

By ſeveral alterations and additions, the Moors had divided the whole moſque into four parts, marked out by two lines of cluſtered pillars, croſſing each other at right angles: three of theſe portions were allotted to the populace and the women; the fourth, in the ſouth-eaſt angle, was reſerved for the nobility and clergy. In this laſt quarter was the zancarron, or holy chapel, where they depoſited the books of the law. The door of it faced the great gate, down the principal ile. The ornaments and architecture of this ſanctuary, and of the throne of Almanſor, which is in front, at the



the diſtance of ſix intercolumniations from it, are very different from thoſe employed in the other parts. Two ranges of columns that ſupport the ſcreen before this *penetrale*, are about ſix feet high; the upper ones of red and white marble, the lower of green, with capitals moſt minutely carved and gilt. The roof of the dark inner ſanctuary is ſaid to be of one block of marble, eighteen feet wide: if ſo, it is not only curious for its ſize and quality, but alſo for the ingenuity of the architect, in placing it in ſo perfect an equilibrium, as to remain unſhaken ſo many ages. The manner of caſting the arches, grouping the columns, and deſigning the foliages of this ſcreen and of the throne (which is an exact repetition of the ſcreen), is very heavy, intricate, and barbarous, unlike all the Mooriſh architecture I ſaw at Granada. Indeed it is many centuries more ancient than any ornamental work at that place.

The zancarron is now the property of the

duke of Alba, who has his family vault under it.

Behind this chapel, and on each ſide of it, were the lodgings of the derviſhes, which now ſerve for chapter-houſe, ſacriſty, and treaſury. This church is extremely rich in plate, and has lately added to its ſtore four ponderous ſilver candleſticks, very nicely wrought: they were made in Cordova, and coſt about eight hundred and fifty pounds ſterling apiece.

It is ſcarce poſſible to aſcertain the exact number of columns in the moſque, as they originally ſtood, becauſe great changes have been made, many taken away, diſplaced, or built up in the walls of chapels, and ſeveral added when the choir was erected in the center of the whole. Were this choir in any other church, it would deſerve great praiſe, for the Gothic grandeur of the plan, the loftineſs of the dome, the carving of the ſtalls,

ſtalls, * and the elegance and high finiſhing of the arches and ornaments: but in the middle of the Mooriſh moſque, it deſtroys all unity of deſign, darkens the reſt, and renders confuſed every idea of the original general effect of the building. Many chapels ſtuck up in various parts between the pillars, interrupt the enfilade, and block up the paſſage. The worſt of all, is a large chapel of the Virgin, that cloſes the main ile exactly in the middle; and the throne of Almanſor is now occupied by a poor piece of legendary painting.

I can imagine no *coup d'œil* more extraordinary than that taken in by the eye, when placed in ſuch ſpots of the church as afford a clear reach down the iles, at right angles, uninterrupted by chapels and modern erec-

* The ſtalls were carved after the deſigns of Cornejo of Seville. It took twelve years to finiſh the work, and one to put it up.

tions.

tions. Equally wonderful is the appearance, when you look from the points that give you all the rows of pillars and arches in an oblique line. It is a moſt puzzling ſcene of confuſion.

Light is admitted by the doors, and ſeveral ſmall cupolas; but nevertheleſs the church is dark and awful: people walking through this chaos of pillars ſeem to anſwer the romantic ideas of magic, inchanted knights, or diſcontented wandering ſpirits.

In one of the cupolas hangs the tooth of an elephant; which, our guide told us, had formerly belonged to one of thoſe animals, that was particularly uſeful in carrying ſtones, and other materials for building the moſque.

A very extraordinary circumſtance attending the church, which we have been thrice eye-witneſſes of, is, that when the foundlings given out to pariſh-nurſes die, they are brought into the cathedral, and laid

laid upon a particular altar, that the chaplain may take them away to bury them. I went up to the firſt I ſaw, miſtaking it for a votive waxen ſaint, prepared for ſome ceremony; nor was I undeceived till I touched the poor little creature. The ſecond was laid down while we were there, and had all the ſymptoms of having been ſtarved to death. There are not leſs than five hundred children loſt to the population of Cordova every year in this manner, by neglect or ill treatment.

An officer took us out this afternoon to the biſhop's country-houſe down the river. The late prelate was very fond of it, and had made it a pleaſant, comfortable retreat; but ſince his death it is become very ruinous. The revenues of the ſee amount to three thouſand five hundred pounds ſterling a year. As the biſhops cannot deviſe by will, all they die poſſeſſed of eſcheates to the king.

The fine earthen jars, called *buxaros*, which

which are made in Andaluſia, are remarkably convenient for water drinkers, as they are light, ſmooth, and handy: being not more than half baked, they are very porous, and the outſide is kept moiſt by the water's filtering through: though placed in the ſun, the water in the pots remains as cold as ice. The moſt diſagreeable circumſtance attending them is, that they emit a ſmell of earth refreſhed by a ſudden ſhower after a long drought.

I am juſt informed that our wheel will require another day to be refitted; which is a terrible piece of news indeed this rainy weather; for every day the roads will grow worſe and worſe, and we are not able to ride about to ſee the environs. Were there ſuch a thing as a bookſeller in this once learned city, I would buy Seneca, and try what conſolation his philoſophy affords in his native country.

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LETTER XXXVI.

Santa Cruz, April 21, 1776.

I WRITE this from the Campo de Montiel, not very far from a *Lugar de cuyo nombre no quiero acordarme*:* Have paſſed over the Sierra Morena, and being now fairly entered into Don Quixote's own country, cannot reſiſt the temptation of beginning a letter, let the end of it be written where it may ſo happen.

On the 18th we made our departure good from Cordova: but proceeded with fear and trembling, every moment peeping out to examine the ſtate of our wheels, and, at each unmerciful jolt, biting our lips, and drawing up into our reſpective corners, to prepare for an overturn. Time gave us courage, and the anxiety paſſing off by degrees, we ventured to look out, and enjoy

* The firſt words in Don Quixote.

the fine vale of the Guadalquivir, which runs between two ridges of hills, covered with hanging woods and olive yards; ſeveral clear ſtreams traverſe the plain, and fall into the river. The ancient raiſed road, be it Roman or Mooriſh, was always moſt acceptable to us, whenever we got upon it: for it is a fine hard gravel above the level of dirt and water. Every brook had its bridge, but ſcarce one in twenty now remains.

At the bridge of Alcolea, where we paſſed to the ſouth of the river, are kept the king's ſtallions. One or two of them are noble horſes; but an Andaluſian breeder values a horſe for ſuch points in his make, as would deter an Engliſh jockey from buying him. The former requires his horſe to be forward and bulky in the ſhoulders, with his forelegs far back under his belly, and the tail ſet ſo low, as always to be ſqueezed cloſe to his hams; he never ſuffers him to lie down, but keeps him conſtantly on a clean pave-

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ment ſloping from the manger, with his forelegs cloſe chained to the ground. You know Cordova has long been famous for its breed of horſes, but it ſeems to be ſtrangely fallen off; very few good looking ones are now to be met with. A gentleman of that city aſſured us, as indeed we had heard before, that the breed was much neglected, and little care taken to preſerve it pure and genuine; the king having given the ſuperintendence of his ſtud to a ſtranger, a foot officer, who perhaps never rode any thing but an aſs or a mule in his life. Before this change, the employment was always held by a Cordoveſe nobleman, who, as well as his friends, piqued himſelf upon breeding and exhibiting the choiceſt horſes poſſible; but now in diſguſt, they have entirely laid aſide all thought or taſte for that purſuit, and ſeem quite indifferent about the animals they ride or drive.

For two days we travelled up the river.

The country it waters is very rich and beautiful; the plains extending far and near, charmingly ſtreaked with rows of olive-trees; towns and caſtles near each other along the banks; the northern hills darkened with woods, and all the diſtant eminences to the ſouth, green with corn: this luxuriance of vegetation and fatneſs of ſoil, rendered the roads abominably deep; our baggage was obliged to be carried upon mules half a day to eaſe the draught of the carriages. The cliffs along the river-ſide ſwarmed with flocks of a moſt elegant bird, called an *Abejaruxa* or Bee-eater: we ſhot ſeveral of them, and longed much to be able to preſerve them in their feathers, or to have time and opportunity to paint them for your inſpection, as I am certain the ſight of them would give you great pleaſure. They are about the ſize of a blackbird; their back is of a light brown colour, ſhaded with burniſhed gold, growing more deep

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and ardent towards the head, ending in a pale yellow, mixed with a greeniſh blue about the beak, which is very long, black, ſharp and ſtraight; a black ſtroke runs from the beak round the eye, which is of a bright ſcarlet colour; the throat is yellow; the breaſt, down which runs a narrow black line, is of a fine blue, that becomes lighter along the belly; the upper part of the tail is azure, the under brown; the wings of a browniſh yellow, ſurrounded with a blue ſtripe, tipped with black.

At Carpio is a Mooriſh mill or engine, with three huge wheels, which raiſes water to a great height, and conveys it to enrich a large tract of level. The landſcape near it is remarkably pleaſing.

At Anduxar, we took our leave of the Roman road, and of the river, which however we had now and then a diſtant peep of from the heights.

Yeſterday we entered the Sierra Morena,

a chain of mountains that divides Caſtille from Andaluſia; rendered famous by the wars of the Chriſtians and Mahometans, but perhaps better known by being the ſcene where the immortal Miguel de Cervantes has placed the moſt entertaining adventures of his hero. As we were near the eaſtern extremity, the land, though very high, and commanding a vaſt proſpect to the ſouth, did not in the leaſt reſemble a ridge of mountains, ſuch as the Alps, the Pyreneans, or many others. It did not appear much more broken and elevated than many parts of England, which are well inhabited and cultivated.

The journey was very agreeable up the courſe of the Rio de las Piedras, a clear roaring torrent, tumbling over a bed of rocks, through glens of beautiful woods: the waſtes are covered with a profuſe variety of flowering ſhrubs; particularly ciſtus of many

many ſorts, among which the gum-ciſtus or rock-roſe is the handſomeſt; they gather manna from it in ſpring, by beating the buſhes with ſmall twigs, to which the viſcous ſubſtance of the plant adheres. Sumach alſo grows in great abundance on theſe hills; it is cut down in Auguſt, the leaves, flower, and ſtalk, are all pounded together, and uſed in lieu of oak-bark in dreſſing hides.

We now entered the new Colony of La Carolina, and its dependencies, planted eight years ago by the king, in a very extenſive tract of woody mountainous country. The firſt ſettlers were Germans; but from eating unwholeſome herbs, and drinking too much wine and brandy, above half of them died, and now the inhabitants are the mixture of Germans, French, Savoyards, Catalonians, and other Spaniards. The reach of land in cultivation, and full of houſes and villages, where there was nothing be-

fore but foreſts, the retreats of banditti, extends at leaſt three leagues in length, and, I believe, very little leſs in breadth. They talk of ten thouſand families being already ſettled here; but I do not ſee how it is poſſible there can be any thing like that number.

La Carolina, the capital of all the colonies, ſtands on a fine hill that towers over the whole ſettlement, and indeed over moſt part of the provinces of Granada and Cordova. For the ſake of thus overlooking the reſt of the plantations, they have placed it in a ſpot deficient in wood and water; and reduced themſelves to the neceſſity of digging an incredible number of wells for the purpoſes of drinking, and watering their gardens. The whole town is new from the foundations, for there was not a cottage there eight years ago; the ſtreets are wide, and drawn in ſtrait lines, but the ground is not ſufficiently levelled; the houſes are upon an uniform

form plan, without the leaſt decoration: the church fronts the principal ſouth road; and a tower placed at each angle marks the extent of the town, which is to be an exact ſquare: the market place and another ſquare, are very ſpacious and ſhewy. All the flat on the crown of the hill before the town is laid out in kitchen gardens, and planted with avenues of elms, which are to ſerve hereafter for public walks.

I never ſaw a ſcene more pleaſing to the eye, or more ſatisfactory to the mind of every perſon that feels himſelf intereſted in the welfare of his fellow creatures: his humanity muſt exult at the probability of their lot being ſo much ameliorated: for my part I enjoyed the moſt agreeable ſenſations at the ſight of this abſolute creation, this new world riſen out of the very heart of deſolation and ſolitude; every thing ſeems ſo alive, ſo green, neat, and thriving; in a word, ſo unlike the reſt of this unactive kingdom.

kingdom. About a year ago, the department or diſtrict of the town of La Carolina, contained near eight thouſand ſouls, but I was not able to obtain any exact information of the extent compriſed under that denomination: three hundred Catalonian manufacturers came to ſettle here in the courſe of laſt year: cloth and other manufactures ſeem to go on briſkly; but I fear there is an inconſtancy, a languor in the purſuit of projects, inherent in the very eſſence of the Spaniſh government, that will greatly retard the further progreſs of this colony; in the beginning they ſpare neither pains nor expence to carry on a ſcheme, as may be ſeen here, where it is aſtoniſhing to behold how much has been done in a very ſhort ſpace of time. Our maſter muleteer, who had never been here ſince the Miquelets were ſent to ſcour the country, and deſtroy the gang of robbers that harboured hereabouts, could ſcarce believe his eyes,

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and did nothing but raiſe his hands to heaven and croſs himſelf, as if he had got into a land of witches. It was no ſmall enhancement of the merit of the place, to find an excellent inn and good dinner, and to regale ourſelves upon excellent cow's milk and butter, to which we had been long ſtrangers; for though they have cows in many parts of Spain, they ſeldom milk them, but keep them for breeding, and fattening in their old days for ſlaughter.

Now I have ſhewn you the fair ſide of La Carolina, I cannot, as a juſt and impartial correſpondent, avoid informing you of the vices of its conſtitution, the defects in eſtabliſhment and direction, with the reaſons I have for ſuſpecting it will fall off every year, till it dwindles away to a petty Spaniſh town, juſt kept alive by the monies ſpent at the inns by muleteers and paſſengers.

The foreigners complain, with what juſtice I know not, of not having been treated

treated with the indulgence and tenderneſs an infant colony requires; if any of them expreſſed diſcontent, or ſeemed deſirous of returning to his native country, he was inſtantly ſecured, and chaſtiſed by a long and ſevere impriſonment. Many families were two or three years before their allotments were made out, during which time they were obliged to work gratis for the other ſettlers; unmarried people were allowed no ſhare of land, but employed as ſervants to the reſt; when the poor Alſacians or Savoyards had the good fortune to be placed upon a rich patch of ſoil, and had brought it into tolerable condition, they were frequently ouſted by the governor, their habitation transferred to a Spaniſh family, and themſelves ſent to improve a more bleak and barren part of the hills. The king gives all new comers one year's ſeed corn, two cows, ten goats, ſome implements of huſbandry, and ſome houſhold ſtuff, which is generally infinitely worſe than his majeſty

majeſty intends it ſhould be: he pays them a ſtipend for their maintenance for the firſt three years. Some few foreigners, having numerous families grown up, thrive and improve in their circumſtances, but the reſt will in all probability leave the country as ſoon as the time of their contract expires, provided they be allowed to remove. The Spaniards have gradually got poſſeſſion of the beſt plantations, and the town of Carolina has ſcarce any other inhabitants. The worſt of all is, that there ſeems to be no outlet from this ſettlement, in caſe their manufactures ſhould arrive at any degree of perfection, for it is on every ſide extremely remote from the ſea, and many days journey by land from the great cities of Spain, where the conſumption of their commodities might be expected to turn to any conſiderable account.

A little north of Carolina, we paſſed through a new village called Las Navas de

Toloſa, from the old name of the defile in the neighbouring mountains where, in 1212, Alfonſo the Ninth, king of Caſtille, Peter the Second, of Aragon, and Sancho the Seventh of Navarre, with their joint forces, attacked and cut to pieces the army of Mahomet, king of Morocco. Hiſtorians gravely tell us, that there fell no leſs than two hundred thouſand Moors, more than half their army, with the loſs of only twenty-five Chriſtians. In a letter ſaid to have been written by Alfonſo to the Pope, this liſt of the ſlain is given. I always thought it a moſt extraordinary ſtory, but now that I have ſeen the field of battle, I look upon it to be full as wonderful how three hundred and fifty thouſand Moors, without reckoning the Spaniſh forces, could contrive to ſqueeze themſelves into ſuch a heap of mountains jumbled together, where you could not find

twenty

twenty yards of level ground for ſome miles round the ſpot. *

The evening was very fine, and the hills ſteep, which induced us to walk moſt part of the way. Having got a good diſtance before the carriages, among ſome woody dells, we began to be in great hopes and conſtant expectation of ſome *Cardenio* or *Dorothea* bolting out upon us. While we were amuſing ourſelves with ſuch Quixotic reveries, the ſound of a guitar ſuddenly ſtruck our ears. At a turn of the road, cloſe by the ſide of a ſweet murmuring brook, we met with about a dozen well dreſſed men, and as many ſmart, handſome damſels, dancing upon a platform of large level ſtones. The females that were not buſy dancing, were ſeated under fine hanging

* Many learned men, ſome of them Spaniards, doubt whether ever ſuch a battle was fought on this ſpot. It is the ground-work on which the Voto de Sant Iago, and the frauds of Medina Conde are founded.

woods, on a natural amphitheatre of rocks. The principal men came very politely up to us, and invited us to partake of their ſport, while a very pretty girl preſented us with ſweetmeats and ſugar-plums. A jolly friar ſeemed to do the honours of this *fête champêtre*, and to have the privilege of throwing his handkerchief at which of the ſultanas he pleaſed; for they all courted his ſmiles and careſſes. We ſtayed ſome time with this merry crew, who danced ſeveral ſeguidillas, and ſang ſeveral ſongs at our requeſt. They preſſed us much to go back up the hill, and paſs the night with them at the houſe they belonged to, where they intended to be very frolicſome: but as it began to rain, we declined the kind offer, and parted with our new friends, whoſe muſic and jovial ſhouts we had the pleaſure to hear re-echoed by the rocks, almoſt during our whole walk up to our inn at Miranda.

This morning the heavieſt of our trunks being

being put upon mules, to lighten the chaiſes, we croſſed the Sierra Morena, at the paſs called *El Puerto del Rey*. The road is far from bad, though ſteep; but the mountain is as dreary and diſagreeable as any thing can well be. The heavy rain did not render us more indulgent to its ill-favoured aſpect. In Cervantes' days, there were perhaps noble woods to cover all this nakedneſs, as here and there ſome venerable pines and cheſnut-trees remain ſad monuments of ancient foreſts.

All the Mancha before us ſeems to be a bare corn-country, ugly and tedious beyond expreſſion. For my part, unleſs it be to look out at a venta, or peep about for an adventure at the meeting of the croſs-roads, I intend ſleeping all the way to Madrid.

LETTER XXXVII.

Madrid, April 27, 1776.

WE perceived a very ſevere alteration in the climate as ſoon as we deſcended the Sierra Morena, and entered the Mancha: from the beginning of ſummer we were in a manner thrown back to the laſt months of winter. In Andaluſia, the vines were all in leaf, and their fruit ſet; the flowers of the ſhrubs falling off to make way for the ſeed. On the northern ſide of the mountains ſcarce a freſh leaf was to be ſeen, or a bud in the vineyards; the poor ſtarved buſhes, with juſt a flower or two blown; the weather cold and raw; in a word, it is difficult to conceive ſo ſudden and ſo thorough a change of ſeaſons as that which we experienced in this journey.

The Mancha is an immenſe plain, interſected

ſected by different ridges of low hills and rocks: not an incloſure of any kind, except mud-walls about the villages: and really I can almoſt ſay, there is not a tree to be ſeen from the Sierra Morena to Toledo, nor from the banks of the Tagus to Madrid: a few dwarfiſh evergreen oaks, huddled together in nooks of hills, and ſome ſtumpy olive plants, ſcarce deſerve the name of trees. All this vaſt tract of open country is cultivated in corn or vines: there cannot be an uglier. The villages are large; few or no ſingle houſes; and not a *venta* that I could fix upon for the ſcene of any action in Don Quixote. We lay at Puertolapiche, a ſmall village mentioned by Cervantes; but I think he omits telling us what adventure was atchieved there. In ſhort, with all the helps of imagination, and reading the book all the way, the country did not raiſe one agreeable idea, nor tempt me to take a ſingle ſketch of any part of it. The houſes

are built with mud and gravel. The women cover their heads with coloured handkerchiefs, and their necks with laced palatines.

Val de Peñas produces a very pleaſant red wine, the moſt drinkable, for common uſe, of any in Spain. The proviſion of wine for the king is kept in hogſheads; the remainder of the vintage in ſkins. The beſt wine ſells at the rate of twenty reals the arroba.

The badneſs of the weather hindered us from riding a few miles out of the road to viſit *Los Ojos dela Guadiana*, where that river, after running eight leagues under ground, riſes up to day, and thence takes its courſe towards Eſtramadura. We paſſed over the ſubterraneous river at the Venta de Queſada, where the well in the yard communicates with it. Straw, or any kind of light ſtuff, dropped into the well, is hurried away with ſuch rapidity by the ſtream, that you

you will not bring up a ſingle ſtraw, though you let down the bucket almoſt inſtantaneouſly. The incurious Spaniards have made ſo few experiments upon this phænomenon, that we could procure no further intelligence on this head. The Manchegos have a pretty ſong about theſe eyes of the Guadiana, which, however, they declare to be much leſs wonderful than thoſe of their miſtreſs. At Conſuegra, a moſt beautiful gipſy girl, with the ſweeteſt eyes in the world, ſung it to us, and danced ſeguidillas to the tune with admirable agility and expreſſion. She was quite *Precioſa the little gipſy*, with her ſoft voice and affected liſp. It is a pity her beauty was much impaired by her mode of dreſſing, which gave her a moſt prominent belly, a defect few Spaniſh women are free from, and a flat low breaſt, which they eſteem a great perfection in a lady's ſhape.

Toledo is the ſtrangeſt city you can imagine in point of ſituation; ſomething like Durham, or Richmond in Yorkſhire, but not equal to either in beauty, as it is totally bare of wood.

The Tagus, after winding at large through a fine plain, which a little more wood would render very agreeable to the eye, comes at laſt to be wedged in between two ramparts of high ſteep rocks: the paſſage is very narrow, and before the river gets out again into a broad bed and open ground, it almoſt returns to the place where it entered the defile. On this rocky peninſula ſtands the city, exceedingly ill built, poor, and ugly. The ſtreets are ſo ſteep, that no ſtranger in his ſober ſenſes would venture up or down them in a carriage.

The Alcazar, or ancient palace, which was burnt down by the allied army in the beginning of the century, is placed on the higheſt point of all. It is a noble extenſive building,

building, and has juſt undergone a thorough repair, at the expence of the archbiſhop, who has fortunately taken a turn towards employing ſome portion of his great revenues in works of public utility, ſuch as this palace, a new road to Aranjuez, and a ſtreet in the town.* It is ſuppoſed that the

* The ſee of Toledo is ſaid to be worth four hundred thouſand ducats a year; but there are large deductions to be made. Beſides the proportion the infant Don Lewis receives, and penſions to different people, it pays annually fifteen thouſand ducats to the monks of the Eſcurial, notwithſtanding Philip the Second granted to them no leſs than thirty villages in their neighbourhood. The Spaniſh court finds many ways of leſſening the revenues of the church, by penſions, donations to hoſpitals, charitable foundations, and premiums to the ſocieties of agriculture. There is not a biſhoprick in the kingdom but has ſomebody or other quartered upon it; and I believe the ſecond-rate benefices are in the ſame predicament. Out of the rich canonries and prebends are taken the penſions of the new order of knights of Carlos tercero.

Alcazar will be converted into an hoſpital or orphan-houſe. The architecture is chaſte and unaffected; the inner court is very grand; its colonnade of granite columns, of the Corinthian order, makes a noble appearance; the chapel is lofty and narrow, which renders it convenient to attend divine ſervice, as there is a balcony in each ſtory of the houſe that leads into it. The ſtables are under the kitchens and offices, and are large enough to contain a very conſiderable number of horſes. The garret ſtory is one open gallery for playing in, above eighty yards in length. In the middle ſtories are ſeveral large halls, the moſt ſpacious of which meaſures about one hundred and ſixty feet by thirty-ſix.

The cathedral has nothing particularly beautiful on the outſide above the common run of Gothic churches; it is not to be compared with many we have in England. The ſteeple is in the ugly ſtyle of the Flemiſh

miſh and German ſpires, a heap of blue turrets piled one upon another. The inſide is well lighted and cheerful, neither heavy, nor confuſed with too many ornaments: the decorations added of late years are not in the beſt of taſtes, but in richneſs of gilding without a competitor. The wealth of the archbiſhop and chapter diſplays itſelf in the profuſion of gold laviſhed on the walls; they have gilded the iron rails, the Gothic arches, and even drawn lines of gold to mark the joints of the ſtones with which the pillars of the choir are built.

The group of angels, called *El tranſparente*, which is fixed behind the choir, and eſteemed by the Toledans the glory of their church, is at beſt but a clumſy, ill-deſigned monument, remarkable for nothing but the fineneſs of the marble and other materials.

One

One of the greateſt vexations a curious perſon experiences in travelling through Spain, is the ſcarcity, the non-exiſtence of tolerable *Ciceroni*; thoſe you meet with are generally coblers, who throw a brown cloak over their ragged apparel, and conduct you to a church or two, where they cannot give you the leaſt ſatisfactory information concerning its antiquities or curioſities. This is literally the caſe at Toledo: but to make amends, they lead you to a hole in a pillar, where the hoſt was hidden all the time that the Saracens were in poſſeſſion of the city, though the whole fabric has been built from the ground ſince the expulſion of the Moors; for Saint Ferdinand laid the firſt ſtone of the preſent church in 1226. They alſo ſhew you the ſtone on which the Virgin Mary ſtood, when ſhe came to pay a viſit to Saint Ildephonſus, and which is worn through by the fingers of the pilgrims. Aſk them any thing about the Moſarabic chapel, and what

is

is done there, they will tell you, as they did us, that maſs is ſaid there in Greek. That you may not accuſe me of being as barren of inſtruction as our conductors, I ſhall put together the chief points wherein the * Moſarabic rite differs from that of the Roman miſſal. The former liturgy was conſtantly uſed by the church of Spain, down to the pontificate of Gregory the Seventh, in the eleventh century: it had been confirmed by ſeveral Spaniſh councils, commented upon and illuſtrated by Saint Iſidore of Seville: but the policy of the court of Rome, and its influence over the mind of Alphonſus the Sixth, who had lately conquered Toledo, overcame the obſtinate attachment of the Spaniſh clergy. Notwithſtanding the proweſs of the Moſa-

* The Moſarabic rite is ſo called from its having been obſerved by the Chriſtians that remained in the provinces conquered by the Arabians.

rabic

rabic champion, who came off victorious in the fight (for it was agreed to try the merits of the two liturgies by ſingle combat) notwithſtanding the flames were not more indulgent to the Roman than to the Gothic ritual, when, in hopes of a deciſive miracle, the two books were thrown into the fire before the king, notwithſtanding the clamours raiſed by the natives, the ancient rite was abrogated in the greater part of the kingdom. It ſubſiſted in ſix pariſhes of Toledo as late as the fifteenth century, but is now reſtrained to the ſingle chapel of Saint Euſtatiá, in the cathedral, where Cardinal Ximenes, unwilling that his church ſhould loſe all remembrance of its ancient forms, made a foundation for thirteen prieſts and three clerks, who officiate every morning according to the Moſarabic manner.

In eſſentials this ritual agrees perfectly with Rome, but in many outward forms differs widely. I ſuſpect it varied much more

more in its original ſtate; for it is hardly credible the diſpute could have been ſo obſtinately maintained for ſuch trifling deviations as what now ſubſiſt. But indeed that would not amount to an undeniable proof; we know that the church has always looked upon the reſiſtance to its authority to be of more conſequence than the difference in outward ceremonies.

The prayers before maſs are not the ſame; nor always the ſame portions of ſcripture read on the ſame feſtivals. In the Roman miſſal are two leſſons, one from the Old Teſtament or the Epiſtles, and one from the Goſpels: the Moſarabic gives three, one from the Old Teſtament, another from the Epiſtles, and a third from the Goſpels. The Romans ſay the creed before the offertory, the others after the conſecration.

Toledo has lain in the route of moſt of thoſe travellers that have written on Spain; and in them you will find ample accounts of every

every thing remarkable. As I hate repetitions, and would willingly avoid them whenever it is poſſible, give me leave to refer you to the works of thoſe gentlemen. One circumſtance only I cannot refuſe myſelf the ſatisfaction of acquainting you with, though I make no doubt but it is an anecdote to be met with in twenty books of travels. In the convent of St. Francis, founded by Ferdinand and Iſabella, the firſt novice received was Ximenes, who, in the courſe of the ſame reign, roſe to be cardinal, archbiſhop of Toledo, and prime miniſter of Spain. His hiſtory, as well as that of Don Juan de Padilla, have lately acquired redoubled luſtre from the pen of Dr. Robertſon; in whoſe admirable life of Charles the Fifth is to be found every neceſſary information relative to the revolt of Toledo.

From the ancient capital of New Caſtille to within half a league of Madrid, the preſent ſeat of government, the roads are

as bad as in any part of the kingdom, and the country extremely ugly. I do not imagine the moſt pitiful city in the peninſula can make a more deſpicable figure than this metropolis of all the Spains does from the oppoſite hills, as you approach it on the ſouth ſide; neither tree, villa, nor garden, until you arrive at the avenues of the town; the corn-fields run up cloſe to the houſes; in ſhort, the whole landſcape round you is the bareſt and moſt melancholy I ever beheld: but as ſoon as the trees of the walks ſhut out the proſpect of the neighbouring country, the appearance of Madrid is grand and lively; noble ſtreets, good houſes, and excellent pavement, as clean as it once was dirty.

The court is abſent from Madrid, ſo that our ſtay here will be no longer than will be ſufficient to reſt ourſelves, and get our things put in order for our appearance at Aranjuez.

LET-

LETTER XXXVIII.

Aranjuez, May 3d, 1776.

THIS place is twenty-ſeven miles from Madrid; the road to it extremely fine; but the trees planted on each ſide are as yet too young to ſhut out the abominable country it paſſes through. The preſent king made it at the vaſt expence of one hundred and thirty thouſand pounds ſterling. The new bridge over the Xarama, at the deſcent into the plain, is very long and grand.

Aranjuez has great beauties, and would pleaſe you much; for here are numberleſs avenues of aged elms on a perfect level; green banks to reſt upon, near a fine meandring river; fountains and ſhady groves; plenty of milk and butter, and vegetables in great perfection.

The

The ſituation of this place renders it one of the moſt agreeable reſidences I know belonging to a ſovereign prince. It ſtands in a very large plain, ſurrounded with bare hills, which, to be ſure, are exceſſively ugly; but they ſeldom appear, being very well hidden by the noble rows of trees that extend acroſs the flat in every direction. The compartments between the avenues are railed off, and laid down in paſture and meadow, for the ſupply of the large dairy of cows eſtabliſhed here by the preſent king.* That part of the vale which ſtretches out towards the eaſt is left in a ruder ſtate, and, except ſome few fields of corn, is moſtly foreſt-land, through which the Tagus winds in a deep ſhady bed. The walks and rides along the banks, through the venerable groves, and under the majeſtic elms that overhang the roads, are luxuries unknown to

* Theſe cows were brought in carts from Holland.

the reſt of Spain. The beauties of the ſcenery are enhanced by the flocks of many-coloured birds that flutter and ſing on the boughs, by the herds of deer, which amount to no leſs than ſeven thouſand head, and by the droves of buffaloes, ſheep, cows, and brood mares, that wander uncontroled through all theſe woods. The wild boars are frequently ſeen in the evenings in the ſtreets of the town.

The fineſt avenue, called the *Calle dela Reyna*, is three miles long, quite ſtraight from the palace gate, croſſing the Tagus twice before it loſes itſelf in the thickets, where ſome noble ſpreading elms and weeping poplars hang beautifully over the deep ſtill pool. Near this road is a flower garden for ſpring, laid out with great taſte by Mr. Wall during his miniſtry. The gay variety of flowers at this time of year is particularly pleaſing to the eye; but its beauty ſoon fades on the approach of ſummer.

mer. As the weather grows hot, the company that chooſes to walk retires to a garden in an iſland of the Tagus, on the north ſide of the palace. This is an heavenly place, cut into various walks and circular lawns, which in their primitive ſtate may have been very ſtiff and formal; but in the courſe of a century, Nature has obliterated the regular forms of art; the trees have ſwelled out beyond the line traced for them, and deſtroyed the enfilade, by advancing into the walks, or retiring from them. The ſweet flowering ſhrubs, inſtead of being clipped and kept down, have been allowed to ſhoot up into trees, and hang over the ſtatues and fountains they were originally meant to ſerve as humble fences to. The jet-d'eaus daſh up among the trees, and add freſh verdure to the leaves. The terraces and baluſtrades built along the river, are now overgrown with roſes, and other luxuriant buſhes, hanging down into the

ſtream, which is darkened by the large trees growing on the oppoſite banks. Many of the ſtatues, groupes, and fountains, are handſome, ſome maſterly, the works of Algardi: all are placed in charming points of view, either in open circular ſpots, at a diſtance from the trees, or elſe in gloomy arbours, and retired angles of the wood.

The weſt front of the palace is handſome: two new wings, which are to be brought out from the main body, will increaſe its bulk, but, I am afraid, will not add much to its beauty. The firſt part of the building was erected by Philip the Second, who purchaſed the eſtate, planted many of the avenues, and, in order to extend his chace, or to indulge his ſplenetic diſpoſition, had all the vines that grew on the hills rooted up. By that means he drove away the inhabitants, and rendered the environs of his villa a perfect deſert. Theſe hills are full

full of ſprings, that throw up large quantities of a ſtrong purgative ſalt.

The apartments are good, but contain no great number of paintings or ſtatues. There is an Annunciation in the chapel, by Titian, and Mengs has painted ſome holy ſubjects in the bed-chambers, and an allegorical piece of Time and Pleaſure, in the ceiling of the theatre. In a Franciſcan church lately finiſhed, the picture of San Paſqual, by the ſame hand, is much admired.

The town or village formerly conſiſted of the palace, its offices, and a few miſerable huts, where the embaſſadors, and the attendants of the court, endeavoured to lodge themſelves, as well as they could, but always very uncomfortably; many of the habitations were vaults half under ground. What determined the king to build a new town, and to embelliſh the environs, was an accident that happened at the nuncio's; a coach

broke through the ceiling of his dining-room, and fell in upon the table. The court then began to apply very conſiderable ſums to the purpoſe of erecting proper dwellings, for the great number of perſons that flock to the place where the ſovereign reſides; near ten thouſand are ſuppoſed to live here two or three months in ſpring; the king keeps one hundred and fifteen ſets of mules, which require a legion of men to take care of them. Half a million ſterling has been laid out at Aranjuez, ſince the year 1763; and it muſt be acknowledged, that wonders have been performed; ſeveral fine ſtreets drawn in ſtrait lines with broad pavements, a double row of trees before the houſes, and a very noble road in the middle; commodious hotels for the miniſters and embaſſadors; great ſquares, markets, churches, a theatre, and an amphitheatre for bull feaſts, have been raiſed from the ground. Neatneſs and convenience have been more ſtudied and ſought

ſought for than ſhew in the architecture, but altogether the place has ſomething truly magnificent in the coup-d'œil.

This afternoon we had a very pretty entertainment on the river. The prince of Aſturias, and his attendants, embarked in a galley richly decorated, preceded and followed by other ſmaller barges, adorned in a leſs ſplendid, though ſtill a very gay manner. They rowed from his banquetting-houſe up into the woods, where the meandrings of the river are exceedingly beautiful, forming fine ſweeps and reaches with green banks, ſhaded by aged trees that hang in various clumps over the ſtream. Crowds of holiday-folks, in their beſt apparel, lined both ſides of the Tagus, and were no ſmall addition to the rural ſhew.

The pleaſures of Aranjuez are walking or riding in the morning, going to court, dining at ſome of the open tables kept by the great officers of ſtate, a game at cards,

a drive along the avenue, and the Italian opera. The miniſters are quite eaſy in their behaviour, and their houſes free from ceremony and reſtraint; that of the prime miniſter, the Marquis Grimaldi, is ſuperlatively ſo: he keeps an open houſe, where we are always ſure of meeting with a numerous company, cards, and converſation; the maſter of it is always glad to ſee us, and ſhew us every civility the place admits of: I am afraid we do not attend as much perhaps as we are in gratitude bound; for there are ſo many temptations at our own embaſſador's, that it is with difficulty we can bring ourſelves to ſacrifice the pleaſures we find at his houſe to the duties impoſed upon us by ſociety. The eaſy frankneſs, affability, and friendſhip, with which Lord Grantham treats us, make us loath to waſte elſewhere the hours we can paſs ſo agreeably under his roof.

LET-

LETTER XXXIX.

Aranjuez, May 6, 1776.

WE have juſt finiſhed our round of preſentations, which, in ſo numerous a royal family, is a work of more days than one; as I know you expect a minute account of each of thoſe that compoſe it, I am ſorry I am incapable of ſatisfying your curioſity, in as ample a manner as I could wiſh; you ſhall have a deſcription of their perſons, and as much of their characters, as I have learned from well-informed people, in whoſe judgment I can confide. I beg you will conſider how hard it is to diſcern the true character of the great, as your intelligence can only flow to you through the ſuſpicious channel of many jarring paſſions and intereſts. It is impoſſible for a ſtranger to ſeize a good likeneſs in ſo ſhort a time, and to tranſmit to others a faithful repreſentation,

preſentation, of a prince that does not admit him to a familiar intercourſe. I don't know but ſovereigns are the moſt difficult characters to define in a whole nation; for all princes appear pretty nearly alike; their mode of life is uniform; by ſeeing none but inferiors about them, they acquire a great indifference in their manner, and ſeldom betray in their countenance any of thoſe ſtrong emotions that mark the various feelings of men obliged to buſtle through the world; their paſſions lack the reliſh which ariſes from delays and difficulties; what the French call *Ennui*, weariſomeneſs, is, methinks, the grand malady of princes, and therefore amuſement is their main purſuit in life. In the princes of the Houſe of Bourbon, the paſſion of fowling predominates; yet in the Spaniſh royal family, there are ſome who toil at the gun with more reluctance than the farmer's boy does at the plough; have a taſte for arts and ſciences, and wiſh for nothing more than

than to be freed from the obligation of following the diverſion.

The ceremony of preſentation is performed as the king riſes from table. Charles the Third is a much better looking man than moſt of his pictures make him; he has a good-natured laughing eye; the lower part of his face, by being expoſed to all weathers, is become of a deep copper-colour; what his hat covers, is fair, as he naturally has a good ſkin; in ſtature he is rather ſhort, thickly built about the legs and thighs, and narrow in the ſhoulders. His dreſs ſeldom varies from a large hat, a plain gray Segovia frock, a buff waiſtcoat, a ſmall dagger, black breeches, and worſted ſtockings; his pockets are always ſtuffed with knives, gloves, and ſhooting tackle. On Gala days, a fine ſuit is hung upon his ſhoulders, but as he has an eye to his afternoon ſport, and is a great œconomiſt of his time, the black breeches are worn to all

coats,

coats. I believe there are but three days in the whole year that he ſpends without going out a ſhooting, and thoſe are noted with the blackeſt mark in the calendar; were they to occur often, his health would be in danger, and an accident that was to confine him to the houſe, would infallibly bring on a fit of illneſs. No ſtorm, heat, cold, or wet, can keep him at home; and when he hears of a wolf being ſeen, diſtance is counted for nothing; he would drive over half the kingdom rather than miſs an opportunity of firing upon that favourite game. Beſides a moſt numerous retinue of perſons belonging to the hunting eſtabliſhment, ſeveral times a year, all the idle fellows in and about Madrid are hired to beat the country, and drive the wild boars, deer, and hares, into a ring, where they paſs before the royal family. A very large annual ſum is diſtributed among the proprietors of land about the capital, and near the country pa-

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laces, by way of indemnification for the damage done to the corn. I was aſſured that it coſts ſeventy thouſand pounds ſterling for the environs of Madrid, and thirty thouſand for thoſe of Saint Ildefonſo. In order to be entitled to this reimburſement, the farmers ſcatter juſt as much ſeed-corn over their grounds, as will grow up into ſomething like a crop; but they do not always give themſelves the trouble of getting in the ſcanty harveſt, being ſufficiently paid for their labour by the royal bounty.

Being naturally of an even phlegmatic temper, the king is ſure to ſee events on their favourable ſide only; and whenever he has determined in his own mind that a meaſure is proper to be purſued, he is an utter enemy to alteration. As far as I can judge, by comparing the different accounts I have had, he is a man of the ſtricteſt probity, incapable of adopting any ſcheme, unleſs he is perfectly ſatisfied in his con-

ſcience that it is juſt and honourable: of ſuch immovable features, that the moſt fortunate or the moſt diſaſtrous occurrences are alike unable to create the ſmalleſt variation in them: rigid in his morals, and ſtrenuouſly attached to his religion; but he does not ſuffer his devotion to lay him open to the enterprizes of the court of Rome, or the encroachments of his own clergy; on the contrary, they have frequently met with rougher uſage at his hands than they might have expected from a free-thinker. The regularity of his own life renders him very ſtrict about the conduct of his children, whom he obliges to be out fiſhing or ſhooting as long as he is abſent on the ſame buſineſs; this he does to prevent their having time or opportunity to harbour bad thoughts; and truly I believe he goes out ſo conſtantly himſelf, in order to keep down the vigour of his own conſtitution. He ſeldom addreſſes himſelf to any young men

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of his court; but delights in converſing and joking with elderly perſons, and ſuch as are of his own age, eſpecially monks and friars. He is very partial to Naples, and always ſpeaks of that country with great feeling.

Since his acceſſion, many great works have been completed; noble roads made to all the palaces round the metropolis; ſeveral others undertaken in more remote provinces: he has finiſhed the palace at Madrid, and added conſiderably to thoſe of the Pardo and Aranjuez; built new towns at Aranjuez, the Eſcurial, and Saint Ildefonſo; and planted a great deal at Aranjuez. The Marquis of Grimaldi has the merit of having ſuggeſted and conducted moſt of theſe improvements, and of having urged on the king, who, although he has naturally no great reliſh for the arts, thinks it the duty of a ſovereign to encourage them.

The Prince of Aſturias is of an athletic

make, his countenance rather ſevere, and his voice harſh. He ſeemed in a great hurry to get away from us; but the princeſs ſtayed chatting a great while. She is not handſome, being very ſickly, but ſeems lively, and genteelly ſhaped, with a very fine hand and arm. If ſhe lives to be queen, I dare ſay ſhe will render this court a very gay one; for ſhe appears to like to go abroad, and converſe with ſtrangers. When ſhe walks out, all perſons that have been preſented, and chance to be in the way, are expected to join her company, and eſcort her as long as ſhe thinks proper. Her mildneſs and good-nature have ſoftened much of her huſband's roughneſs of manner; and of late he ſeems to have more pleaſure in ſitting with her in a domeſtic way, than in trudging over the heath in queſt of game.

Don Gabriel is a tall well-looking man, but timid to exceſs. He poſſeſſes many talents, but his conſtant avocations out of doors prevent

prevent his applying to ſtudy as much as he could wiſh. I have ſeen ſome good pictures done by him with the flock of cloth, and have heard much of his claſſical learning, and turn for mathematics.

Don Antonio appears to be very well pleaſed with the active life of a ſportſman.

The Infanta Maria Joſepha has reaſon to envy every country wench ſhe ſees roaming at liberty; for confinement, etiquette, and celibacy, are likely to be her lot during life.

Don Lewis, the king's brother, after having been a cardinal and an archbiſhop, is now on the eve of matrimony with a pretty Arragoneſe girl, whom he took a fancy to laſt year, as ſhe was running acroſs the fields after a butterfly. As he has made a collection of natural hiſtory, this ſimilarity of taſte made a great impreſſion upon him. This wedding, which the king has conſented to with reluctance, has produced a total revolution in the marriage-laws of

Spain. A new pragmatica or edict is publiſhed, to prevent all matches betwixt perſons of unequal rank and quality; by this decree the old cuſtom is abrogated. Heretofore it was out of the power of parents to hinder their children from marrying whom they liked, and the church interpoſed to oblige them to make a ſuitable ſettlement upon the young couple.

Don Lewis's bride is not to be allowed the title or rank of a princeſs of the blood, nor are her children to be deemed qualified to ſucceed to the crown; he is to reſide near Talavera, where I make no doubt but he will lead a happy life, as he has a great taſte for muſic and natural hiſtory; his cabinet already contains a very valuable collection of rarities, eſpecially ſuch as are found in the Spaniſh dominions. This prince is cheerful, humane, affable, and full of pleaſantry; good qualities that render him the darling of the nation.

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The king and all the males of his family wear the enſigns of a great variety of military orders. On their left breaſt is a row of ſtars like the belt of the conſtellation of Orion: they are alſo decorated with the blue ribband of the French order of the Holy Ghoſt, and the inſignia of the Burgundian golden fleece. They have beſides the Neapolitan red ſaſh of Saint Januarius, the red croſſes of Calatrava, founded in 1158, of Saint Iago, dating from 1175, and of Monteſa, inſtituted in 1317, and the green croſs of Alcantara, invented in 1176. After all theſe badges, comes the blue and white ribband of the Conception of Carlos Tercero, eſtabliſhed by the preſent king, on the birth of the late ſon of the Prince of Aſturias.

LETTER XL.

Aranjuez, May 28, 1776.

IN the courſe of laſt week, we ſaw the king's ſtallions, ſome of which are beautiful creatures. Before I came into Spain, I thought handſome horſes were to be met with in every part of the kingdom, but to my great ſurpriſe, found them very rare in all the provinces; ſo little attention has there been paid to the breed of that generous animal, formerly the boaſt of Spain,

At Villamejor, a few miles from hence down the Tagus, his majeſty has a ſtable of a leſs noble, but not leſs uſeful race of ſtallions, that of jack-aſſes. Theſe beaſts are of a ſhape and ſize you can have no idea of: they are fourteen hands high, and have ſuch monſtrous large heads, thick legs, and rough coats of long hair over their whole body,

body, that ſcarce a trace remains of the figure of an animal. They ſay theſe *Garañones*, as the Spaniards term them, are extremely furious in the covering ſeaſon; I am ſure, at preſent, they are the moſt ſtupid of their dull ſpecies. Each aſs covers twenty mares, and coſts near thirty thouſand reals, about two hundred and eighty pounds ſterling. They are bred in the mancha.

The way to Villamejor lies along the vale through a conſiderable new farm, called the *Campo flamenco*, lately taken in by the Marquis Grimaldi, and laid out on a grand ſcale. On an eminence ſtands the farm houſe, with large rooms for the royal family to take a hunter's repaſt in. The road up to it is a ſhewy, royal work, but might have been ſpared, had the building been erected a little lower, or had it been intended for the reception of none but common huſbandmen.

In our return in the evening we overtook the bulls intended for the next day's

feaſt or fight. They appeared very peaceable and tractable. Whatever may be ſaid of their ferocity, when irritated in the *arena* by darts, fire, and lances, I am apt to think they can never be ſo terrible or dangerous as our vicious bulls in England. Thoſe I have ſeen wanted ſize and weight, and did not appear to me to have any real fury in their nature, till it is raiſed by repeated provocations, and the deſultory attacks of ſo many adverſaries. To bring them quietly along the roads from their paſture, the drovers employ certain white oxen, trained up to be decoys; theſe go along with the bulls till they lead them into the ſtables under the amphitheatre.

I have now been a ſpectator of ſeveral *Fieſtas de Toros*, but cannot bring myſelf to have any reliſh for the diverſion. Whatever they may have been in former times, they are certainly but a poor exhibition at preſent, though the crowds of people aſ-

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ſembled in a circle, and agitated in a moſt tumultuous manner, muſt be allowed to be an intereſting and curious ſpectacle. None of the royal family ever appear at theſe favourite amuſements of the Spaniſh nation: the nobility no longer pique themſelves upon their ſtrength, courage, or dexterity, in theſe rough exerciſes; and the fair condeſcend to yield up their hearts and perſons to lovers that have given no proofs of their proweſs, but in combats of a ſofter nature: the conſequence is, a total want of emulation; no gentleman cares to hazard his life in a trial of ſkill that promiſes no advantage to him of any kind. The ſhew is conducted with great œconomy and niggardlineſs; none but the worſt of horſes are bought for the day; and the mercenary gladiators no longer ſtudy the moſt dexterous, but the moſt ſecure way of deſtroying the bulls, being allowed ſo much a head for each beaſt they ſlaughter. The

money paid for boxes and ſeats, is appropriated to the building or endowing of ſome hoſpital.

The coup-d'œil of the amphitheatre, filled with ſo many ſpectators of all ranks, is very ſtriking. They are ſo very noiſy and impatient till the ſhew begins, and in ſuch violent commotion while it laſts, that one is kept in perpetual alarm and flurry of ſpirits for the firſt or ſecond time of aſſiſting at this diverſion. Contrary to the cuſtom of the ancient Romans, who placed the ſenators next to the *podium*, the nobility ſit here in wooden galleries and boxes, the mob on benches below, next the arena. A row of ſoldiers, behind the circular parapet wall, or paliſado, hold out halberts and bayonets, to keep the beaſts within the liſts; but it ſometimes happens that a bull, while yet in full vigour, will take a run, and leap over into the crowd on the benches. The confuſion it creates is very great; but as the bull

bull is itſelf hampered and diſabled by the ſeats and wood-work, it can do but little miſchief before it is diſpatched.*

The common method of conducting a bull-feaſt is as follows: one or two *Toriadors*, dreſſed in rich jackets, broad-brimmed hats, and breeches and boots made of a tough, impenetrable leather, and holding under their right arm a long aſhen lance (tipped with a broad ſhallow-pointed head, that can only enter ſkin-deep), parade on horſeback round the liſts, and pay their devoirs to the governor of the place. They then retire to their poſt, almoſt in front of a large door, which is opened to let out

* In ſome of the liſts delivered out with an account of an approaching bull-feaſt, notice is given that people are permitted to flap their hats in the ſun. Since the revolt of Madrid (when all hats were ordered to be worn cocked up, wherever the court reſides) the common hangman is commanded to wear his ſlouched, that others may not be tempted to let theirs down, for fear of being miſtaken for him.

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the bull. The fellow that opens it takes care to climb up immediately into the gallery; for it is not unuſual for the bulls to ſtop ſhort as ſoon as they get out, and make a home-thruſt at the porter: ſome ruſh forth with the utmoſt impetuoſity, and run directly at the horſemen; others gaze around, and take their meaſures with more circumſpection.

The cavalier preſents the head of his horſe to the bull, and with the lance, which cuts along its ſhoulders, puſhes it away to the right, at the ſame time bearing off his horſe to the left: his antagoniſt is driven out of the line by the violence of the thruſt, and its horns paſs behind without hurting either horſe or rider. When the man is mounted on a nimble, ſpirited, and docile ſteed, there is no difficulty in this evolution, as the motions of both animals coincide in giving additional force to the well-directed ſtroke: but if the horſe is numb or refractory,

tory, the bull is likely to ſtrike him in the flank, and throw both horſe and cavalier to the ground.

There is another way of attacking, with a kind of forked dagger. The horſeman ſtands cloſe by the door, and as the bull ſprings forward into the liſts, he plants the weapon in the back of its neck, and kills it on the ſpot. Should he miſs his aim, there is ſcarce a poſſibility of his eſcaping from the enraged animal; for which reaſon this mode of combat is ſeldom practiſed.

To take off the bull's attention, and to make ſport, ſeveral nimble fellows on foot run about and toſs darts with curled paper tied to them, which, ſticking in the head and ſhoulders, drive the poor creature to madneſs, and cauſe a great effuſion of blood. This light infantry is often in imminent danger, obliged to run for its life, and ſave itſelf by flying into the receſſes in the paliſadoes, or by jumping over the parapet:

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it ſometimes happens that neither the ſhouts of the multitude, nor the aſſaults of the other runners, can call off the bull from the purſuit of one particular fellow; who has then nothing to truſt to but his own agility, being totally unprovided with offenſive as well as defenſive weapons.

When the governor thinks a victim has afforded ſufficient diverſion, leave is given to put an end to its life. A well-made champion ſteps forth, with a ſhort brown cloak hung upon a ſtick held out in his left hand, and a ſtrait two-edged ſword in his right; the blade is always of the fineſt Toledo temper, and the hilt covered with leather. This *Matador* advances up to the bull, and provokes it to action; as the bull darts at him, and makes a puſh obliquely, with its eyes ſhut, he turns it off with the cloak, retiring a little on one ſide to be ready for the return. On the ſecond attack, he holds the ſword in an horizontal poſition, with

with ſuch ſteady aim, that the furious beaſt ruſhes upon the point, and by its own impetuoſity forces it up to the hilt. The ſword enters at the collar-bone, and either pierces the heart, or cuts the great artery. Sometimes the bull drops down dead inſtantaneouſly; ſometimes ſtands a few minutes, heaving and ſpouting a torrent of blood out of the mouth and noſtrils.

When the bull proves ſo cowardly, or ſo exhauſted with fatigue and loſs of blood, as to refuſe to run at the matador, it is diſpatched by ſtabs in any part of the body, or worried by bull-dogs. The laſt bull of each fieſta is *embolado*, that is, his horns are muffled, and all the mob is let in, with ſticks in their hands, to learn the trade, to beat the animal, or to be bruiſed and toſſed about themſelves. Three mules, adorned with ſtreamers and bells, draw off the ſlaughtered bulls and horſes between each battle.

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I have been thus particular in my account of a bull-fight (though you may find deſcriptions of it in almoſt every book that treats of Spain) becauſe moſt of thoſe I have read talk of royal feaſts and exhibitions, which are very different things from the common ſhews now-a-days. Our laſt was a very bloody one: two bulls killed ſeven horſes, but luckily no men loſt their lives, though many had hair-breadth eſcapes. I never ſaw any thing ſo weak and inactive as the poor horſes were; they had not agility enough to avoid one ſtroke: and of all horrible ſights, that of the bull's tearing out their entrails, and toſſing them about with its horns, was the moſt nauſeous and ſhocking I ever beheld. Both the bulls were hacked to death in a very awkward manner; but the ſpectators were mightily delighted with the barbarity and bloodſhed. We were the other night at a puppet-ſhew, that ended in the repreſentation of a bull-

fight;

fight; the mob in the pit was to the full as violently affected, as riotous, and noiſy, as they could poſſibly have been at the real ſpectacle.

Laſt year a negro from Buenos Ayres, where he had been trained up from his infancy to hunt the wild cattle of the deſert, exhibited ſome very extraordinary feats of ſtrength and dexterity: he took a long rope, with a running nooſe, and throwing it over the horns of a bull, brought it cloſe to a ſtrong ſtake, fixed in the middle of the area, where he tied it tight, till he had faſtened a ſaddle on its back, on which he ſeated himſelf; he then cut the cord, and let the beaſt run about and exert ineffectual efforts to ſhake off ſo unuſual a load by the moſt furious movements. When fatigue had ſufficiently tamed it, he drove this uncommon ſteed againſt another bull, which he ſoon diſpatched, and then at one blow ſtruck the beaſt that he was mounted upon, dead.

The violence of this exercise generally brought on him a dangerous spitting of blood.

The princes and their attendants are now very busy preparing, by daily rehearsals, for the *Parejas*; which we cannot stay to see, as they are seldom exhibited till the middle of June.

These Parejas are a kind of dance on horseback, in imitation, perhaps, of the Trojan games described by Virgil in the fifth book of the Æneid; or more probably of some tournament in the times of Mooriſh chivalry.

The prince of Asturias, Don Gabriel, Don Antonio, and Don Lewis, have revived them, and each heads a squadron of twelve young gentlemen, arrayed in the ancient Spaniſh dress; the divisions distinguished by the particular colour of their clothes, feathers, and horse furniture. They parade with music before them in a large tilting yard

yard near the palace; ſeparate themſelves into detachments, and perform various intricate figures, reſembling thoſe of a ſtage dance. The docility and elegance of the horſes, the ſplendour and gaiety of apparel of the riders, more than any thing there is in the game itſelf, render it entertaining for the firſt time of ſeeing; but it languiſhes from a want of that action, that ſpirit, which intereſts us ſo ſtrongly in all public ſports, when the actors exert uncommon ſtrength and ſkill, and are, or ſeem to be, in ſome kind of danger. However, it is a pompous ſpectacle, and may produce very ſalutary effects, by rouſing the nobility from their lethargy, and encouraging them to be a little more attentive to the breed and education of their horſes.

LETTER XLI.

Madrid, June 4, 1776.

SINCE our return from Aranjuez, the mornings have been employed in turning over a multitude of books and prints, and in taking extracts of ſuch parts as tend to elucidate the hiſtory, literature, or antiquities of Spain. In the afternoons, we have ſpent our time in viſiting the moſt remarkable edifices of the city; if you except the royal palaces, there are few buildings worthy of attention, nor do I believe there is in Europe a capital that has ſo little to ſhew as Madrid; having never been the ſee of a biſhop, it has of courſe no cathedral, nor indeed any church, that diſtinguiſhes itſelf much from the common herd of pariſhes and convents. Allowing ſome few

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exceptions, I think I may ſafely pronounce the outward architecture of them all to be barbarous, and their manner of ornamenting the inſide as bad as that of the worſt ages; moſt of them were erected or retouched during the term of years that elapſed between the middle of the ſeventeenth century and the year 1759, a period in the hiſtory of Spain, when all arts and ſciences were fallen to the loweſt ebb of depravement; the effects of the degeneracy of manners, the want of public ſpirit, and the diſorder and weakneſs of a decaying monarchy. Theſe vices in the political ſyſtem under the three laſt princes of the Auſtrian line, could not be removed immediately on the acceſſion of another family; the wars that ſhook the very foundations of their throne for the firſt ten years of this century, kept all polite arts groveling in the duſt; and when they ventured to raiſe their heads again, and court the favour of the

ſovereign, there ſeems to have been a total want of able profeſſors to ſecond their efforts, and aſſiſt them in returning to the paths of good ſenſe and true taſte. No mad architect ever dreamed of a diſtortion of members ſo capricious, of a twiſt of pillars, cornices, or pediments, ſo wild and fantaſtic, but what a real ſample of it may be produced in ſome or other of the churches of Madrid. They are all ſmall, and poor in marbles as well as pictures. Their altars are piles of wooden ornaments heaped up to the ceiling, and ſtuck full of wax lights, which more than once have ſet fire to the whole church. The convents which may be ſaid to poſſeſs a good collection of pictures, are thoſe of Saint Paſqual and of the bare-footed Carmelite nuns. The former has a fine Titian, a capital Guerchino, and many other pieces by eſteemed Italian maſters. In the ſacriſty of the latter, is a numerous collection of paintings by various hands,

hands, many of which are of ſuperior merit. The tombs of Ferdinand the Sixth and of his queen Barbara, in the church of the viſitation, are almoſt the only ſepulchral monuments of any conſequence.

The firſt king that made any long abode in Madrid, was Henry the Fourth. Before his reign, this was but an inſignificant place, with a ſmall caſtle for the convenience of the princes that came to hunt the bear in the environs, which were then as woody as they now are naked. Its ſituation on a hill overlooking many leagues of country, open on every ſide to a wholeſome circulation of air, and abundance of good water, induced the emperor Charles the Fifth to build an ample palace here, which he intended to make his chief reſidence, as he thought the climate beſt adapted to his conſtitution. The ſovereign being once fixed at Madrid, the nobility ſoon abandoned their hereditary caſtles and houſes in other

cities, to follow the court. They were under the neceſſity of ſettling in the houſes they found ready built; and for that reaſon, added to the ſupine indifference that ſeized the Spaniards during the laſt two-thirds of the ſeventeenth century, and near half of this; moſt of the great families ſtill continue to inhabit vaſt ranges of ugly fabrics not diſtinguiſhable from the common houſes in the ſtreets, except by their larger dimenſions.

The palaces of the grandees that contain either ſtatues or pictures of value, are few in number.

In that of Medina Celi are many precious monuments of antiquity in marble, the remains of a great collection brought from Italy, by one of the dukes of Alcalá.

The duke of Saint Eſtévan poſſeſſes many of the beſt works of Luca Giordano.

In the gallery of the Marquis of Santiago, Murillo has painted the life of Jacob, and a Madonna,

Madonna, which may be reckoned among the moſt capital of the Spaniſh ſchool.

At the Duke of Alba's is to be ſeen a very famous picture of Correggio, called the ſchool of Cupid; it repreſents Venus giving the God of Love to be tutored by Mercury. There is alſo an holy family, ſaid to be by Raphael; a charming Venus, by Velaſquez, lying half reclined with her back to the ſpectator, and her face reflected in a mirror ſhe holds in her hand. Among the portraits, the moſt curious are thoſe of Anna Bullen, and the great Duke of Alba. Here are alſo very fine hangings, executed after the Cartoons of Raphael, which, with the Venus of Correggio, once formed part of the collection of that nice connoiſſeur and unſkilful monarch, Charles the Firſt of England.

Theſe pictures naturally lead me to ſpeak of the royal palace; which I ſhould have mentioned firſt, had I not wiſhed to diſpatch

the leſſer objects, that I might have nothing to think of that could interfere with the deſcription of the noble collection in the new palace.

The old palace was burnt down to the ground in 1734, and Philip Juvara commiſſioned by Philip the Fifth to give a plan for rebuilding it in the moſt ſplendid manner. The model he made is ſtill exiſting, but was rejected on account of the immenſity of the ſize, and the greatneſs of the expence, as well as of the want of ſufficient room to place it, the king being determined, on account of the air, to have it rebuilt on the exact ſpot where the old one ſtood. Juvara dying before he could prepare a ſecond deſign, his diſciple Sachetti produced that which has been carried into execution; both his and his maſter's plans have the defect of being clumſy and confuſed in the windows, pilaſters, and ornaments; where they have aimed at ſimplicity, they have ſunk their

their architecture under a load of ſtone; and where they have ſtudied to be rich and light, they have generally given into the capricious rather than the beautiful.

It is all of white ſtone. Each of the fronts being four hundred and ſeventy feet in length, by an hundred high, this pile towers over all the country, where nothing intercepts the view for many miles. The entrances and ground-floor appear more like thoſe of ſome mighty fortreſs, than of the peaceable habitation of a powerful monarch, an hundred leagues removed from his frontiers. The range of large glazed arches round the inner court, reſembles the inſide of a manufactory: this is the more unpardonable, as they had at no great diſtance, in the Alcazar of Toledo, as elegant a colonnade as the niceſt critic could deſire. The beautiful circular court of Granada might have ſuggeſted noble ideas to the architect, but perhaps

haps at that time the very exiſtence of ſuch a thing was a ſecret at Madrid.

The ſtair-caſe was meant to be double, but it was afterwards judged more convenient to ſhut up one flight, as the remaining half anſwered every purpoſe. At the foot of the ſtairs I ſhall leave all my ſpleen, and prepare myſelf with unfeigned ſatisfaction to deſcribe to you the beauty and grandeur of the upper apartments. I know no palace in Europe fitted up with ſo much true royal magnificence. The ceilings are chef-d'œuvres of Mengs, Corrado, and Tiepolo. The richeſt marbles are employed with great taſte in forming the cornices and ſocles of the rooms, and the frames of the doors and windows. What enhances the value of theſe marbles, is the circumſtance of their being all produced in the quarries of Spain, from whence it is the opinion of a learned writer, that ancient Rome was ſupplied with many of the precious materials

rials that enriched her porticoes and temples. At leaſt there is no preſumption in aſſerting, that the bowels of the earth in Spain contain moſt of thoſe ſpecies of marbles, alabaſters, &c. that are to be ſeen in the ruins of the miſtreſs of the world, whatever might be the countries from which they were drawn. Porphyry is found near Cordova; the fineſt jaſper near Aracena; the mountains of Granada furniſh a beautiful green, thoſe of Tortoſa a variety of brown marbles; Leon and Malaga ſend alabaſter; Toledo, Talavera, Badajoz, and Murviedro, abound in marbles of different colours; and moſt parts of the kingdom afford ſome ſpecimen or other of jaſper, beſides the amethyſt and its radix, for which Spain is celebrated above moſt other countries.

The great audience chamber is one of the richeſt I know. The ceiling, painted by Tiepolo, repreſents the triumph of Spain; round the cornice the artiſt has placed alle-

gorical figures of its different provinces, diſtinguiſhed by their productions, and attended by ſeveral of their inhabitants in the provincial habit; theſe form a moſt uncommon picture, and a curious ſet of *Coſtumi.* The walls are incruſtated with beautiful marble, and all around hung with large plates of looking-glaſs in rich frames. The manufactory of glaſs is at Saint Ildefonſo, where they caſt them of a very great ſize; but I am told they are apt to turn out much rougher, and fuller of flaws than thoſe made in France.

A collection of pictures, by the greateſt maſters of the art, adorns the walls of the inner apartments; but even this vaſt fabric does not afford room for all the riches his Catholic Majeſty poſſeſſes in this branch. The detail and catalogue of a number of paintings is ſure to fatigue a reader who has never ſeen, nor can ever rationally expect to ſee them; therefore

therefore it is incumbent upon me to ſelect only a few of my favourites from my memorandums.

The gallery of the Eſcurial is ſaid to be ſtill more valuable, eſpecially as the famous picture of Raphael of the carrying the croſs, called the Spaſimo di Sicilia, * remains in this palace unplaced, and conſequently unſeen.

Of the works of Titian, the moſt remarkable are, a bacchanalian woman lying on her back, aſleep; the liquor has diffuſed a glow over her beautiful face, and her body is divinely handſome; one of the greateſt painters of the age has often declared, he never paſſed before this picture without being ſtruck with admiration. Some boys playing, full of grace and a charming variety of attitudes.

* Raphael painted it for the Church of the Madonna della Spaſimo, or the Mother of Dolours, in Sicily.

Rubens:

Rubens: Chriſt and St. John Baptiſt, lovely children. A prieſt on horſeback, carrying the viaticum to a ſick perſon, accompanied by Rodolph earl of Hapſburgh, one of the maſter-pieces of his pencil.

Murillo: A vintager, wineſeller, holy family, two boys; all in their different characters, excellently painted with a rich mellow colour.

Vandyke: The ſeizing of Chriſt in the garden, a ſtrong compoſition; ſeveral portraits abſolutely alive.

Spagnolet: Iſaac feeling Jacob's hands; very capital.

Velaſquez: Many portraits. His genius ſhines moſt conſpicuous in the equeſtrian figure of the Conde Duque Olivarés, prime miniſter of Philip the Fourth, which I really think the beſt portrait I ever beheld: I know not which moſt to admire; the chiaro ſcuro, the life and ſpirit of the rider, or the natural poſition and fire of the horſe.

Another,

Another, of a young prince alſo on horſeback, is a beautiful piece: the little cavalier ſits upright, and ſeems proud of his exalted ſtation; but the fixed ſerious caſt of his features betrays the apprehenſion he feels of his prancing ſteed. The water-ſeller of Seville, an admirable old figure; ſome women ſpinning; and Velaſquez himſelf drawing the portraits of the royal family.

Mengs: Many fine things, which, even in this rare collection, do not ſeem intruders; moſt of them repreſent devout lugubrious events, the moſt gloomy of which, ſuch as the flagellation and crucifixion, have been choſen by the king to adorn his bed-chamber. Among the profane and allegorical ſubjects he has treated, I was much delighted with four light airy genii over the doors, repreſenting the different parts of the day.

The laſt pictures I ſhall mention, in order to cloſe my catalogue with eclat, are an holy family,

family, and a Chriſt praying in the garden, by Correggio, not inferior to any of the ſmall-ſized works of that child of the graces. Of the laſt-mentioned piece I have ſeen more than one repetition. In the Capodimonte collection near Naples, is one exactly ſimilar.

I have paſſed over many excellent pictures by a crowd of Italian and Flemiſh painters, that would hold the firſt rank in moſt other galleries.

In the magazines and ſtore-rooms lie unſorted, a number of pictures, ſufficient to furniſh ſuch another ſuite of apartments.

At the bottom of the palace-yard is an old building, called the Armeria, containing a curious aſſortment of antique arms and weapons, kept in a manner that would have made poor Cornelius Scriblerus ſwoon at every ſtep; no notable houſe-maid in England has her fire-grates half ſo bright as theſe coats of mail; they ſhew thoſe of all the

the heroes that dignify the annals of Spain; thoſe of St. Ferdinand, Ferdinand the Catholic, his wife Iſabella, Charles the Fifth, the great captain Gonſalo, the king of Granada, and many others. Some ſuits are emboſſed with great nicety. The temper of the ſword-blades is quite wonderful; for you may lap them round your waiſt like a girdle. The art of tempering ſteel in Toledo, was loſt about ſeventy years ago, and the project of reviving and encouraging it, is one of the favourite ſchemes of Charles the Third, who has erected proper works for it on the banks of the Tagus.

As the new palace ſtands on the brow of a ſteep hill, and is hemmed in very cloſe behind by the buildings of the town, it became neceſſary to open a communication with the vale of Mançanarés below, that his Majeſty might go into the country without paſſing through the whole city of Madrid. In order to effect this, a broad road

has been cut, with an eaſy aſcent from the river to the palace, adorned at the foot of the hill with a kind of triumphal arch, dedicated to St. Vincent. This expence might have been ſaved, as well as the many thouſands of dollars buried in the vaults and ſubſtructions that ſerve as foundations to the ponderous maſs of buildings which compoſe the palace, had the kings thought proper to re-build or embelliſh their houſe at the Buenretiro, on the hill eaſt of Madrid *. Inſtead of being crampt for room, even

* The finiſhing and fitting up of the new palace has, in all probability, ſaved Madrid from ruin, by fixing the court of Spain to this ſpot. The king intended to have removed it for ever to Seville and the ſouthern provinces, after the ſedition of Madrid, when the populace roſe in conſequence of the order for cleaning the ſtreets, and the prohibition of ſlouched hats and large cloaks. His ſurpriſe, reſentment, and indignation, would certainly have induced him to retire for ever from ſo barbarous a metropolis, to the milder climate of Andaluſiá, had not his miniſter, unwilling that

even for a walk or a terrace, they would there have had a large garden ready planted, and ſpace behind to ſtretch out their im-

that ſo much treaſure ſhould have been laviſhed in the improvements of the palaces in Caſtille to no manner of purpoſe, and loath to abandon to deſtruction ſo many darling creations of his own, prevailed on his royal maſter to conquer his anger, and alter his determination. But the king ſtill retains ſo much ſpleen againſt Madrid, as to diſlike to ſojourn in it; and, indeed, he eſcapes from it as often as decency will allow him. It was ſaid at the time, that many perſons of rank were mingled in diſguiſe among the mob, to encourage them to proceed to extremities; but this ſeems a groundleſs report. It is very remarkable, that during the greateſt ferment of the ſedition, all parties retired, as if by mutual conſent, about dinner-time, to take their uſual nap or meridiana; after which they returned to the charge with freſh vigour, and redoubled fury, reſumed their clamours, and repeated their outrages. The military force finally quelled the tumult, and the king carried his point. Every blackguard now loiters about with his hat pinned up triangularly; but the moment he gets out of town, and beyond the bounds of the proclamation, he indulges himſelf in flapping it down on all ſides.

provements as many miles as they could wiſh. The air in both ſituations muſt be equally good, and for any thing there is to ſee in the adjacent country, which is the only difference the new palace can boaſt of, I ſhould think it rather a diſadvantage than a recommendation: ſurely the view from the Retiro towards the beſt part of the city, with a full command of the public walks, is much grander and more agreeable than a ſtretch over twenty leagues of ill cultivated, depopulated hills.

The palace of the Buenretiro is now ſtript of all its beſt pictures and furniture. The buildings are poor, and unworthy of a ſovereign, ſo that few parts of it could have been preſerved in any judicious plan. The only remarkable things about it are the theatre, where Farinelli ſang before a court, which he may be ſaid to have governed as prime miniſter; a bronze ſtatue of Charles the Fifth; and an equeſtrian one of Philip the Fourth,

Fourth, caſt by Tacca at Florence; the poſture of the horſe curvetting, ſupported by his hind feet and tail, is very ingenious; and it appears difficult to conceive how the artiſt could contrive to preſerve the equilibrium of ſuch a maſs, entirely thrown out of its perpendicular. The gardens are agreeable, and open to the public; one of the great ornaments of Madrid, is the fine iron railing that divides them from the walks of the Prado, and the road up the hill to the gate of Alcala, a new arch deſigned by Sabatini; this gate is rather heavy, but perhaps its ſituation requires the parts to be very ſolid, in order to produce a grand effect from the proper point of view; at leaſt it enſures to them an almoſt eternal duration.

In the ſhallow vale between the Retiro and the town, which has not the leaſt ſuburb of any kind belonging to it, the preſent king has finiſhed the Prado, which in a few years, provided they manage the trees properly,

perly, will be one of the fineſt walks in the world. Its length and breadth are great, the avenues drawn in an intelligent, noble ſtyle, the foot-paths wide and neat, the iron railing and ſtone ſeats done in a grand expenſive manner. All the coaches in Madrid drive in the ring here; and though the abſence of the court leſſens the appearance more than two thirds, yet laſt night I counted two hundred carriages following each other. On the declivity of the Retiro, they mean to plant a botanical garden.

The view from this walk is, as it ſhould be, confined; for the winds are ſo ſharp and boiſterous, and the landſcape ſo horrid all round the city, that no place of public reſort could be comfortable, unleſs it were, like this, ſhut in from all diſtant views, and ſheltered by the hills from the blaſts that ſweep over the highlands of Caſtille. To the weſt, it has the town, the three principal ſtreets of which terminate in the Prado; theſe

theſe are three noble openings, excellently paved, and clean even to a nicety, indeed ſo are moſt of the ſtreets of Madrid ſince the edict for paving and cleaning them; the foreigners that reſided here before that time, ſhudder at the very recollection of its former filth. Some of the natives regret the old ſtinks and naſtineſs, as they pretend that the air of Madrid is ſo ſubtile, as to require a proper mixture of groſſer effluvia to prevent its pernicious effects upon the conſtitution. The extremes of cold and heat are aſtoniſhing in this place, and the winds ſo ſearching, that all the Spaniards wear leathern under-waiſtcoats to preſerve their cheſts, for they pervade every other kind of clothing. In ſummer the duſt is intolerable.

To the eaſt and north the heights of the Retiro defend the Prado from cold. The walk extends from the gate of Saint Barbara to that of Atocha, and there joins an older avenue of trees, which reaches down to the

new canal and the banks of the Mançanarés. This canal is a late undertaking, that has hitherto anſwered very well: near two leagues of it down the valley is navigable; and the tranſporting of lime, ſtones, and other materials for building, the plantations of mulberries and other trees, and the ſale of a right of angling, have already produced ſome advantages. The king has almoſt completed his communication highway between the Aranjuez road and the gate of Saint Vincent. It croſſes the ends of the bridges called, on account of the places they lead to, the bridges of Toledo and Segovia; they are long and lofty, but decorated in the moſt wretched of all taſtes; many writers have ridiculed them as immenſe piles of arches thrown over an inſignificant rivulet, but the truth is, the Mançanarés ſometimes ſwells to a great height, and pours down a terrible volume of water; the ſands it has already waſhed down have almoſt choaked up ſome of the arches, and

theſe

theſe high bridges may in time prove too low for the little brook.

In the broken banks ſouth of the river are found large quantities of pebbles, called Diamonds of Saint Iſidro. The lapidaries cut them like precious ſtones, and ladies of the firſt faſhion wear them in their hair as pins, or on their fingers as rings. They have little or no luſtre, and a very dead glaſſy water. The value of the beſt rough ſtone does not exceed a few pence.

Oppoſite the new gate below the palace, is the royal park of the Caſa del Campo. The villa is a building of no conſequence; the woods are wild and pleaſant, though not ſo extenſive as they might be made with a little attention: in the court is a grand equeſtrian ſtatue of Philip the Third, by John of Bologna; and in the rooms are many pictures, among others the original of Callot's temptation of St. Anthony. In the menagery are ſome vicuñas or Peruvian ſheep, from whoſe wool a very fine ſilky cloth

cloth is woven, and made up into winter clothes without being dyed; it is of a rich brown colour, and ſells very dear.

LETTER XLII.

Madrid, June 5, 1776.

IT has been my conſtant ſtudy, during our tour round Spain, to note down and tranſmit to you every peculiarity that might throw light upon the diſtinctive turn and genius of the nation. Experience has taught me to look upon this method as the beſt, and indeed the only ſure guide to the knowledge of a people; but at the ſame time, has made me ſenſible how imperfect an idea is to be acquired by a tranſitory view, in a progreſs of a few months. Cuſtoms that ſtruck me at firſt as unaccountable, from my ignorance of motives and ſituations, have frequently ſince appeared to me not only proper and rational, but abſolutely ſo much in the common courſe of things, that

that I have wondered how I came to put them down as extraordinary. The miſtakes I have found myſelf guilty of in ſeveral little remarks made in the firſt part of my journey, have rendered me very cautious of deciding upon matters, where I could not come at a knowledge of their cauſes. I therefore very early learned to miſtruſt my ſenſes, and applied where I expected to have my doubts reſolved, and the reaſons of modes and uſages explained to me. Accordingly I omitted no opportunity of drawing information from the natives of all ranks; from ſtrangers long eſtabliſhed in Spain, and from thoſe who, having reſided but a few years here, were more likely to be ſenſible of the ſingularities of the national diſpoſition. I cannot ſay my endeavours have been crowned with much ſucceſs. Were I to draw the picture of the Spaniards from the manifold ſketches traced by their countrymen, every province in the kingdom

kingdom would in its turn appear a Paradiſe, and a Pandæmonium, a ſeat of holy ſpirits, and a receptacle of malicious devils; the moſt contradictory accounts, enforced by the moſt poſitive aſſeverations, have been repeatedly given me of the ſame places. I have often found the virtue one province prides itſelf in, as being the ſpecific mark of its inhabitants, not only refuſed them by a neighbouring country, but the very oppoſite vice impoſed upon them as their characteriſtic. The Engliſh, French, and other foreigners, living in Spain, are in general but indifferently qualified to decide upon theſe matters: as long as they retain the prejudices they brought from home againſt every thing that claſhes with their native cuſtoms, they are but partial judges; and when once they fall into the ways of the place where commerce has fixed their lot, they become ſuch thorough-paced Spaniards, that they can neither perceive the particularities you

ſpeak

ſpeak to them of, nor aſſign reaſons for uſes that are grown habitual to them.

As I am not aſhamed to acknowledge my inſufficiency, I frankly confeſs it is not in my power to give what you may think a ſatisfactory character of the Spaniards. Were I inclined to flatter my ſelf-love, I might add, that I do not eſteem any of thoſe who have already written on the ſubject, much better qualified than myſelf. What I can venture to ſay, amounts to very little.

The Catalonians appear to be the moſt active, ſtirring ſet of men, the beſt calculated for buſineſs, travelling, and manufactories. The Valencians a more ſullen, ſedate race, better adapted to the occupations of huſbandmen, leſs eager to change place, and of a much more timid, ſuſpicious caſt of mind than the former. The Andaluſians * ſeem to

* Andaluſiá is derived from the Arabic, and means a *dark evening weſtern country*. It was a name generally given

to me the great talkers and rodomontadoes of Spain. The Caſtillians have a manly frankneſs, and leſs appearance of cunning and deceit. The new Caſtillians are perhaps the leaſt induſtrious of the whole nation; the old Caſtillians are laborious, and retain more of ancient ſimplicity of manners; both are of a firm, determined ſpirit. I take the Arragoneſe to be a mixture of the Caſtillians and Catalonians, rather inclining to the former. The Biſcayners are acute and diligent, fiery, and impatient of control; more reſembling a colony of republicans, than a province of an abſolute monarchy. The Galicians are a plodding, pains-taking race of mortals, that roam over Spain in ſearch of an hardly-earned ſubſiſtence.

The liſtleſs indolence equally dear to the

given by the Saracens to all Spain, and agrees with that of Heſperia, which it was known by among the Greeks.

uncivilized

uncivilized ſavage, and to the degenerate ſlave of deſpotiſm, is no where more indulged than in Spain; thouſands of men in all parts of the realm are ſeen to paſs their whole day, wrapped up in a cloak, ſtanding in rows againſt a wall, or doſing under a tree. In total want of every excitement to action, the ſprings of their intellectual faculties forget to play, their views grow confined within the wretched ſphere of mere exiſtence, and they ſcarce ſeem to hope or foreſee any thing better than their preſent ſtate of vegetation; they feel little or no concern for the welfare or glory of a country, where the ſurface of the earth is engroſſed by a few over-grown families, who ſeldom beſtow a thought on the condition of their vaſſals. The *poor* Spaniard does not work, unleſs urged by irreſiſtible want, becauſe he perceives no advantage accrue from induſtry. As his food and raiment are purchaſed at a ſmall expence, he ſpends

no more time in labour, than is abſolutely neceſſary for procuring the ſcanty proviſion his abſtemiouſneſs requires. I have heard a peaſant refuſe to run an errand, becauſe he had that morning earned as much already as would laſt him the day, without putting himſelf to any further trouble.

Yet I am convinced that this lazineſs is not eſſentially inherent in the Spaniſh compoſition; for it is impoſſible, without ſeeing them, to conceive with what eagerneſs they purſue any favourite ſcheme, with what violence their paſſions work upon them, and what vigour and exertion of powers they diſplay when awakened by a bull-feaſt, or the more conſtant agitation of gaming, a vice to which they are ſuperlatively addicted. Were it again poſſible, by an intelligent, ſpirited adminiſtration, to ſet before their eyes, in a clear and forcible manner, proper incitements to activity and induſtry, the Spaniards might yet be rouſed from their

lethargy, and led to riches and reputation; but I confeſs the taſk is ſo difficult, that I look upon it rather as an Utopian idea, than as a revolution likely ever to take place.

Their ſoldiers are brave, and patient of hardſhips; wherever their officers lead them they will follow without flinching, though it be up to the mouth of a battery of cannon; but unleſs the example be given them by their commander, not a ſtep will they advance.

Moſt of the Spaniards are hardy; and, when once engaged, go through difficulties without murmuring, bear the inclemencies of the ſeaſons with firmneſs, and ſupport fatigue with amazing perſeverance. They ſleep every night in their cloaks on the ground; are ſparing in diet, perhaps more from a ſenſe of habitual indigence, than from any averſion to gluttony; whenever they can fiot in the plenty of another man's table, they will gormandize to exceſs, and,

not content with eating their fill, will carry off whatever they can ſtuff into their pockets. I have more than once been a witneſs to the pillage of a ſupper, by the numerous beaux and admirers which the ladies lead after them in triumph, wherever they are invited. They are fond of ſpices, and ſcarce eat any thing without ſaffron, pimento, or garlic; they delight in wine that taſtes ſtrong of the pitched ſkin, and of oil that has a rank ſmell and taſte; indeed, the ſame oil feeds their lamp, ſwims in their pottage, and dreſſes their ſallad: in inns the lighted lamp is frequently handed down to the table, that each man may take the quantity he chooſes. Much tobacco is uſed by them in ſmoking and chewing. All theſe hot, drying kinds of food, co-operating with the parching qualities of the atmoſphere, are aſſigned as cauſes of the ſpare make of the common people in Spain, where the prieſts and the inn-keepers

inn-keepers are almoſt the only well-fed, portly figures to be met with.

The Spaniſh is by no means naturally a ſerious, melancholy nation: miſery and diſcontent have caſt a gloom over them, increaſed, no doubt, by the long habit of diſtruſt and terror inſpired by the inquiſition; yet every village ſtill reſounds with the muſic of voices and guitars; and their fairs and Sunday wakes are remarkably noiſy and riotous. They talk louder, and argue with more vehemence than even the French or Italians, and geſticulate with equal, if not ſuperior eagerneſs. In Catalonia the young men are expert at ball; and every village has its *Pelota* or ground for playing at fives; but in the ſouth of Spain, I never perceived that the inhabitants uſed any particular exerciſe. I am told, that in the iſland of Majorca they ſtill wield the ſling, for which their anceſtors, the Baleares, were ſo much renowned.

they are freed from all apprehenſions of damnation in a future ſtate; and indeed, from any great concern about the moral duties of this life. The burning zeal, which diſtinguiſhed their anceſtors above the reſt of the Catholic world, appears to have loſt much of its activity, and really ſeems nearly extinguiſhed. It is hard to aſcribe bounds to the changes a crafty, ſteady, and popular monarch might make in eccleſiaſtical matters. The unconcern betrayed by the whole nation at the fall of the Jeſuits, is a ſtrong proof of their preſent indifference. Thoſe fathers, the moſt powerful body politic in the kingdom, the rulers of the palace, and the deſpots of the cottage, the directors of the conſcience, and diſpoſers of the fortune of every rank of men, were all ſeized in one night, by detachments of ſoldiers, hurried like malefactors to the ſea-ports, and baniſhed for ever from the realm, without the leaſt reſiſtance to the royal man-

date

date being made, or even threatened. Their very memory ſeems to be annihilated with their power.

We found the common people inoffenſive, if not civil; and having never had an opportunity of being witneſſes to any of their exceſſes, can ſay nothing of their violent jealouſy or revenge, which are points moſt writers on Spain have expatiated upon with great pleaſure. I believe in this line, as well as in many others, their bad as well as good qualities have been magnified many degrees above the truth.

The moſt furious example of paſſion and cruelty that I heard of, happened a few years ago at San Lucar. A Carmelite friar fell deſperately in love with a young woman, to whom he was confeſſor. He tried every art of ſeduction his deſires could ſuggeſt to him; but, to his unſpeakable vexation, found her virtue or indifference proof againſt all his machinations. His deſpair was

heightened to a pitch of madneſs, upon hearing that ſhe was ſoon to be married to a perſon of her own rank in life. The furies of jealouſy ſeized his ſoul, and worked him up to the moſt barbarous of all determinations, that of depriving his rival of the prize, by putting an end to her exiſtence. He choſe Eaſter week for the perpetration of his crime. The unſuſpecting girl came to the confeſſional, and poured out her ſoul at his feet; her innocence ſerved only to inflame his rage the more, and to confirm him in his bloody purpoſe. He gave her abſolution and the ſacrament with his own hands, as his love deterred him from murdering her, before he thought ſhe was purified from all ſtain of ſin, and her ſoul fit to take its flight to the tribunal of its Creator; but his jealouſy and revenge urged him to purſue her down the church, and plunge his dagger in her heart, as ſhe turned round to make a genuflection to the altar. He was immediately

ſeized,

ſeized, and ſoon condemned to die; but leſt his ignominious execution ſhould reflect diſhonour on a religious order, which boaſts of having an aunt of the king of France among its members, his ſentence was changed into perpetual labour among the galley-ſlaves of Portorico.

The national qualities, good and bad, conſpicuous in the lower claſſes of men, are eaſily traced, and very diſcernible in thoſe of higher rank; for their education is too much neglected, their minds too little enlightened by ſtudy or communication with other nations, to rub off the general ruſt, with which the Spaniſh genius has, for above an age, been, as it were, incruſtated. The public ſchools and univerſities are in a deſpicable ſtate of ignorance and irregularity. Some feeble hope of future reformation is indulged by patriots; but time

muſt

muſt ſhew what probabilities they are grounded upon. *

The

* Since I left Spain, a reform has taken place in the great colleges, notwithſtanding a ſtrenuous oppoſition. In 1771 Cedulas had already been iſſued out for viſiting and examining the great foundations; as his majeſty had been informed of the decline of the Univerſities for above a century, of the great diſorders that had crept into their conſtitutions, and of the contagion which had ſpread among other literary bodies, to the great prejudice of public education, and of the ſtate. The Cedula for the reformation is ſigned in April, 1777. The colleges to be reformed are, Santa Cruz in Valladolid, Saint Ildefonſo in Alcalá, Saint Bartholomé, San Salvador de Oviedo, Santiago de Cuenca, and Santiago del Arzobiſpo, in Salamanca. Theſe ſix colleges were linked together in a ſtrict union, and formed a more powerful and compact body than the Jeſuits. They had ſufficient intereſt to procure for their own members moſt of the good things in church and ſtate, and had a majority in every council and tribunal of Spain. Inſtead of maintaining poor ſcholars and profeſſors, their immenſe rents, tythes, and dues, were portioned out among themſelves.

They

The reigns of Charles the Fifth and Philip the Second, were the times of great men and good authors, the Spaniſh Auguſtan age; and continued a few years under Philip the Third. Since thoſe days, it is difficult to point out any original work of learning or merit, except thoſe of Cervantes and la Vega, who ſurvived the reſt of the geniuſes of that period.

Hitherto the academies, and ſocieties of *friends to their country*, the *Amigos del pais*, have gone on but ſlowly in their improvements in literature and agriculture. I doubt they have not yet got into a proper method; for they undertake many things, and finiſh none. Their great dictionary is a glaring proof of my aſſertion. There is now in hand an edition of Don Quixote, with prints

They are reduced to their original inſtitutions: their old ſtatutes are confirmed, or new modelled to the times; and poverty, which for many years had been a ſure plea for excluſion, is reſtored to its primitive claim.

taken

taken from original drawings of the dreſſes and landſcapes of the country, which has employed all the beſt engravers for ſome time paſt. * The works of Calderon have been lately reprinted; and a new edition of Lopez de la Véga, on excellent paper, and with very fine types, is in great forwardneſs: Printing ſeems of late to be the branch they moſt excel in.

The catalogue of living authors is confined to a very ſmall number.

Don Franciſco Perez Bayer, preceptor to the infants, and archdeacon of Valencia, may be placed in the firſt line of Spaniſh literati. He is author of a diſſertation on the Phenician language, added to the tranſlation of Salluſt by the infant Don Gabriel. He is a man of learning, a very good Greek and Latin ſcholar, well acquainted with the

* This work has ſince appeared, and does great honour to the Editors and Printers.

Hebrew

Hebrew and Arabic tongues, and moreover a modeſt man, of a friendly and communicative diſpoſition; he has travelled through Italy, and acquired more enlarged notions with reſpect to foreigners, than uſually fall to the ſhare of the Spaniards.

Don Gregorio Mayans y Siſcar, of Valencia, formerly librarian at Madrid, and now an honorary *Alcalde de corte*, is likewiſe a ſcholar of great knowledge and liberal ſentiments. He has publiſhed ſeveral editions of claſſic authors, grammars, diſſertations, tracts and commentaries on the civil law, a life of Cervantes, of Dean Marti, and others.

Don Miguel Caſiri's Bibliotheca Hiſp. Eſcurial, certainly entitles him to ſome merit in the knowledge of Oriental literature. He is of a Syromaronite family, from mount Libanon, but born at Tripoly, and educated in the Maronite college at Rome.

Don

Don Pedro Rodriguez Campomanés, fiſcal of the council of Caſtille, is likewiſe a man of letters. He has publiſhed ſomething on moſt ſubjects in and out of his profeſſion, from *Guias de poſtas y caminos*, to tranſlations of Arabic and Greek. He aſſiſted the Conde de Aranda in expelling the Jeſuits, and ſeems well inclined to reform the other religious ſocieties. This has made him many eccleſiaſtical enemies;* and it is ſaid, he has been admoniſhed by the

* Freedom of ſpeech on religious matters had riſen to ſuch an height in the coffee-houſes of Madrid, that at laſt it reached the ears of the king, who ſent for the Inquiſitor general, whom he reproached with his ſupineneſs in a concern of ſo important a nature. The biſhop anſwered, that he looked upon his office as next to a ſinecure; not having any expectation of ſupport from government, ſhould he attempt to exert his authority. The king gave him ſuch aſſurances of being ſeconded by the ſecular arm, that the holy office ſeized upon an advocate, tried

the inquiſition, which, to the great aſtoniſhment of all the world, has lately acquired freſh ſtrength, when moſt people were tempted to think it had loſt its ſting. Perhaps it is but a laſt effort before its final diſſolution. The fiſcal is of an active, enterpriſing genius; he has lately publiſhed five or ſix volumes of ill-digeſted materials for the improvement of his country. Many of his

tried him for ſpeaking againſt purgatory, and condemned him to eight years impriſonment in a convent. They might as well have hanged him; for the infamy that follows every accuſation before that tribunal, even when the accuſed is declared innocent, is ſo great in the eyes of all perſons whatever, that a man of any ſpirit had better be dead than thus loſt in the eſteem of the public. In order to make a diſplay of their revived power, the inquiſition ſummoned many great officers and others, ſuſpected of free-thinking, to attend the trial, and be witneſſes of the impartiality and candid behaviour of the court, and at the ſame time, of its reſolution to enforce its authority by chaſtiſement.

ſchemes are good, but he daſhes away at every thing in a bold, looſe manner. The origin of theſe books was a ſmall tract, called Induſtria popular, which has brought forth four others, each three times as big as its parent, under the denomination of *appendixes*, *education*, and *ſecond appendixes*. He is perhaps the ableſt and moſt diſintereſted lawyer in Spain, a country where every civil and criminal proceſs is determined by weight of metal and intereſt, which they term *Empeños*. When a ſervant of Lord G.'s was wantonly murdered by an invalid ſoldier, the ſecretary of ſtate told his lordſhip, that if he choſe to have the offender hanged, there would be no difficulty, as a poor ſoldier could have no friends to apply or make empeños for him. In caſes like theſe, juſtice may ſometimes take its courſe, if they are not too lazy to execute it.

Don Antonio Ponz is publiſhing a tour through Spain, in which he enters into very

prolix

prolix details; but as he writes for the inſtruction of his countrymen, whom the objects he treats of ought principally to intereſt, his minuteneſs cannot be imputed to him as a fault. His obſervations have already produced ſome good effects in correcting abuſes, ſuggeſting uſeful works, and reforming the vicious taſte of the Spaniards in many points of architecture.

Don Antonio Ulloa, who, in company with the late Don George Juan, travelled into Peru to aſſiſt the French academicians in aſcertaining the figure of the globe, publiſhed an account of their tour; he has alſo given a treatiſe upon the native Indians of South America; in which he has degraded their capacities and ſentiments almoſt to a level with the inſtinct of the brute ſpecies.

Mr. Bowles, though not a Spaniard, is certainly to be ranked among the Spaniſh writers; his natural hiſtory of Spain, though

rather an introduction, and an aſſemblage of diſſertations, than a complete work, has opened the career, and I hope will excite other perſons learned in the ſecrets of Nature, to impart to the public their diſcoveries in the ſame ſtudy. Spain is ſo rich in all articles of natural hiſtory, that it alone affords as much matter for ſuch a work as many other kingdoms put together.

I do not know whether I ought to mention Medina Conde, though a very learned man. He began his excavations in 1734, and all the inſcriptions he publiſhed, except a few Roman ones, are arrant forgeries. Bayer, and the French Benedictine monks of Saint Maur, helped to detect him. I do not find he had any other object in view, than hopes of preferment; to ſecure the king and his confeſſor, he forged the ſentiments of an ancient council, which eſtabliſhes the doctrine of an immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary. He was alſo concerned for the

the clergy in the famous law-ſuit of the Voto de Santiago, of which the following is a ſuccinct account. In the year 938 Abdoulrahman, the third king of Cordova, made an irruption into Caſtille, and by the rapidity of his progreſs, and the multitude of his troops, threatened the Chriſtians with utter deſtruction, In this emergency Ramiro the Second, king of Leon, implored the ſuccour of Saint James the apoſtle, and viſited his tomb at Compoſtella, in ſolemn penitential proceſſion. The clergy have, by *all manner* of ways, endeavoured to prove, that in thankful remembrance of Santiago's kind aſſiſtance, by means of which he obtained a complete victory over the Moors, Ramiro the Second obliged all his ſubjects to pay a portion of the produce of all their lands to the church of Compoſtella, or, as it is worded in Spaniſh, *A la paya de cuſta medida de pan, vino y demas ſemillas por cada junta que tubieren de labranza.* All this is

flatly denied by the adverſe or lay party, on the ſtrength of the negative argument, that there is no proof; nay more, they call in queſtion the very exiſtence of the battle. The demand of the church is pretty large, for they pretend that not only what Ramiro then poſſeſſed, but alſo all that his ſucceſſors have acquired ſince, becomes ſubject to the tax. On the other hand it is contended, that allowing all the eccleſiaſtical aſſertions to be true, the poſſeſſors of land of thoſe times only would be liable to ſuch a tribute, as it would be abſurd to ſuppoſe Ramiro could have a right to give away what did not belong to him. The proceedings are already ſwelled to the ſize of a folio volume, and probably will increaſe, for it is not likely there ſhould be an end put to the litigation, as long as the firſt place in the council of Caſtille is filled by a canon of Santiago.

It is not in my power to extend the liſt of writers. The common education of an Engliſh gentleman would conſtitute a man

man of learning here; and ſhould he underſtand Greek, he would be quite a phænomenon*. As to the nobility, I wonder how

* Though I make no doubt but the nation is much improved ſince 1722, yet I don't think it will be improper to tranſcribe ſome of the Dean of Alicant's ſtrictures upon his countrymen at that period, as a Spaniard is very good authority, when he finds fault with Spaniards. Theſe are his words, in a letter to Count Scipio Maffei of Verona: "No country, except Italy, abounds more with ancient monuments than Spain: in every province you meet with remnants of bridges, aqueducts, temples, theatres, circuſſes, amphitheatres, and other public edifices; moſt of which have been reduced to their preſent deplorable condition by the outrages of the inhabitants, rather than by the injuries of time. Such is the nature and ſpirit of the Spaniards, that to overthrow the monuments of the Pagans or Romans, is accounted among them one of the moſt meritorious acts of piety, and moſt efficacious in drawing down upon them the bleſſing of the Almighty. Alas! ſuch prepoſterous devotion! But how can it be otherwiſe in a kingdom which is ruled by the ſtupid, idle, monkiſh tribe; where

how they ever learned to read or write; or having once attained ſo much, how they contrive not to forget it. It is difficult to ſay what they paſs their time in; or what means, beſides

it is thought a crime to deviate an inch from the rules laid down by the hooded blockheads? Whatever they ſputter out, is revered as oracles of old, iſſuing from the Delphic tripod. The ſluggards, puffed up with this nauſeous adoration, thunder out the pains of hell againſt all ſuch as ſo much as look with attention on an ancient ſtatue. When any thing of the kind is dug up, their barbarous hands ſeize, break, deface it; and, leſt the pure light of the ſun ſhould be defiled by the ſight of ſuch an abomination, it is burnt to lime, or buried again in the ground. If the buſt of an emperor, a philoſopher, or an orator, ſhould happen to be diſcovered, they cry out, "'tis an idol! away with it! deſtroy it!" and inſtantly it undergoes the fate of Dagon. The vulgar demoliſh all inſcriptions, as they believe their characters are deſigned to confine ſome unclean ſpirits as guardians over hidden treaſures. Immenſe are the quantities of inſcriptions that have been defaced, or thrown back into the holes where they had lain hidden for ſo many ages.

Superſtition

beſides inattention to buſineſs, they employ in running through their immenſe incomes. In the great houſes one cuſtom may contribute to extravagance; a ſervant once eſtabliſhed is never diſcharged, unleſs for ſome very enormous offence; he and his family remain penſioners as long as they live: the Duke of I. pays near ten thouſand pounds ſterling a year in wages and annuities to ſervants. The Grandees, one or two excepted, are

Superſtition and ignorance combine to demoliſh every thing of the kind. Many were ſent to France; and during the late war of the Succeſſion, two Engliſh travellers freighted two ſhips with ancient monumental and hiſtorical inſcriptions, which they had collected near Terragona."

Since the time of Dean Marti, Don John Celaya, rector of the univerſity of Valencia, directed a number of Roman inſcriptions to be buried in the foundations of the bridge of Serranos; and a much later inſtance of barbariſm of the ſame kind, was exhibited by the Franciſcan friars of S. Maria de pina, at Oliva.

diminiſhed by a ſeries of diſtempered progenitors to a race of pigmies, which dwindles away for lack of heirs, and tends gradually to an union of all the titles and eſtates upon the heads of one or two families. I think the Conde de Altamira has no leſs than nineteen Grandeeſhips centered in his perſon. Though they all ſtyle themſelves *de primera claſſe*, as it were, by way of diſtinctive pre-eminence over others of a lower degree; yet I believe no ſecond or third claſs exiſts, and it would be a very groſs inſult to ſuppoſe any of them were of an inferior rank to the reſt of the *corps*: ſome difference may perhaps be made in the degrees of popular reſpect paid to the deſcendants of the heroes that make a figure in the Spaniſh annals, and ſuch Grandees as have been honoured with the dignity in latter times. A Grandee can marry none but his equal. They all *thou* each other; and affect

affect to appear backward in mixing in other company.

The Spaniſh women are in general little and thin; few are ſtrikingly beautiful, but almoſt all have ſparkling black eyes, full of expreſſion. It is not the faſhion here, as in France, to heighten their *eclat* with paint. They are endowed by nature with a great deal of wit and lively repartee, but for want of the poliſh and ſuccours of education, their wit remains obſcured by the rudeſt ignorance, and the moſt ridiculous prejudices. Their tempers having never been faſhioned by polite intercourſe, nor ſoftened by neceſſary contradiction, are extremely pettiſh and violent. They are continually pouting for ſomething or other, and put out of humour by the mereſt trifles. Moſt of the ladies about court are the reverſe of handſome, and do not ſeem to have any ambition of paſſing for clever or accompliſhed; not one talent do they poſſeſs; nor do they

they ever work, read, write, or touch any muſical inſtrument: their *Cortejo*, or gallant, ſeems their only play-thing. I believe no country exhibits more bare-faced amours, and ſuch an appearance of indelicate debauchery as this. The account given me of their manner of living in their family way, as ſoon as they come out of the convent, and before they have fixed upon a lover to fill up their time more agreeably, is as follows: they riſe late, and loiter away the remains of the morning among their attendants, or wear it out at church in a long bead-roll of habitual unmeaning prayers; they dine ſparingly, ſleep, and then dreſs to ſaunter for a couple of hours on the Prado. They are never without ſome ſort of ſugar-plum or high ſpiced comfit in their mouths. As ſoon as it is dark, they run to the houſe of ſome elderly female relation, where they all huddle together over a pan of coals, and would not for the world approach the company that

that may occaſionally drop in; it would throw them into the greateſt confuſion, were they to be requeſted to join in the converſation. The hour of the aſſembly paſſed, they hurry home to their maids, and, with their help, ſet about dreſſing their own ſuppers by way of amuſement.

LETTER XLIII.

Segovia, June 10, 1776.

PREVIOUS to our departure from Madrid, we received from the miniſters, by the particular order of his majeſty, every permit and paſſport that could conduce to the comfort of our journey to the frontiers of France. We have leave to take out with us what ſpecie we pleaſe, and the mules and horſes we have purchaſed in the kingdom; our baggage is to paſs unſearched.

I think

I think it my duty to acknowledge, with a grateful ſenſe of the diſtinction, that during our ſtay near the court, the king ſhewed a very flattering anxiety that we ſhould meet with no difficulties of any kind; and more than once inquired whether we had been ſhewn ſuch and ſuch things, and whether we were pleaſed with our reception, or in want of any thing to render the place agreeable. We are not a little proud of the honour; and I hope you will think our vanity too excuſable to be any impeachment of the ſoundneſs of our underſtanding.

On the ſixth we left Madrid. As we paſſed through the ſtreets, we found great preparations made for the proceſſion of Corpus Chriſti; among the reſt, ſets of girls dreſt out in ribbons, dancing round maypoles.

We travelled through the park of the Caſa del Campo, and over a bare corn country,

country, leaving the foreſts of *El Pardo* and *La Sarſuela*, two royal hunting ſeats, on the right hand. The laſt miles of the road to the Eſcurial, which is exceedingly good, is alſo uncommonly pleaſant, being carried through a very noble wood, where the deer are continually croſſing and re-croſſing before you.

The aſpect of this celebrated convent, ſituated in a corner of a lofty ridge of mountains, ſtruck us with awe and pleaſure. As we could not ſee the inſide that evening, we enjoyed ourſelves in walking round the gardens and fields. The landſcape is very grand, for at a ſingle view you command one of the largeſt edifices in the world, a boundleſs extent of woodlands, and a clear proſpect of Madrid; and beyond all a vaſt tract of country that loſes itſelf gradually in the horizon.

There are many minute deſcriptions of the

the * Eſcurial extant in all languages; let it therefore ſuffice to give you a general idea of this ſtupendous fabric and its treaſures.

You have read that it was built by Philip the Second, in conſequence of a vow he made to Saint Laurence before the battle of Saint Quintin, which was fought on the tenth of Auguſt, 1557. Though this ſtory of the vow ſeems a little apocryphal, it may be ſuppoſed that Philip, in memory of ſo ſignal a victory gained by his troops over the French, might chooſe to dedicate to

* Etymology of the word Eſcurial, as explained by Caſiri in his Bib. Hiſp. Eſc. "This is an Arabick word, meaning a place full of rocks, and the nature of the country agrees perfectly with it. It is to be written with an U, and not an O, as the common way is. Thoſe that derive it from the Scoria of iron forges, have no authority for ſuppoſing that there ever were any ſuch iron works in that neighbourhood. Sarmiento very ſtrangely interprets it, a Beech-grove, *Eſculetum*"

Saint

Saint Laurence, the patron of that day, the mauſoleum he intended to erect in conſequence of his father's dying requeſt, therein to depoſit the bones of that emperor, and of the empreſs Iſabella. It was begun in 1562, and conſiſts of ſeveral courts and quadrangles, which altogether are diſpoſed in the ſhape of a gridiron, the inſtrument of the martyrdom of Saint Laurence: the apartment where the king reſides forms the handle. The building is a long ſquare of ſix hundred and forty feet by five hundred and eighty: ſo that allowing beſides four hundred and ſixty for the projection of the chapel and king's quarter, the whole circumference comes to two thouſand nine hundred Spaniſh feet. The height up to the roof is all round ſixty feet, except on the garden ſide, where the ground is more taken away. At each angle is a ſquare tower two hundred feet high. The number of windows in the weſt front is two

hundred; in the eaſt front, three hundred and ſixty-ſix. The orders employed are Doric and Ionic; but the outward appearance of this vaſt maſs is extremely plain, and I am ſorry to ſay, in my eyes, very ugly. With its narrow high towers, ſmall windows, and ſteep ſloping roof, it certainly exhibits an uncouth ſtyle of architecture; but the domes, and the immenſe extent of its fronts, render it a wonderful grand object from every point of view. The beſt ſide to ſee it from, for I tried them all, is about half a mile down the hill on the Madrid road, as you are then ſo much below it, that the building hides the bleak mountain, which preſſes very cloſe upon it behind; the green fields and woods behind it, and the place you ſtand in, make a good contraſt, and ſet it off to the beſt advantage.

The church, which is in the center of all, is large, awful, and richly, but not affectedly

edly ornamented. The cupola is bold and light. The high altar is compoſed of rich marbles, agates, and jaſpers of great rarity, the produce of this kingdom. Two magnificent *Cataſalques* fill up the ſide arcades of this ſanctuary: on one the emperor Charles the Fifth, his wife, daughter, and two ſiſters, are repreſented in bronze, larger than life, kneeling; oppoſite are the effigies of Philip the Second, and of his three wives, of the ſame materials, and in the ſame devout attitude.

Underneath is the burial-place of the royal family, called the Pantheon. Twenty-five ſteps lead down to this vault, over the door of which is an inſcription, denoting that:

Hic locus ſacer mortalitatis exuviis Catholicorum Regum, &c.

was intended by Charles the emperor, reſolved upon by Philip the Second, begun by Philip the Third, and completed by

Philip the Fourth. The mauſoleum is circular, thirty-ſix feet diameter, incruſted with fine marbles in an elegant taſte. The bodies of the kings and queens lie in tombs of marble, in niches, one above the other. There are twenty-ſix of theſe urns, but as yet only thirteen are filled; the two laſt kings, and all the queens that died without iſſue, being buried elſewhere. The plan of theſe ſepulchres is grand, and executed with a princely magnificence; but I own I could not help finding them too gay, too light, and too delicately fitted up for the idea we are apt to form of a chapel deſtined for the reception of the dead. Accuſtomed to feel a kind of horror on our approach to any place that reminds us of the painful diſſolution of our being, we naturally expect ſomething ſerious and awful in the appearance of ſuch a repoſitory.

The princes and princeſſes of the royal family

family lie in two ſide-vaults near the entrance of the Pantheon.

The collection of pictures diſperſed about various parts of the church, ſacriſty, and convent, ſurpaſſed my expectations; and I think I may venture to pronounce it equal, if not ſuperior to any gallery in Europe, except that of Dreſden. Formed out of the ſpoils of Italy, and the waſted cabinet of that unfortunate dilettante Charles the Firſt of England, it contains ſome of the moſt capital works of the greateſt painters that have flouriſhed ſince the revival of the art. It would be a very uſeleſs trouble for me, and no entertainment to you, were I to copy out a catalogue of them, as you may find it at full length in many books. I ſhall juſt note down ſome of the principal pictures in the order we ſaw them, under the guidance of one of the Hieronymite monks.

In the Aulilla; a glory by Titian, in which he has introduced Charles the Fifth and Philip the Second, as ſuppliants, not as ſaints: there is a great and noble effect in this large compoſition. By the ſame hand a burial of Chriſt, and a Saint Margaret, which they have ſpoilt by painting a cloth to cover her naked thigh, which the ſcrupulous thought an indecent and dangerous ſight in a convent of the votaries of penance and chaſtity: theſe are high coloured and ſtrongly painted. A very fine piece, by *El Mudo*, of ſome Chriſtians coming by ſtealth in the night to carry off the body of Saint Laurence; the fears, caution, and ſilence, of thoſe employed, are admirably expreſſed; and the light given by a ſingle torch is diſtributed with great judgment over the whole.

In the Chapter-houſe. By Spagnolet, a Saint John playing with a lamb, and ſmiling with exquiſite grace. An annunciation,

a chef-d'œuvre of Baroccio. Chriſt giving his bleſſing, a fine half length, by Titian.

In the Vicar's Hall. Jacob's ſons ſhewing him Joſeph's bloody garment, eſteemed the beſt picture of Velaſquez: indeed the compoſition, expreſſion, and intelligence, of Chiaro-ſcuro are wonderful; the agony and ſurpriſe of the father is life itſelf.

In the Prior's Hall. A dead Chriſt, by Rubens; the figure of Mary Magdalen, and the dead body are painted in his beſt manner. The Centurion kneeling to Chriſt, by Paul Veroneſe; the beſt picture of the Venetian ſchool in the Eſcurial: the characters are noble, the architecture magnificent. The crowning of thorns by Vandyke, in which the tints, ſemitints, and tranſparency of colour, are more admired than the choice of his figures; the boy peeping through a grate, is incomparable, almoſt a deception. An holy family, by Rubens; which would ſtrike one more were it not ſo near another

on the ſame ſubject, by Raphael, which by its grace and beauty eclipſes all the merit of the Flemiſh maſter. Another Madonna in glory, by Guido; one of the moſt precious pictures in the collection: the Virgin is full of ſoft majeſty, the Chriſt ſupernaturally penſive. The ceilings of theſe rooms are executed with great airineſs, taſte, and beauty, after deſigns made in imitation of thoſe of the Vatican.

In the Outward Sacriſty. The piece that pleaſed me moſt is a Ripoſo, by Titian; in which the back-ground is one of the fineſt landſcapes imaginable.

In the Sacriſty are ſo many capital pictures, I ſcarce know which to give the ſecond place to, for the firſt is undoubtedly due to the *Madonna della Perla*, by the divine Raphael. This was part of the ſpoil of the Engliſh royal collection; the king of Spain was ſo much enchanted with it, when it was brought to him, that he gave it the name

name of *Perla mia*, by which it has been diſtinguiſhed ever ſince. The Virgin Mary is repreſented ſitting, holding with her right hand the infant Jeſus under the arms, who has one leg upon her knee, and the other reſting upon ſome white linen thrown careleſsly over a cradle. The Virgin's left hand repoſes on the ſhoulder of Saint Anne, who kneels by her daughter's left ſide, and forms a moſt perfect groupe, with the figures and the cradle; the old ſaint leans upon her hand, which is ſupported on the knee of the Madonna. Saint John Baptiſt advances on the other ſide to offer ſome fruit in a ſkin; Jeſus reaches out his hand to take it, but at the ſame time turns round to look at his mother, with all the joy and graceful ſimplicity natural to a beautiful child of that age. Behind is a ſmall figure of Saint Joſeph among ruins; the fore-ground is rich in flowers, the back-ground in variegated landſcape; the characters of face divine; the folds of the drapery

large and flowing; the colours harmonious; the lights thrown in admirably; and the figures and attitudes beyond all powers of deſcription *. The other valuable pictures in the hall are a Madonna giving ſuck, by Guido: an apparition of Chriſt to Mary Magdalen, by Correggio; Chriſt and the Phariſee, by Titian; another holy family, by Raphael; another, by Andrea del Sarto (which for deſign, compoſition, and beauty of tints, may be ranked with his maſter-pieces); a viſitation, by Raphael; a waſhing of the feet, by Tintoret. I ſhould never have done if I were to deſcribe minutely the beauties of the above-mentioned pieces; I muſt content myſelf with ſaying, that they are chef-d'œuvres of thoſe divine maſters; and that any one of them would give a name and relief to the beſt private collection.

* Raphael is thought by many to have painted the Madonna, and his Scholars the reſt upon his deſigns.

At

At the end of the Sacriſty is an altar, called *La ſanta Forma*; this is a kind of Tabernacle or *Cuſtoda*, of gems, marbles, woods, and other precious materials, inlaid in gilt bronze; in which, rather than in the excellence of the workmanſhip, or taſte of the deſign, conſiſts the merit of this rock of riches. Before it hangs a curtain, on which Coello has repreſented Charles the Second, and all his court in proceſſion, coming to place this *Forma*. This is undoubtedly one of the moſt curious collections of portraits in the world; for all the perſons are drawn with the greateſt ſtrength of colour and truth of expreſſion, and are ſaid to be perfect reſemblances not only of the monarch and grandees, but even of the monks, ſervants, and guards.

In the Old Church, ſo called, becauſe divine ſervice was performed in it while the other was painting; a martyrdom of Saint Laurence, and a Mater Dolorosa, by Titian, are

are capital. Here alſo hangs the celebrated *Madonna del Peſce* of Raphael, one of the moſt valuable pictures in the world. I do not know how Amiconi came to doubt of its originality: but his arguments are ſufficiently refuted, and juſtice done to the picture, in a letter from Mr. Henry, publiſhed three years ago, in the Viage de Eſpaña, by Ponz. The perſonages that compoſe the ſubject are the Virgin Mary ſeated, with her ſon in her arms; on her right, the angel Raphael introduces Tobit, who kneeling preſents the fiſh, which gives name to the whole; on the other ſide, ſtands Saint Jerome, in the habit of a cardinal, kneeling near a lion. This picture was brought from Naples, by order of Philip the Fourth. Mr. Henry rates it above all the reſt of the collection; other connoiſſeurs have preferred the *Perla*.

The ſtatues, buſts, and medallions of the Eſcurial, are not in any great number, nor very remarkable for their excellence. The ſtatue

ſtatue of Saint Laurence in the church is good and ſimple. Many have taken it for an antique, but the only part likely to be ſo is the head, and that I ſuſpect to have belonged to a Bacchus.

The monks ſhewed us ſome original writings of ſaints; among the reſt a wretched ſcrawl of Saint Tereſa, the myſtical reformatrix of the Carmelite nuns.

The Library contains a moſt precious collection of manuſcripts, many fine drawings, and other curioſities, which we had not leiſure to peruſe as much as we could have wiſhed.

Notwithſtanding the coldneſs of the expoſition of this convent, the king, for the ſake of hunting, paſſes here ſeveral months of the year. To make the place leſs inconvenient to his attendants and the nobility, he has built an entire new town adjoining to it; but in ſpite of all he can do, the Eſcurial will

will always remain a moſt uncomfortable habitation for winter reſidence.

From the Eſcurial we came along the ſouth foot of the mountains that ſeparate the two Caſtilles, croſſed the great Burgos road, and took up our night's quarters at a venta in the heart of the rocks and mountains, among foreſts of aged nodding pines. Next morning, we travelled many hours over the woody heights of the *Puerto* or paſſage of *Fuenfrio*, where the ſnow was ſtill very deep on the ſummits of the mountains. Some of the turns and views through the groves are charming; now and then ſuch proſpects over the plains of Old Caſtille, the town of Segovia, and the palace of Riofrio*, opened upon us, as aſtoniſhed us by their beauty and novelty. We arrived for dinner at Saint Ildefonſo, and

* Begun, but never finiſhed, by Elizabeth Farneſe, Queen Dowager of Spain.

found

found orders had been ſent before for our immediate admiſſion to the palace water-works, and other curioſities of the place.

This palace was much embelliſhed and favoured by Philip the Fifth, who ſpent much treaſure in forcing Nature, and rendering it in ſome ſort an imitation of what he remembered to have ſeen in the garden of Verſailles. His ſon Ferdinand abandoned it to his mother in law. The court now comes here in the hot months of ſummer, as it is a remarkable cool ſpot, being fenced from the hot ſouth winds by a ridge of very high ſnowy mountains, and ſituated in the bottom of a vale open to the north. But this ſituation expoſes it to ſuch ſudden and frequent changes of temperature and ſeaſons in the courſe of a few hours, that it is often neceſſary to ſhift from cloth to ſilk, and from ſilk to cloth, twice or thrice a day; and theſe tranſitions

tranſitions are ſometimes productive of colics, and other ſerious diſorders.

A romantic brook rolls over the rocks at no great diſtance from the town, through a large tract of thickets, and ſerves his majeſty as a fiſhing-place. A walk is cut along the ſides for a mile or two, and very much reſembles modern Engliſh improvement. The quantity of fine water is one great recommendation to Saint Ildefonſo. The palace is patch-work, and no part of the architecture agreeable. In the apartments is a very numerous collection of pictures; but that we had juſt left at the Eſcurial made us perhaps undervalue theſe. I took notes of ſome that pleaſed me, but I will not pretend to ſay they are the only ones worthy of admiration. A ſmall head of Portia, by Guido, a moſt pathetic countenance. Saint Anne teaching the Virgin Mary to read; a charming picture, by Murillo, mellow, true, and expreſſive. A Magdalen's

dalen's head, by M. Angelo; S. Francis Xaverius, by Spagnolet; a Boy, by Murillo; a Roman Charity, by Spagnolet; Landſcapes, by Claude Lorrain and Wouvermans; Animals, by Roſa di Tivoli.

In the Gallery below are many fine ſtatues, buſts, and baſs-reliefs. The beſt are, a groupe of Caſtor and Pollux ſacrificing; one of them has his left arm over the ſhoulder of his brother, and with his right pours ſomething out of a patera on an altar, where the other twin is lighting a torch with his right, while he brandiſhes another with his left hand; this is a noble piece of antiquity. A Venus kneeling on a tortoiſe, and anointing her head with a phial of ointment. Seneca ſeated. Mercury with a boy. A buſt of Alexander dying, and another of Antinous. Cleopatra and a Faun.

The gardens are in the formal French ſtyle; the trees are poor ſtarved limes, for the ſoil is ſo ſhallow, and the rocks ſo com-

pact and near the ſurface, that they can ſtrike no root. To plant them the old king had ſquares in the rock blown out with gunpowder, and worked with tools, then filled with earth. You may eaſily imagine they have not thriven much, and indeed they are with difficulty kept alive by frequent renewals of ſoil and waterings.

The water-works ſurpaſs all thoſe I ever ſaw, not excepting the fineſt at Verſailles. Not having any memorandums of their different heights, I do not know but thoſe in the French king's gardens may throw the water up higher; but I very well recollect, that the Seine-water, which they ſpout out, is of a muddy colour, falling down like a ſtinking thick fog. Theſe jet-d'eaus of Saint Ildefonſo ſend forth a ſtream as clear as cryſtal, whereon the ſun-beams play in the moſt beautiful priſmatic tints; it falls around like the ſweeteſt fineſt dew. The deſigns of the fountains are elegant, eſpecially that of

of the Frogs; a centrical one, where ſixteen ſpouts play in a regular combination; the great caſcade; the baſket remarkable for its idea and ſymmetry; it delighted us much: but the fountain of Diana ſurpriſed us with the richneſs of its decoration, and the fulneſs of its ſtream; the lofty column of water iſſuing out of the trump of Fame, exceeded all our conceptions of the power of hydroſtaticks; the gardener mentioned a height to us that I durſt not commit to paper on his authority, but I confeſs the water went up to ſuch an extraordinary elevation, that it was no longer in my power to gueſs at the number of feet. Theſe fountains are ſupplied by two reſervoirs at the foot of the mountain. One of them is allotted ſolely to the fountain of Diana. The larger, which is emphatically called *El Mar*, is a very pretty lake, which, with the hanging woods and a ſmall building on

the edge, forms a very pleaſing ſubject for a landſcape painter.

On our return to our lodgings, we were not a little entertained with the modeſt requeſt of a friar, juſt alighted with ſome company from a carriage. He deſired we would order the water-works to be played off again immediately for them, as it had not been poſſible for them to arrive in time to go into the gardens with us, and they intended travelling that night as far as Segovia. It was with great difficulty we could convince him, that it was a thing not to be done that evening, for want of time, and that the keepers would expect a very handſome preſent, if they ſet them agoing without orders from court.

Below the town is the manufactory of plate-glaſs belonging to the crown; two hundred and eighty men are employed. The largeſt plate they have made is one hundred and twenty-ſix Spaniſh inches long;

long; the ſmall pieces are ſold in looking-glaſſes all over the kingdom; but I am told the king makes no great profit by it; however, it is a very material point to be able to ſupply his ſubjects with a good commodity, and to keep in the country a large ſum of money that heretofore went out annually to purchaſe it from ſtrangers. They alſo make bottles and drinking-glaſſes; and are now buſy erecting very ſpacious new furnaces to enlarge the works. To provide fuel for the fires, they have put the pine-woods under proper regulations and ſtated falls: twenty-ſeven mule-loads of fir-wood are conſumed every day; and four loads coſt the king, including all the expences of cutting and bringing down from the mountains, about forty reals.

LETTER XLIV.

Saint Jean de Luz, June 19, 1776.

THE firſt object in Segovia that attracts the eye, is the Aqueduct; as the road from Saint Ildefonſo runs near it a conſiderable way through the ſuburbs. It is perfectly well preſerved, and does not ſeem leaky in any part. From the firſt low arches to the reſervoir in the town, its length is two thouſand four hundred Spaniſh feet; its greateſt height (in the Plaza del Azogueio at the foot of the walls) is one hundred and four; it is there compoſed of a double row of arches, built of large ſquare ſtones without mortar, and over them a hollow wall of coarſer materials, for the channel of the water, covered with large oblong flags. Of the lower range of arcades, which are fifteen feet wide by ſixty-five high, there are forty-

two. The upper arches are one hundred and nineteen in number; their height twenty-ſeven Spaniſh feet, their breadth ſeventeen; the tranſverſal thickneſs or depth of the piers eight feet. This Aqueduct is not only an admirable monument of antiquity for its ſolidity and good maſon's work, which have withſtood the violence of ſo many barbarians, and the inclemencies of the ſeaſons during ſo many ages, but alſo wonderfully beautiful and light in its deſign. I do not think the Pont du Gard equal to it in elegance of proportions. Antiquaries have not agreed upon the epocha of its erection; ſome attribute it to the time of Trajan, and others are willing, for the honour of their country, to give the credit to Hercules. The Romans certainly were the builders of it, but no inſcription remains ſufficiently legible to lead to the knowledge of the preciſe period of their empire, in which it was conſtructed; perhaps a perſon accuſ-

tomed for years to ſtudy among the ruins of Rome, the different modes of building adopted in different ages by that people, might be able, from an inſpection of the ſtone-work, to determine the æra. It is likely to remain in its preſent ſtate as long as Segovia exiſts; for the ſituation of that city on a dry rock renders this ſupply a thing of indiſpenſible neceſſity.

The Cathedral, dedicated to Nueſtra Señora de la Paz, is one of the handſomeſt churches in Spain, in the lateſt Gothic manner. The inſide is majeſtic, and remarkably clear of the embarraſſments of altars and chapels, ſo common throughout the kingdom. The high altar is rich and ſhewy.

The Alcazar, or Caſtle, ſtands in one of the fineſt poſitions poſſible, on a rock riſing above the open country; a very pretty river waſhes the foot of the precipice, and the city lies admirably well on each ſide on the brow of the hill; the declivity is woody,

and

and the banks charmingly rural; the ſnowy mountains, and dark foreſts of Saint Ildefonſo, compoſe an awful back-ground to the picture. Towards the town there is a large court before the great outward tower, which you are as well acquainted with as I am; the priſon of Gil Blas is ſo well deſcribed by Le Sage, that the ſubject requires no farther explanation. The reſt of the buildings form an antique palace, which has ſeldom been inhabited by any but priſoners ſince the reign of Ferdinand and Iſabella, who were much attached to this ſituation. There are ſome magnificent halls in it, with much gilding in the ceilings, in a ſemi-barbarous taſte. All the kings of Spain are ſeated in ſtate along the cornice of the great ſaloon: I know not whether they are like the princes whoſe names they bear, but if that reſemblance be wanting, I am ſure they have no other merit to claim. The royal apartments are now occupied by a col-

lege of young gentlemen cadets, educated at the king's expence in all the ſciences requiſite for forming an engineer. The grand maſter of the ordnance reſides at Segovia, which is the head eſtabliſhment of the Spaniſh artillery.

Another court of the palace is allotted as a priſon to eleven Algerine Reis, or captains of ſhips. Their crews work in the arſenal of Carthagena. Theſe Turks are very handſome, portly figures, with clean looks, and well-combed beards; they are well treated, and left to themſelves. Moſt of their time is ſpent in converſation, walking up and down a long gallery, ſmoking, and playing at cheſs, except when they go down at ſtated hours to fetch water for their own uſe. Confinement apart, their lives paſs in eaſe and tranquillity. As ſoon as they ſaw us walking about the court, they immediately knew us to be Engliſhmen, moſt of them having been ſeveral times at Gibraltar, and being

being well acquainted with the Britiſh character of face: it being the hour of fetching water, and the door open, they flocked about us with great demonſtrations of joy, and tears of pleaſure ſtarting into every eye. They kiſſed our hands, and called us *Ingles bueno bueno Amigos*, over and over again, with difficulty prevailing upon themſelves to leave us to go about their work at the well. My man, by our orders, followed one of the principal men among them, and in lingua Franca, which indeed is the common jumble of tongues he makes uſe of at all times, gave him an account of the Spaniſh defeat before Algiers. They had heard of the preparations for the expedition, and had been much caſt down with the thoughts of it, but had begun to entertain ſome hopes of a miſcarriage, as many months had elapſed ſince they knew of the departure of the fleet, and not a ſyllable concerning its ſucceſs had dropped from any of their guards,

guards. The venerable old Muſulman raiſed his hands to heaven, and ſeemed to look upon the pains and irkſomeneſs of ſlavery, to be more than repaid by the exquiſite ſenſations he enjoyed in this happy moment. When his informant added that the Algerines had loſt a great number of camels, the Turk turned upon him with a "What talk ye to me of Camels? had they killed thouſands of them, there would ſtill remain enough, and the beaſts themſelves muſt be proud of dying to ſave their country." After ſhaking them all by the hand, and leaving a preſent to buy tobacco, we took our leave of our *allies*, who followed us down the portico with longing eyes and a thouſand benedictions; which, if their prophet has any juriſdiction over the roads, will preſerve us from over-turns and broken limbs.

The mint is below the Alcazar, a large building, the moſt ancient place of coinage in the kingdom. The machines for melting, ſtamping,

ſtamping, and milling the coin, are worked by water. Copper alone is coined here, and is brought from the mine of Rio Tinto, fourteen leagues diſtant from Seville.

The unevenneſs of the crown of the hill, gives a wild look to this city. Moſt of the ſtreets are crooked and dirty; the houſes wooden and very wretched: nor do the inhabitants appear much the richer for their cloth manufactory. Indeed it is not in a very flouriſhing condition; but what cloth they make is fine.

The country hereabouts has the reputation of being the beſt for feeding the kind of ſheep that gives the celebrated wool: but as thoſe flocks wander over many other parts of the kingdom, and are not bred here, I do not ſee any right Segovia has to this excluſive claim. A ſmall quantity of it is manufactured in the country, and through miſmanagement, lazineſs, or lack of hands, the greateſt part of the wool is carried to France;

France; and, at Orleans and other places, made up into caps and cloths, many of which return to Spain for ſale.

The country grew ſandy as we advanced into Old Caſtille. In general it is extremely open, but now and then we came to woods of pine-trees, eſpecially near the rivers. It appears much better land, and more populous, than New Caſtille, for the villages ſtand pretty thick in moſt parts of it. At Villa de Santa Cruz, the only thing we remarked was a cow's tail, in which the hoſteſs ſtuck her combs; as this was the firſt inſtance we had met with of a cuſtom which prevailed in Sancho Pança's time, and was of ſuch ſervice in furniſhing the barber with a falſe beard, we took particular notice of it. You know how fond I am of the fat fellow, and how happy I muſt be to find any thing that explains and exemplifies the traits of his inimitable hiſtory.

Olmedo,

Olmedo, which I think is a place that occurs in Gil Blas, is a ruined town in a fine plain, rich in corn and paſturage, in droves of brood mares, and flocks of black ſheep; ſome pine-woods, in one of which is a grand monaſtery of Bernardines, bound the horizon very agreeably. We ſlept on the tenth at Hornillo, a ſmall village on the river Aldaya, the banks of which are prettily wooded, and form many intereſting points of view.

The next morning we came through a very ſandy tract of foreſt land, to a hill from which we diſcovered the plains of Valladolid, and the courſe of the Duero; a fine river, that falls into the ocean at Porto, in the kingdom of Portugal. Beyond a chain of bare white hills, at one of their angles, ſtands the town of Simancas, where, in 938, was gained that ſignal victory over the Moors, which gave riſe, as is pretended, to the voto de Santiago. The archives of the

the realm were depoſited, by Philip the Second, in the caſtle of Simancas, where they ſtill remain. Valladolid is a very large, rambling city, full of edifices; which, during the reign of Philip the Third, who made it his conſtant reſidence, were the palaces of his great officers and nobility. Being abandoned by their owners, who have followed the court in all its different emigrations, they are fallen to decay, and exhibit a picture of the utmoſt deſolation: the palace of the king is ſo ruined, that I could with difficulty find any body to ſhew me the ſpot where Philip had reſided. The private houſes are ill-built and ugly. The great ſquare, ſome ſtreets built upon porticos, many colleges and convents, are ſtill grand, and denote ſomething of the magnificence of a place that had been long honoured with the preſence of its monarch; but in general, Valladolid has the appearance of having been run up in a hurry to receive the court, and

as

as if it had been meant to rebuild it afterwards at leiſure, of more durable materials than bad brick and mud, the compoſition of moſt of its preſent houſes. The Dominican convent, a Gothic edifice, is the moſt remarkable in the city. The univerſity is in the laſt ſtage of a decline, and trade and manufactures at as low an ebb. It is melancholy to behold the poverty and miſery painted in the meagre faces, and diſplayed in the tattered garments of the common people; the women go quite bare-headed.

We paſſed the river Puiſerga at Cabeçon, which has the reputation of producing the beſt wine in the province. The ſoil is clay mixed with ſand, and moſt of it planted with vines. The hills are compoſed of ſtrata of clay and marle; great ſcarcity of wood; but a much more cheerful look in the country than in any part of New Caſtille: the number of ſmall towns or large villages rather conſiderable; on moſt of the hills,

ruined towers and remains of ancient caſtles. We travelled up the Puiſerga for many miles, through a broad vale, bare of trees, but tolerably well cultivated; we croſſed and recroſſed the river ſeveral times; the largeſt bridge is near Torquemada, of twenty-two arches. The houſes hereabouts are built with pieces of clay ſquared and baked in the ſun, but their concoction is very imperfect.

On the 13th we came to a much more agreeable country, better provided with wood, and more thronged with habitations; on every ſteeple one or two ſtorks' neſts; thoſe birds ſeem to be held in the ſame veneration here as they are in the Low Countries. That morning we arrived at Burgos, the ancient capital of the kingdom of Caſtille, but long ſince abandoned by its princes to obſcurity and decadency. The approach to it, up a long valley, is rather pleaſing: the caſtle, the ancient broken walls

ſloping

ſloping down from it, and lower down the cathedral, terminate the proſpect in a pictureſque manner. The dreſs of the women differs from all thoſe we have ſeen elſewhere; and were there any ſmartneſs in their manner, any beauty in their faces, or even the uſual bright Spaniſh eye to peep out from under their veil, it would be a very becoming garment for a country girl: but all thoſe we ſaw were the uglieſt awkward hoydens in nature; they wear large, clumſy ſhoes, almoſt as bad as the French ſabot, a brown gown thrown back and tied behind, a blue and white apron, and a large, flowing, white veil faſtened with blue ribands. The montero caps of the men are all faced with red or blue.

Before we entered Burgos, we paſſed by the famous Abbey delas Hueſgas, one of the beſt endowed in Spain. Its nuns are all noble, and the abbeſs almoſt a ſovereign princeſs, by the extent of her territories,

the number of her prerogatives, and the variety of her juriſdictions. The convent is not a ſhewy building; the ſituation is low and unpleaſant. The little river Alarcon ſeparates the ſuburbs from the city; which is built in a very irregular manner, on the declivity of a ſteep hill, commanded by an antique caſtle, once the abode of the counts, and afterwards of the kings of Caſtille.

As ſoon as the petty ſovereigns of Aſturias ventured to ſteal out of their mountainous faſtneſſes and retreats, to extend the limits of their little kingdom at the expence of the Mahometan caliphs, their conqueſts ſeem to have been entruſted to the care of generals or counts. As the kings of Leon and Aſturias were always buſied in warfare, if men of ſtrong bodies and valiant ſpirits, and if princes of a weak conſtitution and an unwarlike turn, were unable to form any ſtrong oppoſition, theſe counts gradually encroached upon the royal prerogative, and converted a

precarious

precarious delegated command into the ſolid eſtabliſhment of hereditary power. By theſe means, about the cloſe of the tenth century, the counts of Caſtille became entirely independent of the crown of Leon, in the time of Ferdinand Gonzales, and during the minority of Ramiro the Third, king of Leon. Some authors have advanced, that the Caſtillians at one time had formed themſelves into a commonwealth, governed by two judges, one appointed to ſuperintend all civil affairs, and the other to command the troops. But the proofs alledged to ſupport this opinion, are extremely weak and ſuſpicious; it is however a favourite ſtory in Caſtille.

The male line of Gonzales failed in the perſon of Garcias Sanchez, who was murdered by ſome exiled noblemen; and his ſiſter Munia transferred the ſovereignty to her huſband Sancho the Great, king of Navarre. This prince was the common ſtock

of all the princes that afterwards governed the ſeveral monarchies of Spain. The title of king of Leon was ſoon abſorbed, or at leaſt ſuperſeded in point of rank, by the new one of Caſtille.

Over the city gate are ſome ſtatues of the judges or counts, ſtill objects of great veneration in the eyes of the patriotic Caſtillian.

The cathedral is one of the moſt magnificent ſtructures of the Gothic kind, now exiſting in Europe; but although it riſes very high, and is ſeen at a great diſtance, its ſituation in a hole cut out of the ſide of the hill, is a great diſadvantage to its general effect. Its form is exactly the ſame as that of York-minſter, which I look upon to be the criterion according to which the beauties or defects of every Gothic church are to be eſtimated. At the weſtern or principal front are two ſteeples ending in ſpires, and on the center of the edifice riſes a large ſquare

tower, adorned with eight pinnacles; on one ſide of the eaſt end is a lower octagon building, with eight pyramids, which correſpond exactly to the Chapter-houſe at York. We were ſtruck with the reſemblance between theſe buildings; both were embelliſhed with a profuſion of ſtatues; moſt of thoſe at York were deſtroyed in the firſt emotions of iconoclaſtic zeal; thoſe of Burgos are ſtill in full poſſeſſion of the homages of the country, and conſequently entire; ſeveral of them are much more delicate than one would expect, conſidering the age they were ſculptured in. Santiago, the patron of this cathedral, ſtands very conſpicuous on his war-horſe among the needles of the main ſteeple; and the Virgin Mary is ſeated in ſolemn ſtate over the great window of the weſt porch. The foliage-work, arches, pillars, and battlements, are executed in the moſt elaborate and finiſhed manner of that ſtyle which has uſually been called *Gothic*;

of late this appellation is exploded, and that of *Arabic* ſubſtituted for it. I confeſs, I ſee ſome reaſon to doubt of the propriety of this ſecond epithet. In the buildings I have had opportunities of examining in Spain and in Sicily, which are undoubtedly Saracenic, I have never been able to diſcover any thing like an original deſign, from which the Gothic ornaments might be ſuppoſed to be copied. The arches uſed in our old cathedrals are pointed; thoſe of the Saracens are almoſt ſemi-circular, whenever they are not turned in the form of an horſe-ſhoe. The churches of our anceſtors ſhoot up into ſpires, towers, pinnacles, and filigree work, and no ſuch thing as a cupola ſeems ever to have been attempted; the moſques and other buildings of the Arabians, are rounded into domes and coved roofs, with now and then a ſlender ſquare minaret terminating in a ball or pine-apple; the Arabic walls ſhine with painted tiles, moſaics,

and

and ſtucco, none of which ever appear in our ancient edifices; the pillars in the latter are generally grouped many together, and from a very ſmall member of an entablature ſprings one or two arches; in the former, the columns ſtand ſingle, and if placed more than one together to ſupport ſome heavy part, they never touch, or as it were grow into each other; there is always a thick architrave at leaſt to ſupport the arch, and commonly an upright piece of wall to reſiſt the lateral preſſure. Whenever it happens, as in the great diviſions of the moſque at Cordova, that four pillars are joined together, it is by means of a ſquare wall or pier, at the four angles of which are placed the columns, perfectly ſeparated and diſtinct. In all the varieties of capitals I have taken drawings of, I never found one exactly the ſame in deſign or proportions, as our Gothic ones in the churches of England, or in thoſe of France, at leaſt ſuch as I have examined; viz. Saint Denis, Amiens, Rouen,

Bordeaux, Tours, and others. The Chriſtian ſtructures are extremely lofty, and full of long windows with painted glaſs; the porches and doors are deep receſſes, with ſeveral arches one within another, crowded with little ſaints and angels. Now every thing is different in the moſque of Cordova, the only one I have ever ſeen, but which I think may be fairly deemed a proper ſample of Arabian ſacred architecture, to eſtabliſh a judgment upon; whether we conſider its antiquity, being built before the ninth century; its preſent ſtate, which, ſome parts excepted, is exactly as it was a thouſand years ago; or laſtly, the princely hands that raiſed it. It was erected by Abdoulrahman the Firſt, probably upon the deſigns, and under the inſpection of the ableſt architects of the age, and according to the method of diſtribution obſerved in holy edifices built in Arabia and Egypt. Here, and I have reaſon to think it is ſo in moſt, if not all, moſques, the elevation

elevation of the roof is trifling, not a ſeventeenth part of the length of the iles; there are no windows of any ſize, and what there are, are covered with filigree-work in ſtone, ſo as never to admit any great quantity of light, which was received from ſky-lights and cupolas, and from the occaſional opening of the doors; the ſinking back of the arches over the gates is ſcarce perceptible, as they are almoſt of an equal projection with the wall of the building. From all theſe differential marks, I am inclined to ſuſpect that our old ſtructures have been new-named, and Mahometaniſed, without ſufficient proof of their Arabic origin. At the ſame time I acknowledge it is difficult to find them a more ſatisfactory and genuine pedigree.

The beſt age of that ſtyle of conſtruction began in England in the reign of Henry the Third, for till then we built in the clumſy manner called Saxon, deſtitute of every recommendation but ſolidity; the new taſte came

came in all probability from France, introduced by ſome Provençals that followed the queen. If you ſuppoſe it imported into that kingdom by thoſe that returned from the cruſadoes, we muſt of courſe ſet it down as an eaſtern invention. The queſtion is what part of the eaſt it came from, and whether it was the ſame as that employed by the Arabians. If there were clear proofs of its being a branch of the Arabic architecture, it would ſtill appear extraordinary, that its very firſt introduction into Chriſtendom ſhould be attended with ſo great a variation from the models it was meant to imitate; and that any prince or learned prieſt that thought it worthy of being employed in his country, ſhould immediately ſet about new faſhioning it in all its points. We may, if we pleaſe to indulge our fancy, ſay that ſome ſublime genius ſtarted out from the duſty gloom of a monaſtic library, altered and improved upon the hints he found

found in books of Arabian architecture, ſubſtituted bold and aſtoniſhing ideas of his own; found biſhops, princes, and abbots, willing to adopt them; and built churches in a ſtyle entirely new, and apparently original. We may ſuppoſe him to have formed a ſchool of other monks, the only architects of thoſe ages among the Chriſtians; and that theſe pupils gradually new modelled the precepts of their maſter, and reduced his method to certain rules; which afterwards ſerved as guides through all the fantaſtic mazes of our eccleſiaſtical architecture. Some perſons have ſuſpected it to have been the manner practiſed by the eaſtern Chriſtians, and not adopted by the Arabs; who might diſdain to have any thing ſimilar in their places of worſhip, with thoſe of a conquered people. Others have been of opinion, that it comes originally from Perſia, or further eaſt; and ſome again maintain it to be an European invention, or at leaſt a barbarous

barbarous mode of building brought by ſome great genius to the elegant perfection we behold in our cathedrals. The argument would require a great number of compariſons, confrontations, and combinations, to find out the connection between the two manners: ſuch a diſquiſition belongs more properly to a treatiſe than to a letter, of which it has already engroſſed too large a ſhare.

In a narrow lane near Burgos we were detained for ſome time by the paſſing of many ſmall carts, coming down from Aragon with ſpears for bull-fighting, iron, and chairs. Theſe are the carts that ſuggeſted to Cervantes the idea of Merlin's chariot in the ſecond part of Don Quixote. Their wheels make a creaking or grinding, which I can compare to nothing but the noiſe of iron mills and fire engines. It is the loudeſt and moſt piercing ſound imaginable; and before

before you are acquainted with the cauſe, it is not poſſible to gueſs what produces it.

We proceeded along the river ſide, through a well-wooded, handſome vale. The Carthuſian convent ſtands beautifully on a round hill; its old chapel anſwers the idea of a fine object in an Engliſh garden. Behind it riſes a long ridge of green hills, over which appear the ſnowy ſummits of ſome very diſtant mountains. We ſlept at a poor place, where we were much diverted with the head attire of the married women; it conſiſts of a black periwig, faced all round with the wool of a black lamb, ending behind in two long plaited treſſes, that reach down to their rumps. Previous to their nuptials, they are obliged to make up this elegant kind of helmet, which renders their natural uglineſs ſtill more horrible.

All the fourteenth we travelled from vale to vale, over the bare hills that ſeparate them. The moſt fertile is the vale of Saint Mary, where

where the corn was uncommonly ſtrong and healthy, but the road ſo bad as to put us frequently in danger of an overturn. At length all theſe alternate plains and hills brought us to the foot of the Sierra del Oca; a lofty ridge of mountains that runs from weſt to eaſt, and ſeems to block up all further progreſs. As our muleteers had informed us that we were not to climb the mountain, we were long conſidering where the paſs could poſſibly be. Pancorvo proved to be the place; a long village in a defile that winds through the Sierra, with immenſe piles of rock impending on every ſide. It wears a moſt awful, tremendous aſpect, which was heightened by the black clouds that hung upon the ſummits of its cliffs, and ſoon after burſt in a violent ſtorm of thunder and rain.

On the fifteenth, having paſſed through with great eaſe, as the road is extraordinary good, we deſcended into the fruitful plains of

of the Ebro. This noble river did not appear to us much leſs here at Miranda, than it did above two hundred and thirty miles lower, at Tortoſa, where we croſſed it eight months ago. The bridge was deſtroyed laſt year, and a ferry now ſupplies its place; and is likely to do ſo long, for this is not the country for ſpeedy repairs. Miranda is well ſituated, but its buildings are poor, and its gates and ſtreets ſo narrow that a carriage cannot paſs through them. The plain is of great extent, bounded to the weſt by the blue mountains, where the Ebro takes its riſe. In theſe flats, which are frequently overflowed, the ſoil is a rich loam, where they cultivate a large quantity of oats, a grain not much ſown or uſed in the ſouthern provinces. We aſcended the hills to a gravelly country planted with vines, and at Puebla de Triviño, bade adieu to all bad roads, and villainous inns; for here we entered Alaba, a diviſion of Biſcay, and imme-

diately came to the fineſt road imaginable, made at the expence of the province, and carried through the whole ſignory of Biſcay, to the frontiers of France. Their only fault is being rather narrow in ſome places, which indeed is excuſable from the mountainous and difficult paſſes they have been conveyed over, where more ſpace is ſcarce to be contrived. Every thing round us now aſſumed a different appearance; inſtead of the bare, depopulated hills, the melancholy, deſpondent countenances, the dirty inns, and abominable roads, that our eye had been accuſtomed to for ſo many months; we here were revived by the ſight of a rich, ſtudied culture, a clean-looking, ſmiling people, good furniture, neat houſes, fine woods, good roads, and ſafe bridges.

Biſcay is the country of the ancient Cantabri, ſo imperfectly ſubdued by Auguſtus, and ſo ſlightly annexed to the Roman empire. Their mountains have in all ages afforded

afforded them temptations and opportunities of withdrawing themſelves from every yoke that has been attempted to be impoſed upon them. Their language is accounted aboriginal, and unmixed with either Latin, French, or Spaniſh. It is ſo totally different from the Caſtillian, that we ſeldom met with any of the peaſants that underſtood one word of Spaniſh. The Biſcayners are ſtout, brave, and choleric to a proverb. The beſt ſailors in Spain belong to the ports of Biſcay, and its mountains produce a very valuable race of ſoldiers. Their privileges are very extenſive, and they watch over them with a jealous eye. They have no biſhops in the province, and ſtyle the king only *Lord of Biſcay*. The men are well-built and active, like all mountaineers. The moſt ſingular thing in their dreſs is the covering of their legs; they wrap a piece of coarſe grey or black woollen cloth round them, and faſten it on with many turns of tape; it anſwers

preciſely the idea I have of Malvolio's croſs-gartering in the Twelfth-night. The women are beautiful as angels, tall, light, and merry; their garb is neat and paſtoral; their hair falls in long plaits down their backs, and a veil or handkerchief, twiſted round in a coquetiſh manner, ſerves them for a very becoming head-dreſs: on Sundays they generally wear white, tied with roſe-coloured knots.

The firſt Biſcayan inn we ſtopped at, is delightfully ſituated near the banks of the romantic Sahorra. We were very laviſh of our praiſes upon the ſmart habiliments of the landlord's daughters, his own civility, and the cleanlineſs of every thing in his houſe.

We came in the evening an eaſy journey to Victoria, through the fineſt plains perhaps in Europe. I cannot find words to expreſs its wonderful fertility, the crowds of villages in ſight on all the little eminences,

the

the noble woods that ſtretch round the corn-lands, and the happy, buſy looks of the crowd which we met returning from market; every cottage has its little garden, neat and flouriſhing.

Victoria is placed on a hill, and makes a figure from all the environs; but the ſtreets are narrow and gloomy, the houſes being built of a very dark-coloured ſtone.

Having traverſed the rich plains beyond the capital of Alava, we aſcended the hills into the woods, which conſiſt of oak, beech, and cheſtnut. They purſue here the ſame method as the inhabitants of the French ſide of the Pyrenees, that of planting their timber-trees; wherever an old one is felled, they take care to replace it with a young ſet about four feet high.

Near Salinas, a village inhabited by the workmen of the iron forges, we entered the very heart of the mountains; which would be impaſſable from the ſteep aſcents

and rapid ſlopes, had they not leſſened the difficulties by proper windings of the road, and by great attention to the keeping of it in perfect repair. The tops of all theſe mountains are crowned with foreſts, or covered with paſtures; the acclivities cultivated as far as their nature will allow, and the deep vallies thronged with villages, hamlets, iron-works, orchards, and gardens. The timber of the mountains, and the iron ſmelted in the forges, employ a great number of hands, and give life and ſpirit to the whole province. The little towns are full of good houſes, built by thoſe whoſe induſtry and enterprizes have been rewarded with ſucceſs. Theſe manufactories and undertakings diffuſe opulence among the middle claſs of men, and enable them to indulge the patriotic vanity of ſettling comfortably in their native hamlets.

Having winded along a charming valley for many hours, and repeatedly croſſed a beautiful

beautiful river, we paſſed over a high chain of mountains at the Puerto de Villareal. We there enjoyed fine, but not extenſive views, of a mountainous, well-wooded country. We then deſcended into the charming valley of Toloſa, a large town, which, like all thoſe we paſſed through, ſwarms with inhabitants. The landſcape on every ſide is divine, and approaches the neareſt to thoſe of La Cava in the kingdom of Naples, or thoſe of Tivoli in the Roman ſtate, of any I recollect having met with in the courſe of my travels.

Early on the eighteenth, we gained the ſummit of a woody hill, from whence we overlooked the Bay of Biſcay, Fontarabia, Andaye, the courſe of the Bidaſſoa, the province of Labour in France, and a prodigious range of the Pyrenees. A more delightful proſpect never exiſted, even in the divine imagination of Claude Lorrain.

About eleven, we arrived at the Bidaſſoa;

a broad, clear ſtream, that iſſues, with great majeſty, out of a valley among the mountains, and flows through the marſhes into the ſea. The water was ſo low that the carriages paſſed through the river; but we took the ferry-boat, and landed in France.

JOURNEY

FROM

BAYONNE

TO

MARSEILLES.

INTRODUCTION.

THE following pages might have ſerved as a prelude to my Neapolitan tour, but at the time of its appearance, I was extremely unwilling to undertake a deſcription of any part of France, and therefore, inſtead of continuing the account of my Travels from the confines of Spain, I choſe to commence my narrative, at the inſtant of our leaving Marſeilles. France is a kingdom ſo often viſited by Engliſh travellers, that I had little hopes of collecting new materials either for entertainment or inſtruction; but I am ſince become conſcious that this omiſſion deſtroys the connection between my Letters on Spain and my Travels in Italy, and hurries my reader too abruptly from the Ocean to the

the Mediterranean ſea. To ſupply this deficiency, I now publiſh my obſervations on the intervening provinces, and hope they will fill up the chaſm in a ſatisfactory manner, and thus form one regular and well-connected ſeries of travels.

JOURNEY

FROM

BAYONNE

TO

MARSEILLES.

LETTER I.

Tarbes, June 22, 1776.

AFTER completing a circle of ſixteen hundred miles, I am at length returned to the point from which I took my departure in October. My laſt letter informed you briefly, that I had paſſed the limits of the Spaniſh dominions, and was once more landed on the territories of France. Theſe monarchies are divided by the waters of the Bidaſſoa, impetuous and difficult at

high tide, but at other times, clear and placid, flowing through a delicious vale, that ill accords with the ideas generally entertained of the boundaries between two mighty empires: the eaſe with which we were ferried over, and the abſence of all military parade, rendered it ſtill more unlike; but no ſooner did we ſet foot on French ground, than we were made ſenſible of the ſeparation; a moſt rigorous ſearch of our baggage took place; the ſerenity of the weather was a fortunate circumſtance, for every article belonging to us was taken out of the trunks, and ſpread upon the graſs; the collecting and ſtowing of them again in their reſpective places, conſumed the beſt part of the day, and night overtook us before we could reach Saint Jean de Luz.* The ſituation of this town is charming. The Ninette falls into the ſea at a ſmall diſtance below, having firſt ſwelled

* Luz, or Luis, ſignifies mud in Baſque, very characteriſtic of the ſoil.

out

out into a double bay, capable of admitting veſſels of conſiderable tonnage; but its entrance is difficult, and the road dangerous in ſtormy weather. The ſhore is lined with buildings, and ſheltered by hills of moderate elevation, which riſe gently all around, contraſting their green ſlopes and woody ſummits with this grand expanſe of water. The adjacent country is highly and variouſly cultivated, and the Pyrenean mountains, which diſplay ſofter features than eminences of ſimilar height uſually poſſeſs, cloſe in the back ground with pleaſing dignity.

The language peculiar to the province of Labour * is Baſque, which, I am informed, bears little affinity to any of the neighbouring dialects, and claims a lineal deſcent from the aboriginal tongue of the Cantabrians. I fear no monuments remain to guide etymologiſts in a reſearch how far this claim is

* A corruption of *Lapurdum*, the ancient name of Bayonne.

admiſſible

admiſſible, or how much the language is altered, improved, or degenerated from the old ſtock: it abounds in vowels, and its ſounds are ſoft and muſical.

The ſpirit of their anceſtors ſtill lives in the Baſques and their neighbours the Biſcayners, who boaſt of the ſame origin: all we read in ancient hiſtory of the agility, perſeverance, and induſtry, of the Cantabrians, may be recognized at this day in every part of theſe provinces. Their early habits of exerciſe improve the neatneſs of limb and flexibility of muſcles which diſtinguiſh them when adults: if they dance to the ſound of their native tambourine, the fire of their character pervades and animates the whole frame. Ancient Greece herſelf could not preſent her painters and ſculptors, with models of more exquiſite elegance than the young women of this country; a flowing white veil faſtened with bunches of red ribbons, and the freedom which their ſhort garments

garments leave for every movement, enhance the natural beauty of their form.

From Saint Jean to Bayonne the landſcape is delightful, the ſoil rich in productions of many kinds, the ſurface pleaſantly uneven, and crowned with noble woods, but the roads from the banks of the Bidaſſoa are inſufferably bad. I cannot account for this uncommon neglect either on political or œconomical principles, eſpecially as the highways in the next Spaniſh province, are judiciouſly made, and carefully maintained. Can it proceed from the inveteracy of ancient habits, which perpetuates the nuiſance, and prevents the preſent ſet of miniſters from thinking themſelves authorized to facilitate a communication, which their predeceſſors had wiſely rendered as difficult as poſſible? Our carriages, which had paſſed unbroken over the rocks of Valencia, and through the clays of Andaluſia,

were

were ſhattered to pieces during this journey.

* Bayonne is ſituated three miles from the Bay of Biſcay, at the conflux of the rivers Adorer and Nive, both navigable; but their mouth is embarraſſed with ſhifting ſands, which it requires the ſkill of an experienced pilot to avoid. The hills on each ſide are defended by fortifications, traced after the plans of Marſhal Vauban, in order to render impregnable a place that was long the Key of France, and as ſuch frequently but unſucceſsfully attempted by the Spaniards: although every apprehenſion from that quarter has ceaſed ſince the crown of Spain has been fixed on the brow of a prince of the Bourbon line, the works are nevertheleſs kept up, and a conſiderable garriſon maintained to man them. Twenty-ſix thouſand inhabitants are computed to reſide in Bayonne,

* Bayonne ſignifies in Baſque a *good Bay*.

Bayonne, near four thouſand of which, are of the Jewiſh perſuaſion: when this perſecuted race of men was driven out of Spain and Portugal, great numbers of them took refuge here; they increaſed ſo rapidly, as ſoon to feel the neceſſity of ſending forth a colony to Bordeaux, where it has flouriſhed ſurpriſingly by brokerage and privateering.

Bayonne was an independant viſcounty till ſubdued by the kings of England, dukes of Aquitaine: in 1450, when they were ſtripped of all their continental poſſeſſions, it paſſed with the reſt under the dominion of Charles the Seventh, king of France. Commerce is here carried on with great ſpirit; the neighbouring provinces of France draw a large proportion of their foreign commodities from this port, and ſend hither in return their ſuperfluous productions to be forwarded to a proper market; but the moſt lucrative branches of its traffic are ſupported by an intercourſe with Spain. A great

number of ſhips are built here, as many materials for conſtruction are to be had at the firſt hand. In war-time Bayonne fits out ſtout and well-appointed privateers, and in days of peace its mariners approve themſelves hardy and induſtrious in commercial purſuits; they were the firſt that attempted the whale and Newfoundland fiſheries, and invented the method of curing cod; they diſcovered Canada, and penetrated into the heart of that vaſt and ſavage region, by ſailing up the river of Saint Laurence, thus opening a new ſcene for the ambition and animoſity of two rival nations.

The coachmaker having pronounced our chaiſes incapable of proceeding, without great repairs, we rode poſt to Tarbes: the haſte we made to reach this city, and the intenſe heat of the day, precluded all obſervations on the places we paſſed through.

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LETTER II.

Tarbes, June 29.

TARBES, the capital of the province of Bigorre, is an open city widely ſpread in the center of a large plain: it has more the appearance of a great village than of an epiſcopal ſee. The waters of the Adour, which are conducted through it in various channels, procure ſignal conveniencies to the inhabitants, but render the air damp and chilly.

The cathedral is very ancient, and ſuppoſed to occupy the ſite of *Begora*, or *Caſtrum Begorrenſe*, whence the country derives its name; its biſhop ſat among the prelates of the council held at Agde in 506. The ruins of a caſtle fill part of the central diviſion of the town, to which the other quarters were originally ſuburbs.

The general aſſembly of the ſtates of Bigorre meets annually at Tarbes, whoſe prelate is their perpetual preſident; the other members are ſeven abbots or priors, two commanders of the order of Maltha, twelve barons, and twenty-eight deputies of towns*. Each branch of adminiſtration has its vote, and two out of the three ſuffice to carry a point. In theſe aſſemblies all public buſineſs is diſcuſſed, and all aſſeſſments made. In countries that enjoy the privilege of meeting annually, taxation and expenditure are generally managed in a manner leſs onerous to the ſubject, than in thoſe provinces which, having been long the peculiar domain of the French monarch, or acquired by conqueſt, retain no traces of liberty, and are aban-

* This is the account I received in the country. The geographical deſcriptions of Bigorre compoſe the ſtates of one biſhop, four abbots, one commander, twelve barons, ſome gentlemen, and the deputies of the townſhips.

doned

doned to the mercileſs rule of financiers. The little freedom ſtill apparent in Bigorre is the ghoſt of that conſtitution, which the ancient inhabitants maintained in full force againſt the efforts of ſeveral races of ſovereigns, all of whom felt a deſire of ſubverting it, but either failed in the attempt, or foreſaw that their ſafety depended upon their compliance with the eſtabliſhed regulations. The Bigorri were a people of Gaul, claſſed by the Romans among the nations of the third Aquitania. In the ninth century, a particular count or governor was firſt ſent to preſide over them, and in the common courſe of events, the power of theſe counts became hereditary. Towards the cloſe of the fourteenth century, this province was united to the viſcounty of Bearn; it afterwards formed a part of the dominions of Navarre, and with that kingdom fell to the crown of France, by the acceſſion of Henry the Fourth.

The people of Bigorre have a warm attachment to the place of their birth, and ſeldom fail to return to it with the money they have earned in various parts of the kingdom, in order to purchaſe a little land, and wind off the remnants of the clew of life, among the companions of their youth. Cookery is a favourite profeſſion of theirs, but in every trade they become conſpicuous by their induſtry. They are far from a comely race, and when advanced in years are troubled with wens on the throat; their ſtature is rather below what the Engliſh eſteem the middle ſize; but they are muſcular and active, and dance with uncommon ſpirit and preciſion. In ſummer they go barefoot, though the ſoil is full of ſtones, and only put on ſlippers when about to dance. Their clothes are always neat and in good condition, their circumſtances being much eaſier than thoſe of the French peaſantry in other provinces; the women wear a red hood, that fits

fits the head like a nun's veil, and falls down to the waiſt. In the diſtrict of Oſſun the men ſtill adhere to the mode of dreſs that prevailed in the reign of Henry the Fourth, and probably in times of much greater antiquity; a ſmall round bonnet, a brown jacket and doublet laced down the ſeams with white, red cuffs, and trunk-hoſe, diſtinguiſh them from all their neighbours; they are principally employed as carriers, and have long enjoyed the reputation of unſullied honeſty.

The provincial dialect of Bigorre is extremely uncouth to the ear of a ſtranger. Though I believe the wealthier inhabitants of Bigorre are neither poſſeſſed of more probity, nor lead more irreproachable lives than thoſe of the northern parts of France, there appears to exiſt a greater fund of honour and honeſty among the inferior ranks, at leaſt as far as concerns pecuniary tranſactions among themſelves: ſeveral cuſtoms and traits that have come to my knowledge confirm this opinion,

one of which I ſhall quote for its ſingularity. When a peaſant A, the owner of a few ſheep or cows, is diſtreſſed for ready money, either to complete a purchaſe of land, or for the immediate ſuſtenance of his family, he applies to ſome richer neighbour B, and offers to ſell him his ſtock *en gazaille*. If the propoſal be accepted, the property is valued and the price paid down; but notwithſtanding this transfer, the ſeller A retains poſſeſſion, and pays B, by way of intereſt, half the profits upon the wool and young produced; the milk remains the perquiſite of A. The buyer may at any time claim and drive away his cattle, which however A has in his option to repurchaſe; if he decline this offer, an eſtimate is made, and whatever the property may have gained is equally ſhared between them, as the loſs, if any, falls equally upon both parties. If the *gazaille* die by any common diſorder, is devoured by wild beaſts, or daſhed to pieces by a fall into a precipice,

A makes

A makes good the damage; but an epidemical diſtemper affects the intereſts of B excluſively. Touching in the hand conſtitutes the whole ceremony of the agreement, and ſuch bargains are inviolably adhered to.

LETTER III.

Bagneres de Bigorre, July 28.

WE removed from Tarbes to drink the mineral waters, and ſpend the hot months among theſe mountains. The road hither is excellent, and paſſes through a rapid ſucceſſion of grand, romantic, and pleaſing proſpects, where the uncommon richneſs of the ſoil is ably ſeconded by the intelligent induſtry of the cultivators. Near Tarbes the plain is ſo extenſive that the range of hills on each ſide ſcarce engage the attention; a large portion of its flat ſurface is covered with

with pollard cherry trees, ſerving as props to the vines, while Turkey wheat occupies the ground below. Not a ſpot of land is ſuffered to lie in unprofitable idleneſs, except where the Adour has deſolated the plains with its irreſiſtible torrents that ruſh down from the mountains on the melting of the ſnows. We gradually drew near the entrance of a valley, the hills, as it were, approached towards us, and each lofty ſummit became more diſtinctly marked; the way ſoon grew leſs level, and the face of the country was hidden by woods of tall oak; in the midſt of theſe groves are numerous villages, delicious habitations in ſummer, for every cottage is ſhaded by a clump of trees, and every garden is refreſhed by copious ſtreams of limpid water; the ground riſes gently towards hills neatly cultivated, and ſtrewed with a beautiful variety of productions. At length the vale narrows to a point like the bottom of a net, and is intirely

cloſed

cloſed up by the buildings of Bagneres; an awful pile of mountains rudely thrown together, preſſes behind upon the green woody heights that overhang the town: the lowlands before it are covered with crops of divers ſorts of grain, but chiefly abound in Turkey wheat: the method of managing it is to raiſe the ſeed in garden beds, then plant out the ſhoots in the fields, towards the end of May, in rows two feet diſtant from each other; as ſoon as they have acquired ſtrength ſufficient, and the flowers appear, kidney beans are ſet at the foot of each plant; henceforward it ſerves as a pole for the bean, which is gathered before the maize is fit to remove. In September, the fruit-bearing part of the plant being impregnated, the ſtalk that produced the pollen is cut away, and with all the leaves uſed as fodder for cattle; the remainder is left till October, a bare ſtalk to ripen its ſeed. Millet is ſown on the plots that have already yielded flax

or

or early corn; it ripens in October, when the ſecond crop of flax begins to appear above ground. Corn is reaped with ſickles or ſcythes, and then ſpread very thin over the field; in a few days it is carried home in carts, if a road can be made, or in crates on the heads of the women; then as many hands as can be procured, are employed in threſhing it out upon earthen floors, with light flails. In theſe vallies the huſbandman tears out his ſtubbles by means of a triangular harrow armed with ſtrong iron teeth turned forwards; a thick oaken ſaplin bowed double ſerves him to preſs down the harrow, and to lift it up occaſionally, to ſhake off the clods; two oxen draw this machine, under the guidance of a girl, who walks on ſinging and knitting. This proceſs drags away the weeds in this light ſoil, and prepares the ground for the plough. The operation of ploughing is performed very tenderly, for there is but a ſcanty covering of good earth

above

above a ſhivery ſtratum; two oxen, cows, horſes, and, not unfrequently, aſſes, are yoked together by means of a wooden bar, which keeps them at ſuch a diſtance aſunder, that they cannot trample on the rows of plants between which they move.

All the meadows, even on the declivities of the mountains, are watered by ſmall cuts from the ſprings or rivers, and produce annually two crops of hay, the firſt extremely abundant: the fields in the plain admit of a third mowing in October.

Bagneres contains about three thouſand inhabitants; they ſubſiſt comfortably upon their paternal inheritances and the money they amaſs from the annual viſits of ſtrangers who reſort hither to drink or bathe in its waters. It is ſurrounded with old walls, and is tolerably built, but the ſtreets are narrow and crooked; the quantity of water that runs through them renders the town cool and pleaſant in ſummer, but in winter

it

it is exceedingly cold on account of the vicinity of the mountains, and the heavy falls of ſnow, that remain ſeveral months upon the ground. It has no buildings of any note. The Adour is here a fierce torrent; its waters are white like thoſe of all mountain ſtreams proceeding from ſnows; they are diverted at ſeveral places from their natural courſe, and conveyed in channels acroſs the plain, and through the town, where they are employed in numberleſs uſeful operations.

Bagneres derives its name from the mineral baths which were known and frequented by the ancient Romans, as many inſcriptions and monuments ſtill exiſting on the ſpot, ſatisfactorily demonſtrate; the moſt explicit is to be ſeen in the ſquare, dedicated to the nymphs of theſe ſalutiferous waters.

NYMPHISPROSALVTESVASEVERSERANVSVSLM.

The peaſants of the neighbourhood are a lively race, and often aſſemble in a ſhady walk near the gates to dance. One of the Queens of Navarre remitted all fines upon alienation of property at Bagneres, on condition that a ſmall ſum ſhould be levied upon each perſon admitted to his freedom, and ſpent in bonefires and other merry expences at Midſummer.

The ſituation of this place is happily calculated for all exerciſes that tend to the recovery of health; it is built in a flat and upon a very dry ſoil; every part of it enjoys an eaſy communication with the fields, the banks of the river, or the high-roads, where the weaker ſort of viſitants may breathe the freſh air, and regain ſtrength by moderate exertions; while the more vigorous, who repair to Bagneres for the ſake of amuſement, may climb delightful hills, and wander among ſhady groves through a never-ending variety of landſcape. The

plain

plain and eminences are traverſed by innumerable paths acceſſible to horſemen as well as foot-paſſengers; the high grounds are not like thoſe in the Alps, broken and precipitous, but eaſily ſloped, and clothed with ſoft and pleaſant verdure. The timber that crowns their ſummits is of the nobleſt ſize. In the heart of cultivation, and near the foot of the mountains, the Spaniſh cheſtnut predominates intermingled with cherry, walnut, and other fruit trees, round which the vine entwines its tendrils. Higher up the extent of paſture becomes more conſiderable; the middle regions of the mountains are darkened with woods of beech overhung by foreſts of ſilver fir, and above all, black pinnacles of rocks ſhoot up to a frightful height, with here and there a wreath of ſnow preſerved unmelted through the ſummer by the protection of their ſhade. That ſide of the mountains which faces the noontide ſun is richly covered with wood,

but

but the oppoſite ſlope is ſeldom ſo beautiful, for it produces fewer trees and thoſe of a ſtunted growth; the greateſt part of theſe foreſts is the common property of the neighbouring villages, and as high as carriage can be eaſily contrived, is cut after a regular but careleſs manner, for the ſupply of fuel, and the purpoſes of huſbandry.

LETTER IV.

I HAVE reſerved the principal merit of Bagneres for the laſt part of my deſcription, and ſhall devote this letter to its medicinal waters; they alone have reſcued this valley from the obſcurity which involves ſo many neighbouring beautiful diſtricts; a great number of boiling, lukewarm, and cold ſtreams, iſſue out of the ſides of the mountain that covers the town on the weſtern

two are exactly equal in heat to that of the human body, ten below, and eighteen above it. Their medicinal qualities differ no leſs eſſentially than their degrees of heat; for the waters of the Queen's bath are ſtrongly purgative, thoſe of Salut and Le Pré diuretic and cooling.

The bath of Salut is ſituated about a mile from the town, among the mountains; a pleaſant winding road leads to it, through beautiful fields planted with clumps of cheſtnut trees. The houſes and groves on the ſurrounding hills cheer the proſpect; but in ſo hot a ſeaſon, and in this latitude, an avenue would be a great improvement and relief to the patients. The ſpring is copious and equal to the demands of the crowds that flock round it on holidays, when every perſon may drink his fill for the value of three farthings Engliſh: the vogue is ſo great, that two guineas have been taken in one morning, at this low price. From the drinking

ing place the waters are conveyed into two marble troughs, which are in conſtant uſe during the whole ſeaſon. Seniority of reſidence conſtitutes the right of bathing, and therefore many late comers, who foreſee but a diſtant proſpect of being accommodated with an hour of Salut, take up with the other baths of inferior reputation, but perhaps equal efficacy. The degree of heat of Salut is 88½; when evaporated by a ſlow equal fire, the ſurface of its water is covered with a pellicle formed by ſmall inſipid chryſtals, which towards the completion of the evaporation acquire conſiderable acritude. Theſe waters contain no particles of iron, but ſmall parallelopiped pyrites are frequently found in them, of a bright golden colour, and about an inch long.

LETTER V.

Bagneres, Aug. 15.

I Returned yeſterday from a journey on horſeback, through the moſt romantic and curious part of the Pyrenees, and haſten to impart my obſervations, while each idea is ſtill impreſſed with force on *the tablet of my memory*.

I ſet out on the ſixth with ſome friends, and travelled up the valley; the low grounds are finely cultivated; numberleſs ſtreams pour acroſs the road, and hurry to blend their waters with thoſe of the Adour, which is here confined to a narrow bed; beyond it eaſtward, the mountains are covered with beautiful verdure; at their foot ſtands Aſté, a village belonging to the family of Grammont. *

A peaſant,

* In 1530 the Lord of the valley of Aure acquired the viſcounty

A peaſant, who reſides here, earns a livelihood by ſupplying the apothecaries with medicinal plants, which he gathers on the adjacent mountains, particularly that of Lieris, juſtly celebrated for the immenſe and variegated ſhew of flowers, that cover its elevated paſtures, before ſheep and cattle are let in to graze. The convent of capuchins, at Medous, oppoſite Aſté, is placed ſo cloſely under a mountain, that in winter it enjoys but two hours ſunſhine in the whole day; its garden is remarkable for a large volume of water, that iſſues out of the rocks; trouts are often ſeen ſwimming down the ſtream, but if diſturbed, they retire into the bowels of the mountain, to ſome ſubterraneous lake. The populouſneſs of this vale is ſcarce cre-

viſcounty of Aſté by marriage, and his ſon married the heireſs of Grammont, a family that bore a diſtinguiſhed part in the troubles of Navarre, in the 15th century Their deſcendants aſſumed the name and arms of Grammont.

dible: in the extent of three miles I reckoned near five hundred houſes, or barns. The burgh of Campan gives name to the upper diſtrict, and is famous for the excellency of its butter; it acknowledges no lord but the king, and has conſiderable woods and cultivated lands, appertaining to its community.

At a ſmall diſtance above the town, we were conducted to a celebrated grotto, in the ſide of a bare mountain: the entrance is narrow and ſloping, but at the depth of ten feet the floor of the cavern lies nearly on a level: the vault ſeldom exceeds nine feet in height; its length is an hundred and four yards; the path wet and rugged; the walls and roof incruſtated with chryſtalizations; but all that were curious for ſize, ſhape, or beauty of colour, had been broken off and carried away by preceding travellers. At the end of the grotto we found a marble ſlab, fixed up by order of the counteſs of Brionne, to commemorate, that

that after infinite labour, ſhe, with her family and ſervants, whoſe names are all conſigned to immortality on this ſubterraneous monument, penetrated thus far into the bowels of the earth, in the year 1766.

Above Campan the valley grew more confined, the hills on the right hand ſtudded with trees and barns, and covered with lively verdure; thoſe on the left were rocky, barren, and ſavage. At the chapel of Saint Mary, two branches of the Adour flow from different glens and join their waters; we rode up the more weſtern ſtream to Grip, where all level ground terminates. Noble groves of fir overhang the river, which daſhes ſucceſſively down three romantic falls. Having taken ſome refreſhment, we proceeded up the mountain by a winding, ſteep, and rugged path, through a foreſt of ſilver and ſpruce firs; we occaſionally caught views of the river foaming among the rocks and trees,

trees, and in one ſpot darting over a vaſt precipice in a full, magnificent ſheet.

Upon leaving the woods we croſſed a large naked plain, at the foot of the Pic du midi, the higheſt mountain of the Pyrenees.* The Adour iſſues out of a pyramidical hill, a few miles farther up, and winds in a ſmall ſtream through the ruſhy paſtures. Abundance of flowers animate the face of this otherwiſe dull ſcene of nature. We were now arrived at the higheſt point of land we had to ſurmount, when we were ſurpriſed by a very heavy fall of ſnow, that whitened all the ſurrounding eminences, but ſoon melted into rain, and wetted us thoroughly. When the ſtorm abated, and the atmoſphere grew clear, a horrible view opened down the valley of Bareges: rude and barren mountains ſhade it on both ſides, and the Baſ-

* The Canigout in Rouſſillon is nearly as high above the ſea.

ton,

Spr. Del.

ton, a foaming torrent, fills the intermediate hollow. We deſcended by the edge of the river, and entered one of the bleakeſt and moſt deſolate places in nature; where not a tree was to be ſeen, but the heights were ſeamed with yawning crevices, and the paſſages blocked up with quarries of ſtone, tumbled from the cliffs by the irreſiſtible force of the waters. In this frightful chaſm ſtands the village of Bareges, conſiſting of a ſingle ſtreet built along the ſouth ſide of the torrent. The ſituation is ſo dangerous and horrid, that the inhabitants dare not abide here in winter; they remove all their furniture, even doors and windows, to ſuch houſes as are ſuppoſed moſt out of the way of miſchief: a few invalid ſoldiers alone remain, to preſerve the ſprings from being buried under the earth that ſlides down from the mountains. Sometimes a large volume of water burſts out of its ſide, the overplus of a lake on the ſummit,

mit, and ſweeps off all before it: each year ſome houſes are waſhed away by the floods, or cruſhed under the weight of ſnow. The *avelanches*, or heaps of ſnow that are detached from the mountains, are often ſo prodigious as to fill up the whole bottom of the glen; and the river has been known to roll for ſeveral weeks through an arch of its own forming under this immeaſureable maſs.

The mineral waters, for which Bareges is famed, iſſue out of the hill in the center of the village, and are diſtributed into three baths. They are very fetid, but clear in the glaſs; their degrees of heat riſe from 89 to 112¾. They are greaſy to the touch, tinge ſilver black, and are eſteemed ſovereign in the cure of ulcers, wounds, and ſcrophulous humours. The baths belong to the king, and are entirely under the direction of his ſurgeons. The poor have the uſe of a large bath covered with boards, and are fed by a tax of ſix livres impoſed upon all new comers;

comers; with this fund a comfortable dinner is provided for them, and diſtributed in preſence of the governor, a worthy veteran, who ſolicited this command from a motive of gratitude, having been cured of a dangerous wound by bathing it with theſe waters. No company reſorts hither merely for amuſement; diſorders only, and thoſe ſevere and inveterate ones, can induce people to inhabit theſe wild regions. There is an aſſembly-room and regular bath, when it is I know not whether a melancholy or a ludicrous ſight, to behold ſeveral couples dancing together, ſome with a leg bound up, others with an arm in a ſling, and all with a feeble body and a ſickly aſpect.

On the 8th we continued our journey by an excellent road with a rapid deſcent.—The landſcape grew gayer every ſtep; trees, villages, and cultivation gradually ſtole upon us as we travelled down the valley; it terminates in a ſmall beautiful plain, in the front

of which the ruined caſtle of Saint Maria on a rocky brow preſents a groupe of objects, ſuch as Salvator Roſa delighted in delineating; mountains of ſtupendous altitude environ it, and ſeem to prohibit all communication with the reſt of the world; many hamlets appear at once, half hidden by rich groves, ſome riſing in the plain, others placed high up the mountains. We paſſed through Luz, a conſiderable town, and croſſing the river Gave, into which the Baſton empties itſelf, alighted at the baths of Saint Sauveur, a moſt romantic ſpot. Six large houſes built on a rock overſhaded with woods, contain the company. The Gave winds under the cliff, the mountain riſes immediately behind, and on every ſide caſcades are ſeen and heard daſhing from precipice to precipice. The waters of theſe baths are not ſo hot as thoſe of Bareges, but their taſte is ſtill more nauſeous: great quantities of ſaponaceous ſcum are gathered in the ciſterns and ſpouts.

There is a ſpecies of harmleſs ſerpent that delights in theſe waters, and frequently pays very unwelcome viſits to the bathers.

LETTER VI.

Bagneres, Auguſt 21.

AS my laſt letter had long detained you among wild, mountainous ſcenes, a ſhort pauſe was neceſſary to relieve your imagination, which might in ſome degree be ſympathetically affected with the bodily fatigue we underwent in viſiting them. I have therefore ſuffered a few days to elapſe before I gave you the continuation of my rambles, that you might have leiſure to familiarize yourſelf with this grand ſtyle of landſcape; here nature exhibits her boldeſt features; here every object is extended upon a vaſt ſcale, and the whole aſſemblage impreſſes

impreſſes the ſpectator with awe as well as admiration. What is left to deſcribe ſtill exceeds the majeſty of the views which have been the ſubject of my laſt letters: I wiſh it were poſſible for me to communicate, by means of words or paintings, the rapturous ſenſations excited in my mind by the ſight of thoſe ſublime works of the Creator.

We left Saint Sauveur by ſunriſe, repaſſed the bridge of Luz, and ſtruck into a road that leads up the river. As we advanced we found ourſelves immured in a narrow valley, with the Gave roaring below us, between walls of immenſe rocks, and frequently hidden from our view by thick groves of lime and oak trees. The path was wide enough for our mountain horſes, but very alarming to ſome unexperienced travellers in our company; on one hand a perpendicular rock, without any parapet, laid open the deep gloomy bed of the river

almoſt

almoſt under our feet, and a ſhivery mountain preſſed ſo cloſe upon us on the other, as to leave no room for a retreat. The turns in the road, where torrents have heaped ſtones, and choaked the paſs with rubbiſh, are particularly diſtreſſing; but our horſes were ſo unconcerned, and ſurefooted, that they ſoon inſpired their riders with equal indifference for the ſurrounding perils.

The whole valley is occupied by the river and the road, with vaſt piles of mountains riſing on each ſide, and almoſt cloſing together; now and then level ſpots occur at the angles of the river. We croſſed a bridge romantically clothed with ivy, which hid the tremendous chaſm from our eyes: huge rocks rear up their perpendicular points, and torrents ruſh over them on all ſides. The mountain aſh, and ſervice tree, bluſhing with cluſtered berries, bend over the precipices, and ſoften the harſhneſs of the wild proſpect. After this the valley rather ſwells out, and

more room is allowed for the indefatigable induſtry of the inhabitants to exert itſelf; but great part of the level, and all the lower regions of the mountains, are overgrown with wood, interſperſed with a charming variety of flowering ſhrubs: many of the favourite denizons of our Engliſh gardens, flouriſh here in all their native luxuriancy. This dale terminates at Gedres, a rambling village on the ſide of the mountain. The road is afterwards cut through the rock, and leads to a ſituation that gave us an idea of confuſion, and deſolation, the effects of ſome violent earthquake: the mountain is ſplit and torn to pieces; its ſides, and foot are ſtrewed with innumerable huge blocks of ſtone, detached from the impending ridge that forms its bare ſummit; the paſſage through this rocky labyrinth opened to a magnificent amphitheatre; on the top waved thick foreſts of firs, through which ſeveral ſtreams forcing their way, daſhed down the lofty

precipice,

precipice, but almoſt vaniſhed away in miſt before they could reach the bottom. The field below was beautifully overſpread with purple monkſhood.

Our morning's expedition ended at Gabarnie, where we found good accommodations prepared for us by a meſſenger we had diſpatched the preceding day. This is a village conſiſting of a church, and thirty houſes, in the midſt of bare hills, ſhaded by very high mountains, and traverſed in ſeveral directions, by foaming torrents. The curate partook of our dinner, after we had removed the table to the door of the inn, for he durſt neither eat, nor drink, within the walls of a public houſe. We found him a modeſt, converſable man, worthy of a richer ſettlement.

After dinner we travelled towards the head of the Gave, the object of our journey: we had long had in view the ſnow-capped cliffs from which its waters iſſue, but were ſurpriſed to find them ſtill ſo diſtant from

us. We ſpent an hour and a half in riding acroſs a bare tract of paſture, cloſed in with immenſe foreſts of evergreens on the French ſide, and along the Spaniſh frontier, which lies on the right hand, confined by bare rocky mountains: this plain is called the *Prade*; the river follows a ſerpentine courſe through it: in winter it is generally covered with ſnow forty feet deep. Not far from hence a ſilver mine was diſcovered ſome years ago, and worked by a company of adventurers; but the buſineſs was ſo injudiciouſly managed, and the conduct of the miners ſo flagitious, that the miniſtry thought proper to put a ſtop to the undertaking. All the heights towards the ſouth-weſt, are debateable land between the French and Spaniards, and arbitrators have long been appointed to ſettle the limits; but as they have hitherto made but little progreſs, the claimants have been under the neceſſity of forming a temporary

porary agreement to feed their flocks alternately upon the diſputed grounds.

Our guide having now brought us to his *ne plus ultra*, preſſed us earneſtly to alight, as no horſe had ever advanced beyond this paſs: but as we were not contented with ſo diſtant a view, we rejected his timid advice, and clambering over ſeveral rocky eminences, plunged into the river, which by its limpidity deceived our eye, both as to the depth of the water, and the ſize of the rocks at the bottom. It required our utmoſt exertions to extricate our horſes, and bear them ſafe through to the oppoſite bank. This difficulty being overcome, all others appeared contemptible, and we ſoon reached the center of a moſt ſtupendous amphitheatre; three ſides of it are formed by a range of perpendicular rocks; the fourth is ſhaded with wood: above the upright wall, which is of a horrible height, riſe ſeveral ſtages of broken maſſes, each covered with a layer of ever-

laſting ſnow. The mountain eaſtward ends in ſharp pinnacles, and runs off to the weſt in one immenſe bank of ſnow. From theſe congealed heaps the Gave derives its exiſtence: thirteen ſtreams ruſh down the mighty precipice, and unite their waters at its foot. The whole weſtern corner of the area below is filled with a bed of ſnow, which being ſtruck by few rays of the ſun at any ſeaſon, receives a ſufficient volume of freſh ſnow every winter, to balance the loſs occaſioned by the warmth of the atmoſphere in ſummer. Two of the torrents fall upon this extenſive frozen ſurface; they have worn a huge chaſm, and extending from it, a vaulted paſſage five hundred yards in length, through which their waters roll. We boldly rode over this extraordinary bridge, and alighting at the foot of the rocks, walked down the paſſage. The ſnow lies above it near twenty feet thick; the roof is about ſix feet above the ground, and finely turned in an arch, which

appears

appears as if it had been cut and chiſſelled by the hand of man. In ſome places there are columns and collateral galleries; the whole glittered like a diamond, and was beautifully pervaded by the light. The only inconvenience we felt, aroſe from the dripping occaſioned by the extreme heat of the day, by which even this great body of ſnow was ſtrongly affected. As we emerged with the river from this ſingular grotto, we unharboured three chamoy goats, that had taken refuge in the mouth of the cave, againſt the burning rays of noon: they darted acroſs the plain, and aſcended the ſteepeſt parts of the rocks, where we ſoon loſt ſight of them. Theſe animals are called *Yſards* in this country; they are rather ſmaller than the fallow deer, of a muddy reddiſh yellow colour, with ſnubbed noſe, and ſhort black horns: in ſhape they reſemble a deer, walking with their heads upright, and ſkipping away with admirable ſwiftneſs; but

they do not bound; they run when at full ſtretch: no beaſt of the foreſt is of more difficult acceſs; they ſeldom quit the higheſt and moſt inacceſſible parts of the mountains: during the wintry ſtorms, they have been ſeen fixed on the brow of a precipice, with their faces towards the wind, probably to prevent the rain and ſnow from lodging under their hair. Notwithſtanding their ſuſpicious, wild nature, and their extreme velocity, the hardy mountaineers find means to deſtroy them: they lie out whole days and nights watching their opportunity, and making good uſe of it, when it offers, for they are excellent markſmen: they have frequently as much difficulty in reaching the dead prey, as in approaching it while living. The fleſh of the *Yſard* is much eſteemed; its ſkin makes ſoft and uſeful gloves.

The ſetting of the ſun rouſed us from the ecſtaſy in which the contemplation of theſe awful ſcenes had enwrapped every ſenſe, and warned

warned us to retire, before the want of light ſhould render thoſe paſſes doubly dangerous, which we had found very difficult even in the glare of day. The ſun ſank behind the ſnowy cliffs in admirable beauty, tinging the mountains with a rich variety of fiery hues, which died away into the moſt tender tints of purple.

The mountains abound with game, the rivers with fiſh: here are no lords or manorial rights, and therefore game is the property of every member of the community that can catch it. Except ſome tracts of wood reſerved for the uſe of the navy, all the foreſts are held in common.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

ON our return, we paſſed through the plain of Luz into a defile along a magnificent road opened by Monſieur d'Itigny, the late intendant of this province. This paſs between two mountains clothed from top to bottom with dark woods, was extremely narrow, and the Gave rolled below with horrible noiſe, amidſt rocks and cataracts. The way along the ſide of the mountain was either hewn out of the live rock, or formed by ſhelving down whole quarries of ſlate and ſhiver; a parapet wall in the dangerous places diminiſhed our apprehenſions. At length the dell ſuddenly widened, the mountains retired on each hand, and our eyes were relieved, after ſo long confined a proſpect, by the ſight of the valley of Argillas, an oval plain of great extent, bounded in front by moderate elevations, beautifully planted and richly cultivated.

We

We then travelled up the courſe of another Gave, for three miles, to the mineral waters of Cauterets. This town ſtands in a wide vale, delightfully improved and planted: the ſurrounding mountains are thickly covered with wood;* the wells lie in the midſt of a beautiful ſcene; two vaſt torrents pour over a ledge of rock, ſhaded by an evergreen foreſt; beautiful woody knolls riſe behind, and mountains of great bulk ſeem to reſt upon them as upon a baſis: one of theſe hills is quite round, and an exact repreſentation of the eminence at the bottom of Ulſe water in Cumberland, called Dunmollin, which all perſons acquainted with our delightful lakes, eſteem a perfect model of rural beauty.

Early on the 10th we returned from Cauterets to the plain, and took the road to Lourdes: this ancient caſtle is a confuſed

* The hotteſt ſpring raiſes the quickſilver to 118; in the cooleſt it falls to 69.

pile

pile of towers and walls riſing in terraces, commanding the town and valley in a very grand manner, itſelf the nobleſt feature of the view: its ſtrong ramparts, though no longer eſſential to the defence of the country, are preſerved to confine delinquents of high rank.

From hence the journey down the Gave abounded with beautiful proſpects: Lourdes long remained in ſight, till hidden by towering rocks and hanging woods. We dined at Betharan, a place to which pilgrims reſort, in great numbers, to pay their homage to an image of the Virgin Mary. The charms of its poſition, when known, would allure even an indevout traveller, delighting in rural elegance; for nature has taken unuſual pains to deck it out with her moſt ſeductive ornaments: a deep winding river, woody heights, and a fertile plain, unite in a rich foreground, while different ſhades of receding mountains compoſe grand diſtances for the remainder

of

of the picture. We continued our ride many miles, through one of the fineſt countries I ever beheld: the number of villages is too great to reckon, yet the fruitfulneſs of the plain ſeems to demand even more huſbandmen to gather in its productions. Coraſſe lay near the road, an ancient venerable manſion, where Henry the Fourth was nurſed. Nothing can be more pleaſing than the approach to Pau, the capital of the principality of Béarn, and the reſidence of the kings of Navarre, after Ferdinand of Aragon had moſt unjuſtly wreſted Upper Navarre from them.

Pau ſtands on the brow of a hill, overlooking the immenſe plains through which the Gave meanders; its many ſtreams join in one large body, before they paſs under the arches of the bridge below: the ſouthern horizon is bounded by a far lengthened chain of mountains, riſing behind a range of well-wooded hills.

The

The royal caſtle built by king Henry of Albret, is ſituated on the happy point for enjoying the whole extent of this admirable proſpect; its terraces communicate with a ſhady park, full of noble timber: neither the outward architecture, nor the interior decoration of this palace, merit any notice; nor do the apartments contain any curious tokens of their old inhabitants: the only relic preſerved in it, is the ſhell of a tortoiſe, which the wardens aſſured us was the cradle of Henry the Fourth. The city conſiſts chiefly of two long ſtreets, but is deſtitute of ornamental edifices and public monuments; the only one I ſaw, was a bad ſtatue of Lewis the Fourteenth, which preſſes a pedeſtal deſtined, as tradition informs us, for the figure of his grandfather, the glory of the houſe of Bourbon, and the darling hero of this province. The Bearnois ſeem to have been conſcious how ſhocking it muſt appear to find no memorial of ſo good a

prince

prince in his own original patrimony, for the inſcription ſays, "This is the grandſon of our good king Henry."

The principality of Béarn is ſaid by etymologiſts to have taken its name from the city of Bencharrica, once its capital, but now ſo completely deſtroyed, that nobody can aſcertain where it ſtood. The Bearnois were in all ages men of an independent ſpirit, continually in arms to curb the growing power of their princes, and to maintain their native rights againſt encroachments. In the thirteenth century they inſiſted upon the ſovereignty being elective, and though they did not ſucceed in that reſpect, they obtained a new body of magiſtrates, to be formed to control the authority of their prince. The ancient mode of government, though not the power, ſubſiſts in the ſtates, which aſſemble annually to deliberate upon ſubſidies, and other concerns of the province: they are compoſed of the biſhops of Leſcar and

Oleron, of whom the firſt is preſident of the meeting; three abbots, twelve ancient barons, four barons of leſs antiquity, and five hundred and forty gentlemen, poſſeſſors of fiefs, conſtitute the firſt branch of the ſtates; the ſecond conſiſts of deputies named by forty-two towns

Centulphus was the firſt ſovereign of Béarn, and reigned in the tenth century: his poſterity for many generations paid homage to the kings of Navarre, or Aragon. The houſe of Foix acquired Béarn, by marriage, about the end of the thirteenth century; but in the fifteenth, an heireſs carried it into the family of Grailly, who aſſumed the name of Foix. In 1471, Gaſton the Fourth procured the crown of Navarre for his deſcendants, by marrying Eleanor daughter of John king of Aragon. Their grandſon dying without iſſue, Catherine his ſiſter ſucceeded; her huſband, John de Albret, was ſtripped of Upper Navarre by Ferdinand the Catholic.

Jane

Jane daughter to their ſon Henry, and wife of Anthony of Bourbon, was mother to Henry the Fourth, who aſcended the throne of France upon the extinction of the houſe of Valois. This principality was not completely incorporated into the monarchy of France, till the reign of his ſon Lewis.

The exportation from this province is inconſiderable, though ſome of its wines are excellent, and proper for long voyages and foreign markets: thoſe of Jurançon hold the firſt rank; they are extremely ſtrong and heady. Coarſe linen is made in great quantities. The grain moſt uſed for the nouriſhment of the people is Turkey wheat: the plains abound with fruits, corn, and pulſe; every neceſſary of life is to be had at an eaſy rate, and of a good quality. In the mountains, milk and cheeſe ſupply the place of many articles that are only to be found in the low country. Almoſt every valley has its mineral ſprings, and mines of various

metals. The natives are an induſtrious, ſtrong, ſhrewd, and lively race.

LETTER VIII.

A Ride of twenty-eight miles through rich vineyards and foreſt lands, brought us to the city of Oleron, which is ſituated upon the banks of two rivers, among beautiful hills. Its principal inhabitants are concerned in a lucrative commerce with the adjacent provinces of Spain, but it is not in ſo flouriſhing a condition as it was in the laſt century.

On the 12th, we left our inn before day-break, and in an hour's time entered the ſtreights that ſhut in the valley of Aſpe: this narrow glen is many miles in length, full of neat hamlets and cottages, and terminates in the large circular plain of Beſouf, which is enlivened

enlivened by the ſcattered buildings of ſeveral villages, and thoſe belonging to the king's maſt-yards. From hence the road to Spain has been made by gunpowder, through a huge rock that hangs over the river. Seven miles further we came to the foot of the *Mature d' Eſcout.* The mountains are here extremely lofty, rocky, and bare, except near their ſummits, which are covered with ſilver firs. For the purpoſe of felling and tranſporting ſuch of theſe trees as are fit for maſts, the king has cauſed a way to be cut in the flank of a frightful rocky mountain, that ſtretches out over the bed of a very precipitate torrent: it is rather a chain of water-falls than a ſtream. Every foot of the road has been gained by blaſting; in ſome places where crevices in the rock have interrupted the ſolid communication, bridges are laid, ſupported by huge beams driven into holes in the ſtone, and thus ſuſpended over precipices, which the eye cannot meaſure without hor-

ror. The ample breadth ſcarce ſeems a ſecurity againſt the perils of this road, which is without compariſon the moſt tremendous I ever ventured to climb. After a long fatiguing aſcent, we were relieved by the levelneſs of a ſmall plain at the head of the cataract, where the wood-hewers have built their huts. A large extent of wood has already been cleared, and the ſupply of maſts in this foreſt is nearly exhauſted. The trees, as ſoon as cut, are trimmed, and ſlung down with cables to a terrace near the foot of this upper range of the mountain. There each maſt is faſtened to ropes, and drawn by oxen down the road by which we aſcended, to a tree of thirty-three inches diameter, the largeſt ſize this foreſt produces: twenty four pair of oxen are yoked behind, to keep back the weight, and prevent the maſt from rolling or ſliding down with too much precipitancy; yet the cattle are generally obliged to trot, ſometimes very faſt, ſo prodigious is the weight

weight and power acquired by the timber as it glides down. It requires great ſkill in the drivers to guide their oxen at each turn of the mountain, to prevent the point of the tree from ſtriking the rocks.

The felling and conveying of theſe maſts are performed by contract, at twenty-five ſous per cubic foot; but the king is bound to make the roads to Atas; there the maſts are thrown into ponds, and afterwards let down into the river Gave of Oleron, faſtened together in rafts: bundles of poles and planks defend them againſt the ſhock of the rocky ſhores, and ſcreens of wood are placed at every turn, to deaden the ſtrokes they muſt ſometimes give: eight men embark on board each float. It appears to me that the timber might be conveyed to the plain at an eaſier rate, were terraces contrived at different heights, to which the maſts might be lowered by means of cables and capſtans, as they are in the

firſt inſtance, inſtead of employing ſo many oxen in the removal of a ſingle tree.

We returned by the valley of Aſpe to Pau, and from thence to Bagnéres, having made a tour of three hundred and twenty miles.

LETTER IX.

Bagnéres, Sept. 2.

BEING deſirous of viſiting the Pic du Midy, I repaired early to Grip, at the head of this valley; from hence I aſcended to Tremeſaigues, a heap of hovels near the beautiful falls of the Adour, where I expected to meet with a guide, but not a man was to be ſeen; all were out on the paſtures, tending their flocks, or wandering in the foreſt, in queſt of the Yſard. My reſolution was not damped by this diſappointment: I directed my ſteps towards a plain at the foot of the Pic. No buſhes grow upon this extenſive tract

tract of paſture; ſhort graſs and low heath are here the ſcanty covering of the earth: a ſmall ſtream of excellent water iſſues from the bottom of the gigantic cone. Here I found a ſhepherd's boy, who engaged to guide me up the mountain. My ſervant and horſes remained at the ſpring head, while I followed my conductor up a rugged bank, between huge walls of ſhaggy rocks, where the melted ſnow pours down in torrents, on the return of ſpring. Rough and laborious was the aſcent, while the ſun, unobſcured by clouds, darted his rays perpendicularly on my head. By winding round to the ſouth ſide of the mountain, we at length arrived at the ſummit of a narrow ridge, which runs into the main body of the Pic, as wings are joined to a manſion by a gallery of communication. Not a drop of water was to be met with near the path, but I ſupplied the deficiency in ſome degree, by frequently applying a lump of alum to

my tongue. I had now climbed up nearly one third of the whole height of the mountain, from the place where I had left my ſervant, and enjoyed here an awful proſpect down a vaſt baſon on the ſouthern aſpect, at the bottom of which lay a round lake; the water was of a bright green colour. Before me an immenſe heap of black rugged mountains roſe in ſublime confuſion, one behind another, till the horizon was bounded by the ſnowy table of Gabarnie. Not a trace of man or his improvements was to be diſcerned; no tree, no paths, no animals; all dreary, ſilent, and ſavage. Here my guide refuſed to proceed, aſſuring me that neither he, nor any of his acquaintance, had ever ventured a ſtep higher. When I found that neither bribery nor expoſtulation could remove his fears and prejudices, I engaged in the adventure alone, and began to climb the main body of the Pic; and now all my preceding toils appeared light, compared with the difficulties I had to encounter in this aſcent,

aſcent, which is ſcarce to be called a declivity, being ſo near a perpendicular line: it juſt affords ſlope enough for a coarſe, ſlippery graſs to ſtrike root, and ſtop the ſhelving ſhiver from being waſhed down to the bottom. Theſe tufts were my ſtepping places, without which it would have been impoſſible to proceed, for the ſoil ſlides away with a touch; but the blades of this graſs are ſo ſharp and ſtiff, that they penetrated my eſpartilles, or packthread ſhoes, and often gave me ſuch pain, as to endanger my loſing my hold, and rolling down.

After numberleſs pauſes I reached a ſmall puddle of water, formed by the melting of a neighbouring wreath of ſnow, the only one left on the mountain: my thirſt was exceſſive, and I greedily ſwallowed large draughts of water, though it was hot, brackiſh, and nauſeous. I ſoon after gained the ſummit of the Pic, an entire flat, oblong rock, about thirty feet diameter, inclining towards the ſouth. From this pinnacle to the aforementioned

mentioned lake is one uninterrupted rapid ſlope: towards the northern and eaſtern aſpects the rocks are perpendicular, and I believe, impervious to man, and beaſt. The Pic du Midy is a cone placed on the point of union of three inferior mountains, by which it is ſupported, as by a triangular pedeſtal.

I found that I had employed near three hours in the aſcent: the height of the mountain was meaſured in the year 1740, by the Academicians, and determined by the barometer to be 1441 toiſes, equal to 9217 Engliſh feet, above the level of the ſea. When I had reſted my weary limbs, and recovered from the diſagreeable ſenſations of exceſſive heat, by expoſing myſelf to a gentle breeze that blew over the ſurface of this elevated rock, I ſtrove to enjoy, as much as poſſible, the charms of the moſt extenſive and ſuperb view the imagination can conceive, or the eye admit. To the ſouth, ſouth-eaſt, and ſouth-weſt, a line of innumerable mountains faded away into clouds at each extremity, where I thought

thought, I could trace the outlines of both ſeas; but as the heat of the day had covered the very diſtant objects with a dim vapour, I may have been deceived, and only fancied I ſaw what I knew exiſted in thoſe quarters. On the northern aſpect lies a plain, confined only by the rotundity of the globe, and the inability of the eye to take in a greater proportion of its circumference: infinite was the variety of colours that enlivened its ſurface, among which none was ſo gay as the golden hue of the ripe corn. I followed the direction of the principal roads, traced the courſe of rivers from their head, and diſcerned each town and city, that lies upon their banks: Tarbes, Auſch, and Pau were the moſt conſpicuous; but had I been provided with a good ſpying glaſs, I am confident, I might have diſtinguiſhed Toulouſe, Montauban, and many other places equally diſtant. I could not perceive the leaſt diminution in my freedom of reſpiration, nor any material difference in the degree of heat I felt

I felt there, and that I had experienced in the plain below, except what was occaſioned by the fine zephyr, which cooled the air, and rendered the downright beams leſs irkſome. I lay an hour ſtretched thus above the world, then feeling myſelf reſtored to vigour, deſcended to the plain in the ſpace of an hour and thirty-five minutes. Thrift, blue-bottle, and meum, were the only flowers I ſaw on the higher cone: the plain abounds with pinks and dwarf-iris.

LETTER X.

Bagneres, Sept. 17.

I Laſt week made an excurſion to Bagneres de Luchon. At Sainte Marie, above Campan, we turned to the ſouth-eaſt, along a delightful valley, ſurrounded by green hills and woody mountains. We baited at the Pas de Sude, in a ſpacious plain in the center of noble

noble foreſts of ſilver firs: the lower branches of theſe aged trees are thickly hung with long moſs, as delicate as flax. Beyond this girdle of woods and mountains lies the valley of Aune, of which the principal town is Arreou, ſituated on the river Neſte, and completely hemmed in by towering mountains. It was formerly reſorted to by patients labouring under nervous and ſcrophulous complaints, which were frequently removed by the uſe of a cold mineral bath: but Margaret queen of Navarre cauſed it to be filled up and deſtroyed, out of reſentment, as the popular tradition goes, becauſe a favourite female attendant of hers, over whoſe conduct ſhe had always watched with maternal ſolicitude, was debauched here, while the queen was in the bath, the firſt moment that ſhe had loſt ſight of her. Had we arrived at Arreou a day ſooner, we might have partaken of the diverſion of a bear-hunt; for that morning all the youths of the valley had aſſembled,

and

and killed a very large one, that did not yield till he had received eight ſhots in his body. The method of conducting this chaſe, is to trace the animal to his haunt by day-break; and as he never moves afterwards till night, the hunters have time to collect their numbers, and ſurround the covert: the line of circumvallation being perfected, the game is rouſed by the din of fifes, drums, kettles, ſhouts, and all manner of harſh and hideous noiſes: aſtoniſhed and terrified with this horrid ſerenade, the bear ruſhes out of the wood, to ſeek ſome more peaceable retreat; but as ſoon as he iſſues from the thicket, the diſcharge of muſketry commences: if miſſed, he runs upon the man that fired, but repeated ſhots call his attention to another and another object, till one ball better aimed than the reſt, diſpatches him. Bears ſeldom attempt to bite, but ſeek to annoy the enemy with their claws.

From Arreou we clambered over a dreary

mountain, and then followed the courſe of a rivulet down into the vale of Luchon.

Bagneres de Luchon is a ſmall town, irregularly built, in the corner of a plain, which is about two miles in diameter: the proſpect is extremely circumſcribed, for the ſurrounding chain of mountains is of great height: ſnow lies all the year upon their peaks. A ruinous tower on a pointed rock, ſerved formerly as a guard to the paſs into Spain, which is a gloomy, narrow dell, a mere crevice in the mountainous line: were it not for this break, the boldeſt traveller would find it almoſt impracticable to paſs this natural barrier of the two kingdoms.

The baths are at a ſmall diſtance from the town, and near the ſprings which iſſue out of a rock: the hotteſt bubbles up in a hole not a yard wide, and its waters are as black as ink: the little pebbles at the bottom are incruſtated with a ſilvery micatious ſediment. Theſe fountains are three in number, varying materially in their degrees of heat, but all

ſoapy

ſoapy and fetid, ſtrongly recommended in cutaneous caſes. One of theſe wells is ſeparated, by a plank placed edgewiſe, from a copious ſtream, which guſhes out of the ſame cliff; but inſtead of being hot and ſulphureous, is the coldeſt and pureſt water in the whole valley: their ſtreams are ſuffered to unite ſoon after, to fill the tepid baths.

We returned from Bagneres de Luchon by the plains, purſuing the courſe of the river Aune, down a rich dale to the village of Cierp, where the higher ridge of mountains terminates towards the north. At this point a landſcape preſented itſelf, which may claim a very high degree of pre-eminence among the ſublime ſcenes of nature: an amphitheatre of mountains, beautiful both in form and woody covering, cloſe in the horizon on the ſouthern aſpect; a deſolate caſtle, wildly ſeated on a rock, varies the outline of the lower hills; a ſecond mighty chain of mountains on the eaſt ſide is broken by a chaſm

a chaſm lined with white cliffs, through which the Garonne iſſues majeſtically out of his native wilderneſs, to flow henceforward without impediment, through rich and boundleſs plains, and to tranſport their productions many hundred miles to the ocean. The river is even here of a noble breadth and depth, and carries barges of conſiderable burden. Towards the north the valley expands on each hand, cultivation and population increaſe, the mountains ſeem to draw back, and every thing announces a quick change from wild nature to the improvements of human induſtry.

Lower down, we paſſed in ſight of Saint Bertrand, the capital city of the country of Comminges, ſituated on a round knoll, backed by woody mountains. The ſteepneſs of the hill, the ſerpentine courſe of the river, and the maſſy ſteeples of its cathedral, give it a ſtriking reſemblance to the city of Durham.

This town takes its name from St. Bertrand its biſhop, who in 1100 built it near the ruins of Lion de Comminges, an ancient town deſtroyed in 585, by Gonran, king of Burgundy, for having received within its walls an impoſtor that pretended to be of the blood royal.

Our journey in the afternoon lay over immenſe heaths, clotted with oaks, to the ruins of Mauveſin, once a caſtle of ſtrength, erected by the Engliſh, to overlook and defend the boundaries of their poſſeſſions. Near the foot of the eminence on which this commanding tower riſes conſpicuous on every ſide, ſtands the Ciſtercian Abbey of Eſcaldiou, emboſomed in woods; three beautiful vallies meet at this point amidſt rich meadows watered by the river Larros. The monks enjoy an income of fifty thouſand livres a year; the commendatory abbot has about ten thouſand. They are lords of ſeven villages and a vaſt tract of foreſt, but derive

derive fewer advantages from their woodlands than might be expected, on account of the right each community has of cutting the timber and coppice neceſſary for its repairs and fuel: the woodmen in this country plant out thick oak, beech, and cheſnut trees, about ten feet high and two inches in diameter, and firſt cut off the heads. Theſe trees grow aſtoniſhingly ſtrait, lofty, and ſound, though expoſed to violent ſtorms of wind and heavy falls of ſnow. We ſoon after came to a place where nets were ſet to catch ſtock-doves, which come from the eaſt about the time that the millet ſeed is ripe, and fly in large flocks after rainy, hazy weather. Incredible numbers are caught during the ſeaſon, which is at the height in October.

The time of our departure from hence is fixed for the 22d inſtant. We ſhall quit this valley with regret, and long remember with gratitude the pleaſant hours we have ſpent here.

The pleaſures of Bagneres bear little affinity to thoſe which are uſually to be met with at the mineral waters in England; here are few aſſemblies, parties of dancing or cards, and few great entertainments; the company divides itſelf into ſmall ſets, and moſt of the amuſements are of a rural kind; the accommodations are comfortable, and the neceſſaries of life good and plentiful. The greateſt inconvenience we have experienced, is the difficulty of getting remittances of money. *Travellers muſt either bring with them the ſum

* Since I left the South of France, the inconvenience here complained of, has been effectually removed by the judicious and extenſive plan ſettled by Meſſieurs Ranſom, Morland, and Hammerſley, for accommodating travellers with money, in all parts of Europe: Bagneres and Bareges are both comprized in their circle of correſpondence. Any perſon, who from bad health or curioſity ſhall be induced to viſit theſe remote provinces of France, may now procure from that houſe *circular exchange notes*, payable to his order for whatever ſum he ſhall depoſit in their

ſum in caſh which they expect to ſpend during their reſidence here, or have it ſent by the carriers from their correſpondents at Bourdeaux, or Toulouſe, an operation attended with expence and delay.

LETTER XI.

Toulouſe, September 24, 1776.

WE left Bagneres at the appointed time, and travelled to Toulouſe along the banks of the Garonne.

Toulouſe is an ancient city, which, like all places that boaſt of remote antiquity, has its origin and early hiſtory obſcured with fa-

their hands; he will receive the amount of thoſe notes at any of the places mentioned in their liſt of correſpondence, without commiſſion or charges, and at the *current uſance courſe of exchange on London*, at the time of payment.

bles. * The Romans decorated it with many noble ſtructures, but no other veſtiges of them are left, than the brick arches of a ſmall amphitheatre. It ſtands in the center of an extenſive plain, which yields large crops of corn and millet; vineyards are ſcarce in the environs, and the wine they give is of a low quality.

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* The Volſci Tectoſages inhabited this part of Gaul at the time of the firſt Roman invaſion in the 636th year of Rome. It continued to form a province of the Roman empire, till Honorius, finding himſelf hard preſſed on every ſide by ſhoals of barbarians, endeavoured to ſave the main body of his dominions from deſtruction, by yielding a few diſtant members to ſome nations in preference to others, and thereby ſowing diſſention among them; with this view he, in 400, ceded the province of Narbonne to the Goths. In the eighth century they were ſubdued by the Saracens, who in their turn were driven back into Spain by Charles Martel, and his ſon Pepin. Charlemagne eſtabliſhed earls at Toulouſe, who ſoon after became ſovereign princes; their poſterity reigned

The circumference of the city is about four miles: its ſtreets are roomy, and houſes well conſtructed; ſome of them are grand and ſpacious, but there is a gloomineſs in the colour of the brick with which they are built, and a want of motion in the ſtreets, that caſts a damp upon my ſpirits, and excites ideas of miſery.

The manufactures of Toulouſe are of

reigned four hundred years; but in 1208 Raymund the Sixth drew upon his head the vengeance of the Holy See, by aſſiſting his ſubjects the heretics of Alby, againſt whom the Pope had publiſhed a Cruſado. The chief of the holy confederacy was Simon de Montfort; he defeated the earl, and as the reward of his valour, received the earldom from the hands of his fellow ſoldiers: Amaury de Montfort, his ſon, being too weak to preſerve his father's conqueſts, ſold them to the king of France, who forced Raymund the Seventh to ſign a treaty, by which he abandoned all his poſſeſſions, except the dioceſe of Toulouſe, and that alſo eventually on failure of his iſſue. By the death of his only daughter, the earldom fell to the crown of France, in conſequence of the aforeſaid agreement.

ſmall importance, nor is its trade conſiderable. The genius of the citizens inclines more to letters than to commerce; the law draws to it every perſon, that can amaſs wealth enough to purchaſe a ſeat on its benches: the church alſo ſwallows up a large portion of the inhabitants; poverty and idleneſs ſeem the lot of the inferior claſs. Nothing contributes more to check the ſpirit of trade, than the temptation which the Capitoulat, or chief municipal magiſtracy, holds out to every wealthy merchant: this office imparts the rank and privileges of nobility, not only to the perſons inveſted with the dignity, but alſo to their deſcendants, and is therefore the conſtant object of ambition to every thriving father of a family; when once attained, the channel through which the wealth flowed, is ſhut for ever, and thus the plant is left to wither on its ſtalk, juſt at the moment when it began to acquire ſtrength and juices ſufficient

client to enſure a ſucceſſion of uſeful fruit. * Yet the Garonne preſents powerful incitements to commercial induſtry, and Toulouſe ſeems deſtined by its ſituation to ſerve as a ſtaple town between the upper and lower provinces, that line its ſhores for many hundred miles.

The mills of the Baſade, with their wears, are a grievous impediment to the navigation of the river; for goods muſt be unſhipped and carried through the town, to be reimbarked above the falls, which occaſions both expence and loſs of time. The ſtates of Languedoc have endeavoured to remedy this defect, without deſtroying the mills, which are eſſential to the purveyance of a city built in a plain, where windmills would remain uſeleſs half the year, from want of

* Some families of high rank and great illuſtration deſcend from Capitouls.

wind-

wind. A canal has been dug to open a communication between that part of the Garonne which lies above the Baſade, and that which is below the dams, in order that loaded boats may paſs up and down the whole courſe of the river without interruption; but the indraught of the mill is ſo ſtrong, that few bargemen will venture to ſteer for the upper mouth of the new cut, and therefore the ſucceſs of the project remains problematical: a large marble baſſo relievo of genii, ſeas, and rivers, is, however, erected to commemorate the era of this junction. It is alſo propoſed to continue the work till it joins the laſt baſon of the royal canal of Languedoc, which will facilitate the conveyance of merchandize not intended for ſale in Toulouſe.

The bridge over the Garonne, which is here 820 feet wide, is the work of Francis Manſard; the ſtyle of architecture is bold, but the holes which he has opened in each pier, to give an eaſier paſſage to the waters

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in great floods, are diſagreeable blots in the maſs.

The Toulouſains are ſo noted for devotion, that I was not ſurpriſed to ſee their city crowded with churches, and half its extent occupied by convents ſtocked with many coloured inhabitants; but ſanctity has been more predominant than taſte for the fine arts; and although whole legions of ſaints are here depoſited in golden ſhrines and marble tombs, ſmall expence has been beſtowed in procuring good pictures or ſtatues to repreſent theſe patrons and protectors: it cannot here be ſaid that the coſtlineſs of the materials is eclipſed by the excellence of the workmanſhip.

Beſides a regular army of prieſts, friars, and nuns, Toulouſe has a ſpiritual militia, animated with equal if not ſuperior zeal for the intereſt of the church: this corps conſiſts of a large number of laymen aſſociated under the denomination of penitents: kings, ſtateſmen, and generals, have thought it an honour

honour to have their names enrolled on the liſt; but times are altered, and I believe men of ſober judgment, and juſt notions of religion, wiſh theſe excreſcencies of the eccleſiaſtical trunk were lopped off, rather than encouraged. Toulouſe has long been diſtinguiſhed for her unconditional ſubmiſſion to the dictates of the court of Rome, and has too often cemented the connection with the blood of human ſacrifices. This was the birth-place of the Inquiſition; and in our days, the proceedings that attended the condemnation of John Calas prove that the ſeeds of the fanaticiſm, which produced that cruel tribunal, are not yet deſtroyed in this province. The true ſtate of this melancholy event is ſtill hidden behind clouds of doubts and conjectures, nor have I been able to procure any ſatisfactory lights on the ſubject. A ſenſible, unintereſted ſpectator of the whole tranſaction aſſured me, that he had ſtrong reaſons for ſuſpecting that John

John Calas had, by ſome unlucky blow or puſh, been the innocent cauſe of his ſon's death: the expreſſions uniformly made uſe of by that unfortunate parent, agree with this ſurmiſe.

The vaults of the Cordeliers are famous for the dried corpſes there depoſited; but thoſe preſerved in the ſubterraneous galleries of Naples, and Syracuſe, are leſs disfigured.

The church of the Carmelite nuns is neat; that of the Viſitation elegant.

The eight Capitouls aſſemble in a ſpacious town-hall, ſaid to be the gift of Clemence Iſaure, a learned lady and encourager of the liberal arts, who is ſuppoſed to have flouriſhed in the 14th century, and to have founded annual prizes for poetry: theſe rewards are ſtill diſtributed by the academy of the Jeux Floraux, and conſiſt in ſprigs of gold and ſilver flowers. In the ſame building is a gallery of portraits of illuſtrious perſonages, natives of the province, but the

fame of ſeveral that I ſaw there ſeems to be confined within the limits of its territory. The chronicles of Toulouſe, which are ſhewn here, have been regularly kept ſince the year 1285; they contain many ſingular traits of hiſtory, and are embelliſhed with miniature repreſentations of ſeveral public ceremonies; the entry of Lewis the Eleventh, while Dauphin, is one of the moſt curious: in order to obtain for his mother the diſtinction of a canopy, which the magiſtrates refuſed to grant her, he took her up behind him, and rode thus into the city, ſharing with her all the honours paid to his own perſon.

Henry duke of Montmorency was beheaded in a court of this town-hall in the year 1632. He was a ſpirited, popular nobleman, and, as ſuch, an obſtacle to the deſigns of Cardinal Richelieu: by various artifices he was ſeduced into rebellion, defeated at Caſtelnaudary, taken priſoner, and brought hither to meet his fate.

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LETTER XII.

Montpellier, October 8, 1776.

BETWEEN Toulouſe and Carcaſſonne the country is diſagreeably open, without wood or hedges; the towns and villages are placed on hills; the plains are arable, and through the middle of them runs the royal canal, which forms a communication between the Atlantic and the gulf of Lyons. It was executed under the direction of Paul Riquet, of Beziers, at the expence of eleven millions of livres, of which the king and the province bore equal ſhares. The firſt ſtone was laid in 1667; and the canal opened in 1681, but it took many years to complete it. The length from Toulouſe to Beziers, where it joins the river Orbe, is 125435 French toiſes, equal to 152 Engliſh miles. The ſyſtem of inland navigation has been ſo much improved

improved of late years, by the experiences and combinations made by ſome ſublime geniuſes in that line of mathematics, that I make no doubt but this canal would be ſhortened many leagues, were it to be undertaken afreſh. It is full of angles and turns that do not appear neceſſary; and on the contrary, in one or two places has been driven ſtrait at an enormous expence through numberleſs obſtacles, when a ſhort ſweep would have conveyed the waters, with greater eaſe and œconomy, to the place of their deſtination. There are fifteen locks upon it in the fall towards the ocean, and forty-five on the ſide of the Mediterranean. The higheſt point between the two ſeas is at Naurouge, which is elevated one hundred toiſes above the level of each ſhore. The canal is carried over thirty-ſeven aqueducts, and croſſed by eight bridges. To preſerve a conſtant ſupply of water near the centre in dry ſeaſons, a great baſon is formed at St. Ferreol, which receives

ceives the produce of all the ſprings that riſe in the black mountain.

The profits of this undertaking accrue from the conveyance of goods and paſſengers; the former pay by the league, the latter by the day. Three hundred and ſixty boats navigate the canal, and perform annually ſix voyages: the proprietors of the works receive a thouſand livres a voyage, which makes up a ſum total of two millions one hundred and ſixty thouſand livres; the current expences and repairs amount to one million ſix hundred and ten thouſand livres, and conſequently there remain five hundred and fifty thouſand net profit, for the dividends. This account may perhaps fall ſhort of the truth, as there are always ſecrets in trading companies, which it is hard to dive into.

The dioceſe of Carcaſſonne, though far from a fertile country, is in a flouriſhing condition, and its inhabitants comparatively

rich; this good fortune is owing to the ſucceſs of its cloth manufacture. The woollen trade has long been attended to in this place, but in the laſt age the Dutch found means to ſupplant the French in the Levant, by lowering the price of drapery; being themſelves able, by means of a large capital, to bear the loſs which this diminution occaſioned, as long as any rivality ſubſiſted. The reſtoration of this beneficial branch of commerce appeared to the ſagacious Colbert a taſk worthy of his comprehenſive and perſevering genius: he accordingly encouraged the attempts of ſeveral enterprizing citizens, and ſoon had the ſatisfaction of ſeeing a conſtant and lucrative mart for French cloths opened in the Ottoman empire: the manufacturers of Carcaſſonne have been acquiring freſh vigour every year ſince his adminiſtration: the trade that other nations uſed to carry on with the Turks has ſunk in the ſame proportion. Towards the cloſe of

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the laſt century, according to the information given by Mr. De Baſville in his memoir, drawn up for the duke of Burgundy, the ſum brought into Carcaſſonne in return for its exported woollens, amounted to nine millions and a half of livres. I am aſſured theſe looms now ſend out annually cloths worth fourteen millions, and furniſh the home trade with cloths to the amount of two millions more.

This city contains ſixteen thouſand ſouls; it conſiſts of two parts, divided by the river Aude; the high town ſtands on a rock, ſurrounded with antique walls, and defended by a venerable old caſtle; the low town is regularly built in a ſquare form. This place had once ſovereigns of its own: the laſt earl, having ſided with the Albigenſes, was ſtripped of all his poſſeſſions, which were given to Montfort, and by that family tranſferred to the crown of France.

From hence to Narbonne we travelled through a bleak country, extremely unpleaſant to the eye; the want of ſhade, and the ſtrong reflection of the ſun, render it intolerably hot in ſummer; during the winter months, it is expoſed to ſevere cold and high winds. The ſoil in general is rocky, or a red gravel. The moſt northerly olive-trees in France grow here. We firſt deſcried the Mediterranean from the hills near Narbonne, which city ſtands in a low plain, expoſed to inundations by its vicinity to ſeveral rivers that flow towards the ſalt lakes.

We entered this city through a gate built with the fragments of Roman altars, mutilated ſtatues, inſcriptions and trophies. The ſtreets are narrow, and an air of poverty reigns throughout. The church alone ſeems to engroſs the wealth of the place; its archbiſhoprick is numbered among the richeſt benefices in the kingdom; the palace of the prelate

prelate reſembles the gloomy fortreſs of an ancient feudatory prince, rather than the reſidence of a French archbiſhop in theſe days of peace and elegance. Many fine remnants of Roman ſculpture, and literature, are preſerved in the courts, and there the Narboneſe may indulge their vanity in ſurmiſes concerning the ancient magnificence of their city, whatever may be its appearance in its preſent reduced ſtate. Narbonne became a Roman colony 115 years before Chriſt, and gave its name to a large diviſion of Gaul. The abode of proconſuls and prefects, the maſters of the world, or at leaſt their deputies, was ſure to receive every embelliſhment, and mark of diſtinction, which thoſe proud inhabitants could beſtow: the pleaſures of Rome were undoubtedly tranſplanted hither, and ſumptuous buildings raiſed for the ſake of enjoying them. The numerous fragments, that occur in every part of the town, atteſt the

grandeur and taſte of its ancient decorations; but time, and the fury of barbarians, have left none of thoſe edifices ſtanding.

The cathedral is remarkable for the loftineſs of its roof, but the ſtyle of architecture is heavy. In the choir is the mauſoleum of Philip the Hardy, ſon of St. Lewis; he died at Perpignan in 1285, while he was employed in deſpoiling his excommunicated relation, Peter of Aragon, of his dominions.

Narbonne was formerly governed by ſovereign viſcounts, but the kings of France acquired it in the 16th century. Its trade chiefly depends upon the exportation of its wheat, which is much eſteemed for ſeed-corn, and, except olives, is the only important production of the dioceſe; it is ſent by a canal to the ſea, where it is ſhipped for thoſe provinces along the coaſt, that are deficient in that firſt neceſſary of life. The ſalt-pans on the lakes bring in a conſiderable revenue to the farmers of the revenue: the waſte grounds about

about Narbonne abound in aromatic plants, from which the bees extract a white and highly perfumed honey; its gentle laxative quality recommends it to the apothecaries in preference to other honey.

The fields in the low grounds are divided by rows of mulberry trees, and mounds overgrown with thickets of tamariſks; the plough uſed here conſiſts merely of a ſlender handle, and a coulter, proportioned however to the lightneſs of the ſoil. Beyond this plain the country is mountainous, and dreary, as far as the banks of the Orbe.

We left the ſtrait road to viſit the Mal pas, a paſſage, where the canal of Languedoc is carried 147 yards through the heart of a mountain: the work is nobly executed; a bold lofty arch is thrown over the water, to prevent the materials of the excavated hill from falling, and a parapet is raiſed along the water edge for a towing path. While the workmen were opening this ſubterraneous

cut, they accidentally ſtruck upon a channel made by the Romans, to drain a lake that once filled a vaſt hollow on the ſummit of the mountain. From the Mal pas to the ſurface of the river Orbe there is a fall of ſixty-ſeven feet, which renders ten locks neceſſary for the raiſing or lowering the barges.

Beziers commands a grand extent of proſpect, but the ground is too bare of wood. The climate of this city is much celebrated, as well as the fertility of its territory: Vaniere often ſings the praiſes of this his native ſpot, in his Prædium Ruſticum, a didactic poem, which appears cold and dull to foreign readers, but has many charms for thoſe perſons that are acquainted with this country, and qualified to judge of the truth, with which he has penned his deſcriptions. The roaring winds that blow for a long continuance at different ſeaſons of the year, are no doubt conducive to the purity and ſalu-

brity

brity of the air, but their violence renders Beziers a very unpleaſant place of abode while they laſt. The cathedral and the palace of the Biſhop are admirably ſituated oppoſite to the fineſt part of the hills and a beautiful reach of the river.

The Romans, who perfectly underſtood the advantages of ſituation, ſent a colony to Beziers; on the diſmembering of their empire, it fell into the hands of the Goths; the Saracens diſpoſſeſſed them, and fortified this poſt with great care. The obſtinate reſiſtance they made here againſt Charles Martel, incited that general to deſtroy the place after he had driven them out. Beziers roſe from its aſhes, and afterwards was governed by a race of independent ſovereigns. In 1209 the viſcount of Beziers joined his ſtandard to that of the earl of Toulouſe in ſupport of the Albigenſes; this drew upon him the reſentment of the Cruſaders, who took his capital by ſtorm, and maſſacred its inhabitants

inhabitants in great numbers, without diſtinction of ſex or age. The kings of France ſoon after became poſſeſſed of the territory.

This is far from a commercial town; nature is ſo bountiful to Beziers, and ſupplies it in ſuch abundance with all the neceſſaries of life, that the inhabitants ſeldom feel any incitement to induſtry. 'Tis the ſting of penury that rouſes and inſpires us with the daring ſpirit of mercantile enterprize. Theſe people find enough at home to anſwer every purpoſe of their exiſtence, and therefore neither trade nor manufactures are heard of among them. This is the account I received from various quarters, but were I to judge of the affluence of the citizens by their rueful countenances, and their ill-built, dirty ſtreets, I ſhould be tempted to write them down for the pooreſt ſet of men in the whole province. The dioceſe produces a great deal of oil, wine, ſilk, and corn.

After

After traverſing a barren country ſome leagues in extent, we deſcended with great pleaſure into the rich plains of Pezenas; it is ſpacious, finely cultivated, and incloſed by hills dotted with ſingle houſes and villages. Pezenas is not remarkable for good buildings; the number of its inhabitants is ſmall. We ſoon exchanged the agreeable ſcenes of this delicious plain for rocky mountains, bleakly piled one upon another, and productive only of ſhrubs, which ſerve for fuel. Near Loupian we came down to the edge of a large lake that communicates with the ſea; the view here ſtretches acroſs a noble bay; the branches of the olive tree and the vine hang over the waves, while diſtant towns ſeem to float upon their boſom. The approach to Montpellier is uncommonly majeſtic.

LETTER XIII.

Montpellier, Nov. 1, 1776.

THE city of Montpellier covers a round knoll. Its walls are handſome and well preſerved; they were built in 1208, by a ſon of James, the victorious king of Aragon, to whom this prince had given the kingdom of Majorca and the earldom of Montpellier as an appanage. The ſquare walk, called le Peyrou, upon the brow of the hill, is one of the grandeſt in Europe; it is raiſed upon ſeveral terraces, and adorned with a ſtatue of Lewis the Fourteenth, a triumphal arch erected to the memory of the ſame monarch, and a rotunda, in which ſcrupulous architects will find little to admire: it ſerves to receive the waters brought from afar, along a noble aqueduct of two ranges of arches, and is here mentioned with praiſe as the

part of a beautiful picture. Nothing we find among the ruins of Roman grandeur can have a more ſublime effect, than this vaſt line of arcades ſtriding over the hills and dales. The Peyrou commands a view of ſea and land, that even draws the attention from its decorations; the lake of Magredonne is ſeen divided from the Mediterranean by a long iſthmus, through the middle of which the royal canal is continued eaſtward from Agde; the boats upon it ſeem to be ſailing in the open ſea; villages are ſcattered along the edges of the lake, and the mountain of Cette towers beyond, like an iſland ſeparated from the continent by a broad channel.

The walks and other embelliſhments give the exterior parts of this city the appearance of a metropolis, but nothing within correſponds with this idea; for the ſtreets are narrow, crooked, and ſteep; the houſes, though ſolidly built, are plain, and without any

any ſtriking ornaments of architecture. The number of inhabitants exceeds ſixty thouſand.

The ſtates * of Languedoc aſſemble here every winter, and during the meeting Montpellier is a place of great gaiety; at other ſeaſons the reſort of foreigners gives it an air of life and activity, which is ſeldom to be met with, except in ſea ports. Its climate has long been celebrated for wholeſomeneſs, and incredible numbers of invalids have viſited it in hopes of relief from their complaints, or at leaſt of finding an atmoſphere more congenial to their delicate

* The ſtates are compoſed of three orders, the church, the nobility, and the commons; the firſt conſiſts of three archbiſhops and twenty biſhops; the ſecond of one earl, one viſcount, and twenty-one barons; the third of the deputies of dioceſes, and magiſtrates of towns. Their buſineſs is to grant money to the king, to parcel out the contributions, to inſpect the accounts of preceding years, and to watch over the privileges of the province.

frames;

frames; but I ſuſpect its merits have been over-rated, for in autumn and winter the winds are continual and very ſharp; at the ſame time the ſky is clear, and the rays of the ſun powerful; therefore in every place ſheltered from the north wind, the degree of heat is conſiderable, and perſpiration excited by very moderate exerciſe: the cutting blaſt, which is felt at every corner, cannot fail of producing pernicious conſequences to a body thus ſuddenly expoſed with all its pores open. In ſummer, the influence of the marſhes muſt be felt; indeed the faces of the people that inhabit the low grounds along the coaſt, bear ſad teſtimony to the pernicious qualities of their air and ſoil; their hue is a diſmal green, and agues haraſs them half the year. I have not yet ſeen a woman in Montpellier with a fine ſet of teeth; their decay is by ſome obſervers attributed to the effluvia of quickſilver, of which incredible quantities

are

are employed by the ſurgeons; others lay the blame upon the vapours of verdigreaſe; but I incline to think that the proximity of the marſhes is the principal, though not perhaps the ſole cauſe.

The college of phyſic has long enjoyed great renown, and boaſts of having taught or enrolled among its members many of the greateſt phyſicians France has produced in the late and preſent centuries. Its privileges are extenſive, and ſome of the moſt honourable are ſaid to have been obtained by the favour of that wanton philoſopher Rabelais, for which reaſon his gown is put on every new fellow by way of inſtalment. If the conſtant concourſe of patients, and the beſt opportunities for acquiring the knowledge of ſimples, contribute to the increaſe of ſkill in a medical ſociety, no ſchool ſeems to have theſe helps in greater perfection than Montpellier; but of late years many ſick perſons have applied to other

other ſources of health, and the conſumptive Engliſh have been induced by faſhion and the temptation of a milder climate, to breathe out their ſmall remains of life on the warm ſhore of Nice.

Botany may be ſtudied here with peculiar convenience, as the waſte lands about the city afford ſamples of a greater number and variety of plants than can be found aſſembled in the ſame compaſs on any other ſoil in Europe. The king's botanical garden was firſt planned by Dulaurem, phyſician to Henry the IVth; it is well taken care of, and ſtudents are accommodated with every facility for acquiring the knowledge of vegetables. The gardener is wont to make an annual viſit to the Pyrenean mountains, with a band of pupils, to examine the rare plants that grow in thoſe elevated regions, and which are not produced in the plains and hills of Languedoc.

Perfumery, ſcented waters, and cordials

of various ſorts are prepared here with great ſkill; falſe cochineal, and a medicinal conſerve, is made with the kermes, or gall-nut of the holm oak; wax is blanched in conſiderable quantities; verdigreaſe * is the particular manufacture of this town; oil † and

* It is made by putting ſome quarts of wine in a large earthen jar; over the liquor are fixed croſs ſticks to bear a layer of raiſins; over theſe is laid a thin plate of copper; this is repeated till the pot is filled; all air is then excluded for twelve days, by means of a thick ſtraw cover. At the expiration of this term the copper plates are taken out, dried gradually in the ſhade, and then the verdigreaſe which has been produced upon them is ſcraped off.

† In December when the olives become black and ſhrivelled, they are beat down upon clean cloths, and carted to the mill, where they are thrown into a circular trough, in which a perpendicular ſtone turns. By the weight of this machine the fruit is cruſhed, and kneaded to a paſte, then put into baſkets of matting, with a hole at their top; theſe baſkets are piled up undera preſs, and boiling water is poured upon them; the

and corn are ſent out of its dioceſe in great quantities. It produces ſome excellent ſorts of wine: fuſtians, and other cloths complete the liſt of its commodities.

LETTER XIV.

Montpellier, Nov. 3, 1776.

MONTPELLIER did not exiſt, when Charlemagne deſtroyed Maguelonne, a city built in the middle of the lakes, the retreat and bulwark of the Saracens. The biſhop and his clergy had already taken refuge at Suſtantion, a village about a mile from the hill, where Montpellier was gradually formed into a town, by the concourſe of people that preferred this lofty ſituation to the low country, both on ac-

the hot liquid brings out the oil, and carries it away with it into a tub, where the water ſinks, and the oil is ſkimmed off with a ladle.

count of ſafety, and of health. From ſome holy virgins, who either directed their choice, or did actually reſide upon the hill, the new ſettlement took the name of Mons Puellarum, the mountain of the maids. Maguelonne was, however, rebuilt in the twelfth century, but again finally abandoned in 1536, and the epiſcopal ſee fixed at Montpellier, which had belonged to the crown of France ſince the year 1340.

The people of Montpellier took an active part in the rebellions that diſturbed the reign of Lewis the Thirteenth, and diſtinguiſhed themſelves by their attachment to the reformed religion. The king beſieged them in perſon, and having forced them to ſurrender, erected a ſtrong citadel, to curb their refractory ſpirit, and ſecure their obedience to his authority. This fortreſs has been improved according to the modern ſyſtem of defence, and has often been of eminent ſervice both to the monarch and the

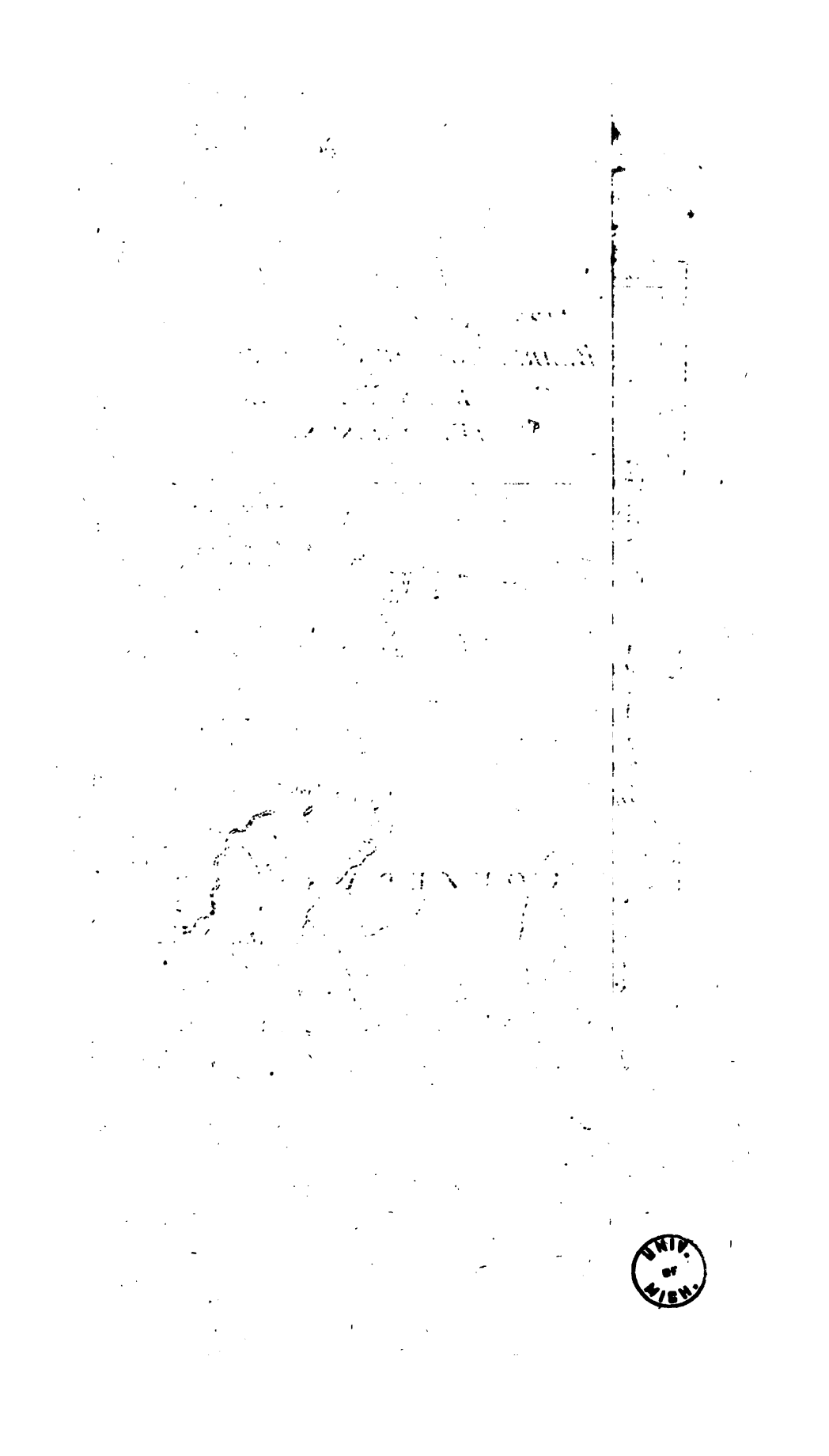
the ſubjects, in preſerving internal peace, and keeping at a diſtance the calamities attendant upon civil diſcord, which deſolated the other diſtricts of the province.

The number of Hugonots is ſtill great in this neighbourhood, notwithſtanding the revocation of the edict of Nantes: perſecution has not had the full effect that was expected, and the milder arts of toleration begin to be put in practice; perhaps indulgence, and the allurements of ambition, may imperceptibly undermine that well-cemented edifice, which has reſiſted ſo many open aſſaults and furious ſhocks from the hands of prieſts, and monarchs. Perſecution is no converter, and mild treatment can alone weaken the impreſſions of education, and bring men to balance in their minds the weight of ſpiritual opinions againſt that of temporal advantages: when zeal abates, as it ſoon will, if no longer animated by perſecution, indifference will quickly ſlide

into its place, and extinguiſh even the embers of that once outrageous fire. It is by theſe means that a long eſtabliſhed ſect is extirpated. The fable of the ſun, wind, and traveller, is perfectly applicable in the preſent caſe, and I make no doubt but the French miniſtry have learned wiſdom of their fabuliſts.

From the rapid progreſs made of late years by the ſpirit of toleration and humanity, it is to be preſumed that the torch of fanaticiſm will never more be lighted up in our own country. It is time that the few remaining profeſſors of the old religion of Britain ſhould enjoy their obſcure lot in peace, and as they contribute doubly to the ſupport of the ſtate, be no longer excluded from that protection which it affords to all other diſſenters, Chriſtian, or antichriſtian. The animoſities of ancient parties ſhould die with the families and intereſts that gave them birth: the conduct

of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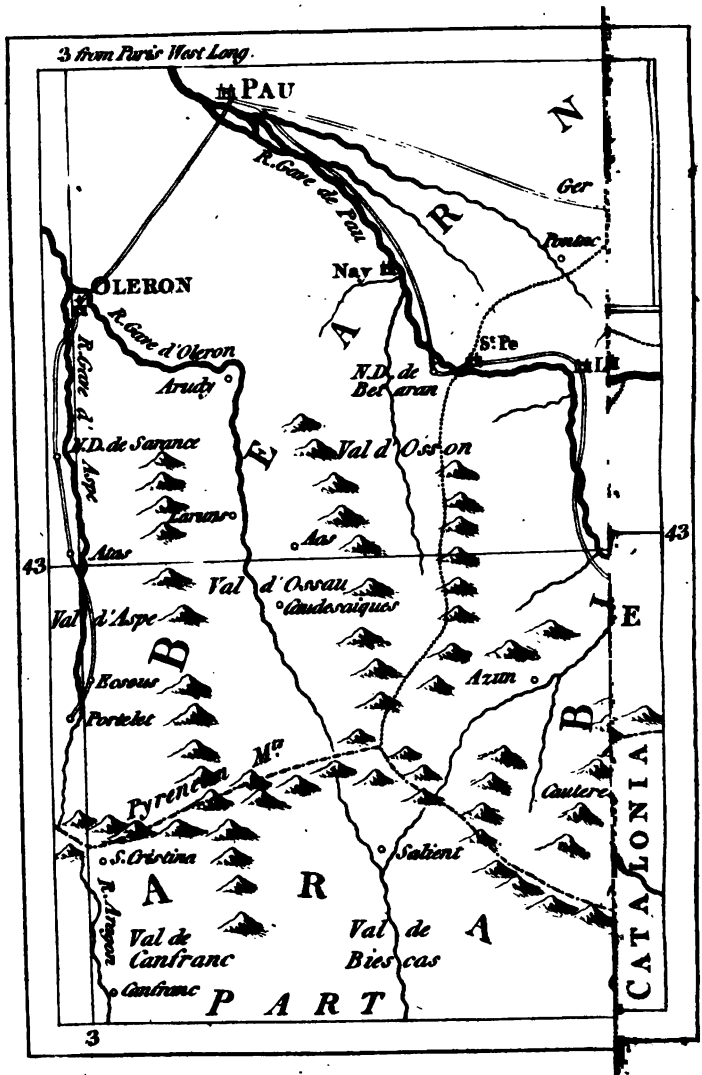
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Caudesaiques
Val d'Aspe
Eosous
Portelet
Azun
Pyrenean Mts
Cautere
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of the king's Roman Catholic ſubjects has been ſo long uniformly loyal and peaceable, their numbers are ſo ſmall, and their impoſſibility of giving any diſturbance to government, were they even willing, is ſo well acknowledged, that nothing ſeems better proved, than the propriety of knocking off the ignominious fetters with which they are ſtill loaded: but in oppoſition to this act of humanity, it is aſſerted, that their principles and doctrines are hoſtile to civil and religious liberty. I ſhall not enter into an argument on religious liberty, becauſe, it is certain, that the Roman Catholics will never have it in their power in Britain to force any man to go to maſs, and therefore no danger can accrue from their ſentiments in abſtract matters of faith. But, ſurely, it is the height of abſurdity to affirm that religion to be inimical to liberty, which is profeſt by ſome of the freeſt

people in Europe. There are cantons in Swizzerland, republics in Italy, and individuals in Corſica and Poland, as tenacious of their freedom as the moſt ſtubborn Briton can be; yet, they believe in tranſubſtantiation, make the ſign of the croſs, and acknowledge the pope to be the head of the church. Have we forgotten that we owe the ineſtimable bleſſings of juries to Alfred, who was ſubmiſſively attached to the papal authority? How often did not our barons and commons riſe in arms, and fight for public liberty, before they had learned even to doubt of his infallibility, and ſurely the men that drew up Magna Charta were papiſts. Let England remember, at leaſt, that her Roman Catholics are neither intruders, nor innovators; but the deſcendants of her old inhabitants, of thoſe who for ages fought her battles, and laviſhed their blood and fortunes in ſupport of that

glory

glory and freedom, of which their poſterity is forbid to partake.*

Several of my mornings were devoted to rambles over the adjacent country; a fine extent of heath and foreſt, affords ample room for the moſt eccentric wanderer, and the want of incloſures leaves almoſt every where free paſſage through the vineyards and olive-grounds. The great variety of plants, and the aromatic ſcents that roſe under my footſteps, with the quick ſucceſſion of land and ſea proſpects, ſhifting as I moved up each hillock, rendered me inſenſible to heat and fatigue. Near Perrol there are ſmall pools of water, impregnated with a ſtrong vitriolic taſte, and kept in conſtant ebullition by the fixed air; they are uſed as baths. Near Saint George's

* Theſe letters were written long before the 2d of June, 1780, but I cannot prevail upon myſelf to ſtrike out this paſſage, though it looks like a ſatire upon my country.

I ſtrayed

I ſtrayed into a circular valley, exactly ſimilar to the crater of a volcano, but inſtead of being covered with purple aſhes, and ſtrewed with horrid lumps of black lava, it was overgrown with arbutus, and other beautiful tall ſhrubs: pleaſant paths have been formed through the thicket by the ſhepherds, who lead their flocks to brouze under this evergreen ſhade.

The mountain of St. Loup, and the ruins of the caſtle of Monferrand, ſeated on its moſt ſhaggy pinnacle, were the objects of another excurſion. St. Loup is eſteemed one of the moſt elevated points in the front row of the Cevennes, of which it commands a moſt extenſive view. The lower region is woody and romantic, the upper rocky; but the light in which it claimed my attention was the probability, built upon its form, that a volcano had once exiſted at its ſummit; a deep circular hollow near a mile in diameter, the whole of it in

tillage, is ſhut up to the north by a very high ridge of rocks, which on the outſide are ſo precipitate as to deny all acceſs, but on the inſide ſlope eaſily to the bottom of the crater. The wall or cruſt towards the ſouth is much lower, and broken in one part; a breach that may be perceived in every extinct volcano, being the paſſage effectuated by the overboiling torrent of lava, through the weaker part of the ſhell. The river Lers burſts out of a cavern at the foot of this mountain, and immediately turns a mill. The water is as clear as chryſtal, and its bottom entirely covered with graſs, which the cattle dive for and pluck up by the roots.

LETTER XV.

Nimes, Nov. 5, 1776.

LUND, the only place of note on the road to Nimes, is renowned for the excellency of its muſcadine wines.

Aigueſmortes appears in the marſhy plain to the right: the alterations occaſioned by the lapſe of ages in its harbour and neighbourhood, have furniſhed ſubject of meditation for many modern philoſophers, who have ſtriven to explain the natural hiſtory of our planet, and account ſyſtematically for all its wonderful changes and convulſions. Saint Lewis embarked at Aigueſmortes, for his expedition againſt the Muſſelmen: the communication was then open from hence to the ſea for large veſſels; but the kings of France, having ſoon after got poſſeſſion of Provence, where they were provided with more convenient ports than

this,

this, neglected Aigueſmortes ſo entirely, that its canals filled with ſand, and its haven became a ſedgy pool: the number of its citizens decreaſed annually from ſickneſs, or deſertion; the few inhabitants, that ſtill remain within its walls, are bribed to ſtay by the advantageous privileges which the town enjoys, and by the profits ariſing from the great ſalt-works of Peuais. The laſt event that figures in the annals of Aigueſmortes, is the landing of the emperor Charles the Fifth, in the year 1539, and his magnificent reception by his generous rival Francis the Firſt.

Nimes is a large city, built within a ſemi-circular range of rocky hills: violent north-eaſt winds blow for many weeks after the equinox, without intermiſſion, and diſpel the unwholeſome vapours, which have been collected in this confined atmoſphere during the ſummer: all is open to the ſouth, as far as the Mediterranean, which is thought by

ſome

ſome philoſophers to have waſhed the foot of the rocks of Nimes in ancient times; but this retreat of the waters muſt have taken place long before the Romans had extended their conqueſts to Gaul, as is evident from the obſervations of Pliny: that ſagacious people would undoubtedly have availed themſelves of ſuch an advantage as a harbour, had there exiſted one at or near a place which they treated with diſtinguiſhed marks of predilection. A colony was ſettled here by Marcus Agrippa, the ſon-in-law of Auguſtus*: ſucceeding emperors took a delight in embelliſhing Nimes with both ſacred and civil edifices; no place on our ſide of the Alps retains ſo many, or ſuch perfect monuments

* As the coin ſtruck in this colony exhibits a crocodile tied to a palm-tree, and the heads of Caius and Lucius Cæſar, ſons of Agrippa, it is probable that the veterans who formed this ſettlement, were drawn from legions that had ſerved in Egypt and Syria, under the command of Agrippa, or his ſons.

of

of ancient taſte and magnificence, beſides innumerable fragments, which have been made uſe of in building walls and gates in ages of barbariſm.

The amphitheatre is one of the beſt preſerved works of the kind now extant; its form is, as uſual, elliptical: * on the outſide are two orders, Tuſcan and Doric, each of ſixty arcades, divided in the firſt gallery by pilaſters, in the ſecond by columns; above all is a battlement or parapet, that either

* The longeſt diameter of the area meaſures four hundred and ſixteen French feet, the ſhorteſt three hundred and eighteen.

The ſubſtructions that ſupport the ſeats and galleries are eighty-ſeven feet thick, ſo that the whole diameter of the amphitheatre is one way five hundred and ninety, and the other four hundred and ninety feet.

I have followed the meaſurement of Monſieur Cleriſſeau, given with the plans and elevations of the monuments of Nimes, becauſe he is an architect, and either took the meaſures himſelf, or copied them from the papers of the late Comte de Caylus. They do not thoroughly agree with thoſe marked in other books.

formed

formed the pedeſtal of a third order, or crowned the ſecond; perhaps the building was never raiſed higher, for there appear at this height, which is ſixty-eight feet from the ground, projecting ſtones, bored through to receive the poles from which the awning was ſuſpended over the ſpectators. Four gates gave admittance into the area, which is at preſent crowded with houſes. I was told that upwards of three thouſand perſons dwell within * its walls, moſt of them manufacturers, and profeſſing the reformed religion. Above the houſes, the ſeats and vomitoria are ſtill entire, as are alſo the maſks and baſſo-relievos that adorned the keyſtones of the arches. The amphitheatre has ſuffered leſs from the wear of time than from fire, for Charles Martel is reported to

* The king has lately (1786) iſſued an edict for deſtroying theſe hovels, clearing out the area, and putting this noble edifice into proper repair.

have

have filled it with faggots, which he cauſed to be lighted, in hopes of deſtroying this ſolid building, which being turned into a fortreſs by the Saracens, had long reſiſted his aſſaults, and coſt him numbers of his braveſt ſoldiers; but the blocks of ſtone were ſo maſſive, and the work ſo firmly put together, that the flames had ſcarce any effect upon it, except blackening the ſurface.

The temple, uſually aſcribed to the worſhip of Diana, ſubſiſts with half its ſtone roof yet remaining. It is of the compoſite order, but in a heavy ſtyle of architecture: the ſituation is pictureſque, on the brink of a large ſpring iſſuing out of the rock into a ſemi-circular baſon fifty feet deep; the waters are conveyed from hence through a public garden, in various channels, adorned with balluſtrades, vaſes, and ſtatues: this labyrinth of ſtreams is ſaid to be laid down as nearly as poſſible upon the ancient Roman plan. Numberleſs fragments of ornamental archi-

tecture have been found in cleaning the old canals, and copies of them employed in decorating the modern parapets. The ſtylobate, which probably ſerved as a common pedeſtal to a line of columns, has been imitated, and is much admired for the elegance of its running pattern.

On the ſummit of the craggy hill, that overhangs the city, ſtands the Tour Magne, a pyramidical tower of ſeveral ſtories, to each of which a winding ſtair-caſe afforded acceſs. The building contains below one large vaulted room of an irregular ſhape, with a conical roof; above it are ſix ſmall cells, round at the bottom like a kettle, with apertures only at top, and not communicating with each other. Antiquaries differ as to the uſe made of this tower, while ſome call it a public treaſury, others a granary, a third pronounces it to have been a light-houſe, and others a mauſoleum. The view from hence is delightful, comprehending the whole city,

its

its almoſt boundleſs plains, the ſea, the mountains of Dauphiné, and the ſtill more diſtant heights of Provence.

LETTER XVI.

THE glory of Nimes is the Maiſon Quarrée, a barbarous appellation for one of the moſt perfect ſamples of an ancient temple, that the fury of barbarous conquerors, or ſtill more ſavage zealots, has ſpared. It is a temple of the Corinthian order, with ſix columns in each front, and nine on the flanks, the whole raiſed upon a baſement ſtory, five feet ſix inches from the ground. The columns on the ſides, and thoſe in the ſouth front, adhere to the wall; thoſe in the north front form a pronaos or portico, extending under the roof as far back as the fourth column; here is the entrance of the temple, ornamented with pi-

laſters; the door was formerly the only opening through which light was admitted, but windows have ſince been broken in the ſide walls. * The exact meaſures are given below for the ſatisfaction of artiſts: for thoſe perſons who are not converſant in the rules of architecture, it will ſuffice to ſay that the elegance of proportion, the exquiſite taſte

	French feet.	in.
* Length of the whole baſement ſtory	108	
Breadth of ditto ——	34	3
Length of the temple and portico	81	6
Breadth of ditto ——	42	6
Outſide length of the temple, with the portico	53	6
Outſide breadth of ditto ——	37	9
Inſide length of ditto ——	48	10
Inſide breadth of ditto ——	32	6

Thickneſs of the walls	2	10	Breadth of the door	10 2
Diameter of the columns ——	2	8	Intercolumniations of the front	5 4 4 9 4 10
Diameter of their baſe	4	0		
Intercolumniation of the ſides ——	5	0	Height of the baſement and ſteps	5 6
Height of columns--baſe	2	6	Height of architrave	2 3
ſhaft	23	0	Ditto of frize	1 9
capital	3	2	Ditto of cornice	2 3
Height of pediment	14	9		

diſplayed

diſplayed in every ornament, the lightneſs of the whole building, and the harmony with which all the parts are connected, ſtand unrivalled by any work of the moſt refined art north of the Alps; but I do not think it is entitled to rank before every edifice that ſtill perpetuates the glory of ancient architects in Italy, Greece, and Aſia. It is apparent from the holes by which the brazen letters were faſtened to the ſtone, that there was once an inſcription on the frize, torn down for the ſake of the metal. The words of this inſcription had remained a myſtery, never ſatisfactorily explained by any antiquary, when Monſieur Seguier, of this city, thought of tracing the form of the letters by means of the relation which the holes bear to each other: the following lines were the reſult of this ingenious proceſs.

C.C.A.E.S.A.R.I.A.V.G.V.S.T.I.F.C.O.S.L.C.A.E.S.A.
R.I.A.V.G.V.S.T.I.F.C.O.S.D.E.S.I.G.N.A.T.O.
P.R.I.N.C.I.P.V.S.I.V.V.E.N.T.V.T.I.S.

From this diſcovery he drew an inference that the temple was erected in the reign of Auguſtus, and was not a monument raiſed by Adrian to the memory of Plotina, as moſt preceding antiquaries had believed it to be. Being convinced of the truth of his hypotheſis, he ſupported it by the following arguments: the Pantheon built by Agrippa ſhews us that every thing beautiful in architecture was to be expected from the genius of the artiſts of that age, and the magnificence of the great men that employed them: the Maiſon Quarrée is a moſt admirable piece of ſtructure, and therefore may with ſtrict propriety be aſſigned to that æra: the names both of Agrippa and of his ſons were probably held in high veneration by a colony to whoſe ſettlement and proſperity that general had contributed ſo eſſentially; nor could the Nemauſenſes pay their court more effectually to the emperor, than by honouring as divinities thoſe youths

whom he looked upon as the pillars of his imperial houſe; but from the total change of intereſts and affections in the ſucceeding reigns, it would have been the height of imprudence afterwards to have paid this homage to Caius and Lucius Cæſar; and for that reaſon, the inſcription being explained as above, the temple could not be dedicated later than the time of Auguſtus.

Theſe are plauſible arguments, but in my opinion, there are others to be deduced from internal evidence, that completely overthrow them. By the compariſon which I draw between this building and the undoubted monuments of the Auguſtan age, I am fully perſuaded that they are not coeval, but that the ſpace of, at leaſt, a century intervened between the different epochas of their erection. In the Maiſon Quarrée I perceive a profuſion and minuteneſs of ornaments not to be found in the more ſimple architecture of the Auguſtan times;

there is alſo a great variation in the proportions. The explanation of the dedicatory inſcription given by Monſieur Seguier, would have had more weight with me, had I not ſeen clearly that the diſpoſition of the holes was not always uniform upon a repetition of the ſame letter; and that there were alſo ſeveral ſupernumerary ones, of which he made no uſe in placing his letters: he accounted for this redundancy by ſuppoſing them to be what painters call *pentimenti*, or miſtakes which the workmen afterwards rectify by cutting others.

The inſide of this elegant ſtructure has been repaired in a bad taſte, in order to accommodate it to the purpoſes of the Chriſtian worſhip; the Auguſtinian friars are the preſent poſſeſſors; and this adoption has preſerved ſo valuable a relick of antiquity from the ruin which has overwhelmed ſo many magnificent edifices.

Monſieur

Monſieur Seguier embraces almoſt every branch of the polite arts as well as of natural hiſtory, and by his extenſive acquirements in ſcience, comes near the idea of univerſal knowledge; with theſe merits he unites the moſt unaffected politeneſs and pleaſing communicativeneſs. We experienced this amiable diſpoſition during a long ſtay in his Muſæum, which contains many fine aſſortments in natural hiſtory: the moſt complete and ſingular, is a collection of plants and fiſhes impreſſed upon a black, ſlaty, foſſile ſubſtance.

LETTER XVII.

WHILE the Roman government retained its vigour, Nimes continued to flouriſh as one of its moſt favoured tranſalpine ſettlements: the Antonines, whoſe family is ſuppoſed to have belonged to

to this colony, patronized it in a diſtinguiſhed manner; but when Rome ſank beneath the weight of thoſe torrents of barbarians that poured upon her from the foreſts of the North, Nimes was one of the firſt cities that felt the fatal effects of her debility; its riches allured each rapacious invader, and repeated devaſtations ſoon laid its glories in the duſt. Nimes had ſuffered ſo much when the Viſigoths obtained poſſeſſion of this part of Gaul, that they gave the preference to Toulouſe for the reſidence of their monarchs: they converted Nimes into a frontier garriſon, built towers upon the amphitheatre, and, overturning moſt other monuments of elegant taſte, employed their fragments as materials of defence, without paying the leaſt attention to their beauty. The amphitheatre thus metamorphoſed ſtood ſeveral ſieges, each of which contributed ſomething towards diſfiguring it. Under the Car-

Carlovingian kings, viſcounts were appointed to keep the country in due ſubjection, but they ſoon took advantage of the decline of that royal houſe, to aſſume independence: from them the ſovereignty of Nimes paſſed to the earls of Toulouſe, and followed the fate of their other dominions.

The reform of Calvin was early introduced into this city, where it ſtruck deep and vigorous root; the Hugonots lived here in a manner independent of the regal authority, till Cardinal de Richelieu ſubdued them. A very large proportion of the Nimois, and of their immediate neighbours, ſtill profeſs the proteſtant religion; to which they and their forefathers have adhered upwards of two hundred years with unremitting zeal, in ſpite of all the efforts of prieſts and monarchs. In the general wars of religion, they bore an active part, and alſo frequently roſe up againſt government, when the reſt of France was in profound peace.

The

The troubles of the Cevennes in the beginning of this century filled this part of Languedoc with bloodſhed and deſolation. The proteſtants, whoſe imaginations were exalted to a degree of frenzy by the preaching of their prophets, and the ſenſe of their own diſtreſsful ſituation, made no ſcruple of exerciſing the moſt ſhocking barbarities upon their enemies and perſecutors: on the other hand, the king's officers and ſoldiers retaliated theſe outrages, not only upon the hugonots taken in arms, but alſo upon the whole body of peaceable inhabitants profeſſing that doctrine. A diſpaſſionate reader of ſuch narratives is apt to accuſe the hiſtorians of each party of monſtrous exaggeration, humanely thinking that ſavage beaſts alone are capable of perpetrating ſuch deeds of blood.

But the crimes of that war loſe their blackneſs, if compared with the cruelties of the *Michelade* in 1567, when the Calviniſts ſuddenly

denly took up arms at Nimes, and made a general maſſacre of the catholics. This atrocious fact has been alleged in alleviation of the *Saint Barthelemi*, which happened five years afterwards; but there can be no juſt parallel drawn between the ſudden though outrageous fanaticiſm that ſeized the Nimois, and led them to cut the throats and deſtroy the property of their fellow citizens, and the cool, premeditated plan of Charles the Ninth, founded upon the baſeſt treachery and hypocriſy, under the ſanction of oaths and ſacraments.

After the revolt of the Cevennes was quelled in 1705, this province was ſuffered to enjoy ſome repoſe, but proteſtant conventicles and preachers obtained no further degree of toleration: marriages contracted between proteſtants continued to be deemed illegal and invalid; their meetings, though held in the moſt retired parts of the country, were diſturbed by attacks from the civil and military

military power, and many of their miniſters yearly hurried to the gallies. Of late years a greater latitude of indulgence has been given; the troops affect to miſtake the place of rendezvous, or previous notice is ſent to the aſſembly. The benevolent ſpirit of Lewis the Sixteenth will probably incline him to paſs ſome law, by which their marriages may be rendered legal, and the birth-rights of citizens be extended to their offſpring.

The dioceſe of Nimes is extremely fertile in corn, wine, oil, and other valuable productions. The inhabitants of the epiſcopal city, in number above forty thouſand, apply with great induſtry to commerce, eſpecially that of ſilk: their manufactures would flouriſh ſtill more, could they be freed from numberleſs duties and oppreſſive monopolies, which at preſent haraſs the trader, and check the ſpirit of enterprize. Catherine of Medicis is ſaid to have introduced ſilk-worms into France;

France; but the firſt eſtabliſhment of a ſilk manufacture appears to date no higher than the reign of Henry the Fourth, or his ſon Lewis the Thirteenth.

LETTER XVIII.

Nimes.

WE are juſt returned from an excurſion to Arles, where the beauties of ſituation, and numerous remains of antiquity, made us ample amends for our fatigues. We travelled part of the way in a rich plain, where a great number of fowlers were ſtationed, turning ſmall mirrors in order to dazzle the larks, and draw them down within reach of their guns. A range of gravelly hills then intervened between this flat country and the boundleſs levels that line the courſe of the Rhone. We ferried over a branch of this river into the iſland of the Camargue,

Camargue,* and then paſſed by a bridge of boats into Arles, which riſes nobly from the water edge up a gentle acclivity. Its circumference is not great, nor the preſent population numerous; the appearance it now makes is widely different from what it was, when Conſtantine the Great, and after him his ſons honoured it with their preſence. Then theatres, palaces, and amphitheatres were raiſed on every ſide, to receive and entertain theſe mighty gueſts, and Arles became the center of government, the rival of Marſeilles in the trade of Italy: thither the inhabitants of the northern diſtricts came to purchaſe the gaudy ſuperfluities of luxury, and from thence carried back into their foreſts, new wants and the vices of more refined nations. The urbanity which a ſplendid

* The Camargue is an iſland eighteen miles in length, formed by two branches of the Rhone. It is extremely fertile, and feeds an incredible number of horſes and cattle which are almoſt wild. The horſes are active and hardy, but unruly and ugly.

court

court is wont to diffuſe around the place of its reſidence, poliſhed the manners of the Arelatians to a ſuperior degree above the citizens of other towns; and if I may credit the report of travellers, who have remained there long enough to form acquaintances, this ſoftneſs of manners, and eaſe of behaviour, are ſtill perceptible in the ſocieties of its nobility; holding a pleaſing medium betwixt the formality of the long robe, that leads the faſhion at Aix, and the familiarity, which at Marſeilles is acquired by habits of traffick.

The glory of Arles faded with that of Rome; and from the day that Honorius ſubmitted to the dictates of the barbarian powers, this city became involved in continual diſquietudes and diſtreſſes; beſieged, plundered, depopulated, by every paſſing ſwarm of conquerors, it fell to ruin, commerce fled from its deſerted wharfs to ſeek proſperity in other ports; the canals that were wont to beſtow fertility upon its ſun-

burnt plains, and to convey their rich productions to a ready ſale, were left without repairs or ſupport, and ſoon choaked up with ſand, forming heads to numberleſs torpid pools, the neſts of infection and diſeaſe.*

Arles thus abandoned to miſery, languiſhed many centuries, but even at its moſt diſaſtrous period, while its ruined edifices were yet reeking with the fire which the Saracens had kindled, Boſon, the brother-in-law of Charles the Bald, choſe it for the capital of a kingdom which he had erected out of many uſurped provinces. After paſſing through two families, this title devolved upon the imperial houſe of Swabia, a great but unfortunate race of princes, that failed in the year 1268. Long before this epocha their

* Since the French monarchs have poſſeſſed Provence, theſe evils have been in ſome meaſure remedied; but there are yet many parts of the environs of Arles that are exceedingly feveriſh and unwholeſome in ſummer.

power

power in Provence had been reduced to an empty name; for on one hand the earls of Provence had uſurped whatever territory lay convenient for them; and on the other, ſeveral of the moſt powerful cities had, in imitation of thoſe of Lombardy, caſt off the yoke, and formed themſelves into republics. The people of Arles aſſerted their independence about the year 1220, and choſe annual podeſtats to govern them.—At the end of thirty years this infant and ill-eſtabliſhed commonwealth was obliged to ſubmit to the authority of Charles, the firſt earl of Provence, of the houſe of Anjou, too formidable an antagoniſt to be reſiſted with any reaſonable hopes of ſucceſs. The kings of France ſucceeded in later times to the rights of the earls of Provence; and the emperor Charles the Fourth made over to his nephew Charles the Fifth, king of France, all the claims he might have upon Arles and its territory.

The ſtreets of this city are narrow, but the houſes in general are well built; it abounds in rich clergy and poor nobility: trade ſeems at a low ebb.

In the ſame ſquare with the cathedral and the archiepiſcopal palace, ſtands the town-hall, a ſhewy inſulated building; its ſtaircaſe is ornamented with pieces of antique ſculpture and the caſt of a female figure, which was dug up here in the laſt century, and furniſhed matter for many diſſertations, tending to aſcertain the divinity it was meant to repreſent; the ſtatue was ſent to Verſailles, where Girardon the ſculptor made a Venus of it. A votive altar inſcribed to the Bona Dea by her prieſteſs, is remarkable for an oaken crown, that ſurrounds the inſcription, and two human ears with ear-rings. The apartments are noble; in one is a fine portrait of Cardinal de Richelieu.

Many inſcriptions are alſo preſerved at the archbiſhop's, and before his gate ſtand a mutilated

mutilated column, and an Egyptian obeliſk of grey granite, without hieroglyphics; it is forty-ſeven French feet high, on a baſe raiſed ſeven feet from the ground, and is ſuppoſed to have been brought from Egypt about the year 354, when Conſtantius celebrated the Circenſian games at Arles with great magnificence. It lay buried in rubbiſh many ages, till a reviving taſte for the arts brought it out of its obſcurity in the ſixteenth century, but it was not raiſed till the year 1676, when it was placed upon a pedeſtal with great ceremony, and loaded with a moſt flattering inſcription in honour of the king.

In the herb-market two pillars, the remains of a portico, yet ſupport the angle ſtones of a Corinthian frize much broken; by the help of holes cut upon it, Monſieur Seguier has diſcovered that the building was erected in the time of the firſt Chriſtian emperor. The only remnants of the theatre

are two compoſite columns belonging to the ſide of the ſtage.

The amphitheatre is of a ſmaller dimenſion than that of Nimes, but, like it, is disfigured by the miſerable dwellings of the poor: it never was finiſhed, the work having probably been interrupted by the prohibition iſſued againſt gladiatorial ſhews ſoon after Chriſtianity aſcended the throne of the Cæſars. Through a ſtrong attachment to thoſe ſanguinary entertainments tranſmitted from father to ſon ſince Provence belonged to the Romans, or at leaſt, ſince it was ſubject to the kings of Aragon, the people of Arles retained the taſte for bull-feaſts down to the preſent age; wild bulls were frequently driven from the Camargue, and combats exhibited in the ancient amphitheatre before a vaſt concourſe of ſpectators, who were agitated by the ſame fierce emotions, and expreſſed them with the ſame frantic acclamations, that reſounded in the ſhews of ancient Rome,

Rome, and are ſtill to be heard in the bull-feaſts of Spain. The frequent loſs of human lives induced government to aboliſh theſe ſavage ſports at Arles.

This amphitheatre conſiſts of two orders or ſtories of arcades, divided below by Tuſcan pilaſters, above by columns, of which the order cannot be diſcovered, as their upper part is wanting: all the ſhafts are leſs imperfect at the ſame height, and the ſixty arches of this ſtory remain without any ſtone work above them, which proves beyond a doubt that the building was never finiſhed. There is no trace of ſeats, podium, or other interior works neceſſary for an edifice of this kind; it is placed on an eminence, and the architect has excavated the hill in ſuch a manner as to form a ſubterraneous or baſement floor, by means of vaſt galleries, halls, and receſſes, which are either cut in the rock, or built with ſquare ſtone. The entrance into this dark labyrinth is in the ſide

of the hill: it is not eaſy to give a rational gueſs at the uſe of theſe vaults, which have no communication with the upper ſtories; they probably were intended for magazines and cellars.

Without the walls of the city is a rocky hill called the Eliſcamps, almoſt wholly covered with ſtone coffins, in ſome of which were depoſited the aſhes of pagans, in others the bodies of Chriſtians: the adjoining church belonging to the Minimes, is full of ancient ſarcophagi, funeral inſcriptions, and figures: one ſmall mauſoleum remains on the hill, with ſome of its colombaria or niches, wherein the urns were placed, yet entire. In the midſt of the cemetery, an obeliſk marks the grave of four conſuls of Arles, victims to the plague of 1720, which from Marſeilles ſpread its deſtructive contagion, though not with equal fatality, along the coaſt of the Mediterranean, and into the inland diſtricts of Provence.

We

We were delighted with the dreſs of the women we met returning from market; it reminded us of the airy garments upon the dancing nymphs of Herculaneum. Theſe peaſant girls wear light, open mantles looſely flowing to their knees, over a ſhort petticoat, that diſcovers their taper legs and ſilk ſtockings; bracelets of gold beads adorn their wriſts; a ſilk handkerchief confines part of their jet black locks, without hiding their keen eyes and animated countenances: this eaſy habit ſuits admirably with the elegance of their form and the ſuppleneſs of their limbs.

LETTER XIX.

Avignon, Nov. 10.

REMOULINS is the firſt port from Nimes, and near it the river Gardon has worn itſelf a deep bed in the heart of a wild, mountainous country; the ſides of the

the dell through which it flows are joined together by a bridge of three rows of arches, one above another, built by the Romans to ſupport an aqueduct that conveyed the waters of two ſprings from Uſez to Nimes. Many fragments of this aqueduct, which was above ſeventeen miles long, are ſtill ſtanding in various parts of the hills. The above-mentioned bridge, known by the name of the *Pont du Gard*, is entire. The loweſt ſtage or order reſts upon the rock, and contains ſix arches, to which a collateral bridge was added in the year 1747, wide enough for carriages. The ſecond row is compoſed of eleven arches, ſix of which are perpendicular to thoſe of the firſt; a conſiderable part of the piers of this middle order had been ſcooped out to afford a paſſage for horſemen, but when the bridge below was doubled, this way was built up. The uppermoſt range conſiſts of thirty-five arches, and above it is the

the channel for the water covered with large flags.*

The only inſcription yet diſcovered conſiſts of the four letters A. Æ. A. which have occaſioned a great variety of opinions and explanations among the learned.† Some attribute

* Meaſures. Loweſt row.

Diameter of the arches	58	French feet; the middle
pillars	18	one, under which the
Height ———	83	river paſſes, is 70 wide.
Height of parapet	8	
Middle Row		
Diameter of the arches	56	
of the pillars	15	
Height	67	
Height of the parapet	6½	
Uppermoſt Row		
Diameter of the arches	17	
pillars	5½	
Height	32	
Height of the channel for water	3½	

† Not one of the applications that I have ſeen agrees with theſe initials; thoſe who read the name of Ælius Adrianus in them did not know that Adrian is always written

attribute the work to Agrippa; others to Adrian, and others to the Antonines: it certainly does not belong to a later period, for its ſolidity, juſtneſs of proportion, and ſimplicity of ſtyle, are too ſtriking to leave a ſuſpicion in our minds that it could be deſigned or built by the artiſts of ſubſequent ages. While I contemplated this ſtupendous pile, ſtretching ſublimely from rock to rock acroſs the valley, and the broad ſtream of the Gardon rolling with eaſe through its wide arches, I felt my mind ſtrongly impreſſed with veneration for thoſe extraordinary men, who had the ſpirit to plan, and the force to rear ſuch coloſſal monuments of their art. No difficulties could diſmay them, none could occur that were not removed by their perſevering efforts; the life of a Roman ſoldier was ſpent in continual toils; his vic-

written on his medals with an H. Perhaps it may be decyphered thus, *Aqueductum Ædificabat Agrippa.*

torious

torious hands, that had bowed the ſtubborn barbarian to the yoke, were afterwards employed in ſecuring the tranquillity and obedience of the conquered province, by raiſing ſtupendous mounds and fortifications, or in procuring with incredible pains the conveniencies and luxuries of life for the ſettlements eſtabliſhed within them: ſcarce is there a corner of the world, which was known to the ancients, where the traveller does not to this day, meet with ſtately memorials of their indefatigable and elevated genius.

Soon after quitting the vale of the Gardon we reached the top of the hills, from which we overlooked the whole Comtat Venaiſſin, and the city of Avignon. The Rhone itſelf is ſo broad and majeſtic a ſtream, that it ſuffices alone to give dignity to a landſcape; the awfulneſs of an immenſe plain terminated by the blue mountains of Dauphiné, excites ſublime ideas, and rivets the attention

attention upon the general effect of ſo vaſt a ſcene, without ſuffering it to wander, and waſte itſelf on minuter lights flowing from the various objects that compoſe it.

A grand monaſtery of Benedictine monks at Villeneuve commands a nearer view of the river and city. At every ſtep we advanced as we deſcended the hill, new beauties of proſpect diſplayed themſelves, till at laſt we reached the banks of the Rhone, where a venerable old tower nods over the moſt rapid of currents.

Here once was fixed the extremity of the bridge of Avignon, begun in the year 1177 at the ſolicitation of Benezet, a young ſhepherd, who pretended a miſſion from heaven for collecting alms towards building a bridge acroſs the Rhone. The legend ſays that he enforced his preaching by miracles, and raiſed ſuch a ſum as proved ſufficient not only to complete that undertaking, but alſo to endow a hoſpital, and create a fund for the

the future repairs of the bridge. Whatever we may think of the miracles of this young architect, the chronicles of Avignon atteſt the reality of his exiſtence: perhaps the artful magiſtrates, ſeeing the neceſſity of a bridge, and conſcious of their own inability to erect one, brought forward this pious artifice to captivate the benevolence, and excite the generoſity of a devout and unenlightened age. This bridge was the boaſt of the country, but the Rhone has long torn down and buried in its whirlpools the greater part of it; at preſent a perilous ferry affords the only acceſs from the weſtern ſhore.

LETTER XX.

Avignon.

AVIGNON is about three miles and two furlongs in circumference, ſurrounded by handſome battlemented walls and turrets, not unlike thoſe of Rome; its ditches

are

are ſhaded by pleaſant avenues of elms. The number of inhabitants is not proportioned to the extent, for it amounts only to thirty thouſand ſouls, of which above a thouſand are eccleſiaſtics, and ſome hundreds Jews. From the oppoſite hills this city ſeems a foreſt of ſteeples, the bells of which are never at reſt; by day and night ſcarce a minute can be counted undiſturbed by ſome bell or other, either rouſing the monks and nuns to their duty in the choir, or giving the more welcome ſummons to their repaſts; this inceſſant tinkling made Rabelais call it the *Iſle ſonnante*, an appellation I felt all the force of during every night of our ſtay. One of theſe bells is of ſilver, and rung upon no occaſion but the death of the Pope. Clergymen and friars ſwarm in the ſtreets, as may well be expected in this little Rome, but they have not brought with them the Roman taſte in building and decorating either their own abodes, or the temples of the divinity. The

ſtreets

ſtreets are narrow and dirty, as muſt needs be the caſe, where all manner of filth is emptied out of the windows: the diſmal lanes, in which the Jews are ſtyed, are abſolute ſinks of naſtineſs and infection: nothing leſs than the fierce and ſteady winds that predominate here for many weeks at a time, could purify ſo fetid an atmoſphere, and preſerve the town from plagues, and epidemical diſeaſes.

The public edifices are large, ſolid, and as grand as the taſte of the age could make them, for moſt of them were built in the fourteenth century, while the Popes reſided here; they occupy the moſt elevated point within the walls; the cathedral is ſmall and dull, offering nothing to the curioſity of the traveller, ſave a ſilver altar, many coſtly veſtments, and the tombs of Pope John the Twenty-ſecond, and Benedict the Twelfth *. The

*. John the Twenty-ſecond began his reign in 1316, died in 1334. Benedict the Twelfth was elected 1334, died 1342.

church of the Cordeliers is noted for the boldneſs and loftineſs of its roof, but much more for the tomb of Petrarch's Laura, who during her life, and after her deceaſe, received the tribute of his muſe in more copious numbers than were ever inſpired by any ancient or modern fair one: he ſang her charms, and his love, in four hundred ſongs or ſonnets. Petrarch is claſſed by the Italians in the firſt rank of poets, rather on account of the purity of his language, and the terſe propriety of his expreſſion, than either the originality and fire of his imagination, or the variety of his ideas: ſo greatly do his merits depend upon the manner in which he has clothed his thoughts, that it requires great habit of the Italian tongue to feel their value, and therefore few foreigners can taſte his beauties in the original, or admire him when tranſlated. Laura and her huſband, Hugh de Sade, reſt in an obſcure corner of the church, under a monument diſtinguiſhed only

only by an obliterated ſcroll, and a mullet, which was the arms of the family. Francis the Firſt, himſelf a poet and a paſſionate admirer of the fair ſex, cauſed the tomb to be opened in his preſence, and having read the verſes Petrarch had depoſited with the remains of his adored miſtreſs, cloſed down the lid, and inſcribed it with ſome lines of his own compoſition. Another gallant and rhyming monarch, René of Anjou, has left many productions of his at Avignon, both in poetry and painting, but they are more curious on account of their ſingularity, than of their excellence.

The Romans made this one of their ſtations; from the deſtruction of their empire to the fourteenth century, Avignon experienced numberleſs viciſſitudes of fortune, and changes of maſters, in common with the reſt of the country. In the year 1348 Joan queen of Naples, and counteſs of Provence, being driven out of Italy, and unable to re-

cover her Neapolitan crown through want of money, ſold, or mortgaged this city to the Pope for eighty thouſand florins of gold, not thirty thouſand pounds ſterling. The ſovereign pontiffs fixed their ſeat here during a period of ſeventy-two years, and from hence ruled Europe with deſpotic ſway, though at the ſame time they were mocked, and rejected by the factious people of Rome, and durſt not truſt their perſons within the walls of their own capital. Gregory the Eleventh, in 1377, yielded to the perſuaſions of S. Catherina of Sienna, and the ſolicitations of the penitent Romans, and ſurmounting both his fear and reſentment, eſtabliſhed once more the pontifical reſidence at the Vatican. Since that time this territory has been governed by Legats, or Vicelegats. The Comtat Venaiſſin had belonged to the Pope ſince 1273, being a gift of Philip the Hardy, king of France.

The vices of an eccleſiaſtical government always

always fluctuating and ephemeral, operate even at this diſtance to the diſcouragement of induſtry, trade, and population: the inhabitants ſcattered over the face of one of the richeſt plains in the univerſe, are not ſufficiently numerous to cultivate it thoroughly; trade is not carried on with that emulation and activity, which ought to be inſpired by the proximity of ſo noble a river, and ſo happy a ſituation, in the center of a fertile country, and upon the great roads of communication between the Mediterranean and the capital of France. Smuggling indeed is purſued in a very ſpirited manner with the adjacent provinces, but whether to the real advantage of the Comtat or not, is hard to determine: it either encourages idleneſs, or diverts the attention of the active part of the community from labours that would redound more to their own happineſs, and the welfare of the ſtate. But can it be

expected that an Italian prelate and his crew of ſubaltern prieſts, ſhould feel themſelves ſufficiently intereſted in the proſperity of a country, where their power is ſhort lived, and which they always conſider as foreign to them, to meditate, much leſs to execute projects for its amelioration?

Theſe and other reaſons have led many ſpeculators in politics to think, that the people of the Comtat would be great gainers, were the king of France to ſet aſide the deed of ſale by queen Joan, and incorporate it unalienably with the reſt of his kingdom. I am clearly of another opinion; for what would the people gain? More neighbours to fill their plains and increaſe their culture—greater crowds on their roads, and clamour on their wharfs—more buſtle in their ſtreets, and more activity in their huſbandry—ſome of their families would be illuſtrated by dignities and titles, and ſome enormous fortunes raiſed by trade, or the handling of the public

public revenue:—But with all theſe benefits, allowing them their higheſt value, muſt they not receive a ſwarm of devouring locuſts, an army of tax-gatherers and monopoliſers? Muſt not their taxes be prodigiouſly augmented, their ſalt, their tobacco, raiſed to ſuch a price as to exclude the poorer claſs of citizens from a daily enjoyment of them? Muſt they not ſubmit to the peremptory ſway of intendants, ſubdelegates, military governors, and a long train of oppreſſive miniſters, inſtead of the drowſy, but mild adminiſtration of their preſent maſters, who want the power, if not the will, of raiſing more than the ſtipulated contributions? The inhabitants are too few for the extent of country, are indolent, and do not make the moſt of the riches nature preſents on every ſide: I grant it, but they are already entitled to all the privileges of Frenchmen, if they chooſe to claim them, and at the ſame time they enjoy almoſt the independence of

republicans. The firſt neceſſaries, and many of the ſuperfluities of life, are cheap here; impoſitions are few and light; the huſbandman is not dragged from his plough to garriſon unwholeſome fortreſſes, or pine in the cold and wet, to guard a coaſt againſt invaders: no diſtricts are here reſerved for the diverſion of their ſovereign, nor are their harveſts devoured before their eyes by myriads of uſeleſs animals, which it is a capital offence to deſtroy, or even to moleſt. Then where ſhall I find a ſet of men that poſſeſs ſuch means of happineſs as the cultivators of this delicious plain?

LETTER XXI.

Avignon.

HOW many times and how ardently have I not longed for a ſight of Vaucluſe; how many times have I not lamented that I had paſſed repeatedly through France,

France, without extending my journey as far as the banks of the Sourgue, and the heavenly fields celebrated by Petrarch?

I have ſeen Vaucluſe, and am diſappointed. A huge cavern yawning at the foot of a perpendicular wall of bare rocks, and a large body of water iſſuing through the chinks of the ſtone, from an unfathomable pool that fills the cave, are undoubtedly bold, horrid features of nature; but I have ſeen the like in many mountainous countries in much greater perfection: here is not a ſingle tree, not a buſh to enliven the dull uniformity of the cliff, nor any lofty barrier of rock, over which the ſtream may ruſh in grand caſcades; the landſcape is dreary and frightful, without romantic beauty. From the ruins called Petrarch's Villa, the view extends over a fine country, but that immediately under the eye is not agreeable, though watered by the Sourgue meandering through the meadows. Vaucluſe itſelf has not indeed anſwered my too

too ſanguine expectations; but it is not ſo with the delightful vale I traverſed before I reached this head of the Sourgue. A ſhady avenue of elms, poplars, and mulberry trees, led me inſenſibly from the gates of Avignon into the heart of a moſt fertile garden, for I can give no other name to a vaſt tract of level ground, where innumerable canals of the moſt limpid water impart a due degree of moiſture to thouſands of incloſures, covered with the greateſt variety of productions; artificial and natural graſſes, pulſe, fruits, and corn are ſo intermingled, as to compoſe a lively many-coloured parterre: a chain of hills covered with vines, and crowned with tufts of trees, ſerve as the border to this rich expanſe.

I have alſo viſited Orange, once the capital of a ſovereign principality poſſeſſed by the families of Baux, Chalons, and laſt of Naſſau: at preſent it is reunited to the royal domain. While France directed all its ef-

ſorts towards the deſtruction of the Spaniſh power, the Stadtholders of Holland were maintained in their poſſeſſion of this little ſtate; but as ſoon as William the Third declared himſelf the oppoſer and enemy of Lewis the Fourteenth, that monarch confiſcated the principality of Orange; each ſubſequent peace ſtipulated its reſtitution, but at laſt, on the death of the king of England in 1702, Orange was declared to have eſcheated to the crown of France. This forced ſubmiſſion, and the demolition of the proteſtant churches, cauſed a rapid emigration, and ſoon reduced the city to a ſtate of poverty and ſolitude. Orange was a poſt of conſequence under the Romans, who called it Colonia Secundanorum, and erected many ſumptuous edifices for the uſe and entertainment of its inhabitants: part of them are ſtill to be ſeen. The principal monuments are, 1ſt. A triumphal arch of the Corinthian order, now menacing ruin, the pillars that have

have been built to ſupport it being too weak for the purpoſe: it is decorated with trophies of various kinds, compoſed of maſts, ſails, and prows of gallies, ſhields, coats of mail, helmets, and weapons: on the ſhields are inſcriptions not ſatisfactorily decyphered by the learned. On one is MARIO, on another SACROVIR, a third has AVOD, and a fourth DACVDO, moſt likely the names of ſoldiers or architects. The antiquarians of the country inſiſt upon it that this monument was deſtined to commemorate the ſignal victory obtained by Caius Marius in the 651ſt year of Rome, over the joint armies of the Cimbri and Teutones; they found their arguments upon the word Mario engraved on the ſhield, and the head of a female figure repreſented looking out of a window, whom they take to be Martha the Syrian propheteſs, that accompanied Marius in his Gallic expedition: but there ſeems to be little reaſon for a trophy being erected at

Orange

Orange on account of a victory gained near Aix; beſides, the naval ornaments, and the tritons at the corners, point out a combat at ſea, or upon the Rhone.—Other writers conjecture that it was raiſed upon the defeat of the Allobroges, twenty years before. This arch is ſixty feet in front, and profuſely covered with ſculpture, but the workmanſhip is not delicate, nor the deſign agreeable; the ſtyle belongs to the age of Adrian and the Antonines. In that of Marius, and the conquerors of the Allobroges, architecture was in a rude ſtate at Rome, and a monument erected by them would have been as plain and modeſt as this is overcharged with ornaments and oſtentatious. But Rome had not then deviated ſo much from the auſtere ſimplicity of her republican principles, as to ſuffer her generals to erect trophies of their victories. 2d. The ruins of a theatre vulgarly called *Le Cirque*. This building conveys a better idea of an antique theatre,

and

and explains more clearly its forms and diſtribution than any remains now extant; for in all, except thoſe of the theatre at Tuormina, the *ſcena* is wanting. Here it is infinitely more perfect than in Sicily, and conſiſts of two walls thirteen feet aſunder; the outermoſt is of the ſtupendous height of one hundred and fifteen feet, being three hundred and thirty in length, covered in its whole extent by a broad coping; the maſonry is regular, and unimpaired. Below the coping or cornice is a row of projecting ſtones, bored through for the reception of tent poles, to hold the awning over the ſpectators. Next is a cordon, and at an equal diſtance beneath, another line of ſtones that ſeem intended to ſupport the joiſts of a floor: under them is a range of twenty-one falſe arches, the center one of which exceeds the reſt in height. Below is a third ſtring of toothings, and then, reſting on the ground, an arcade of ſeventeen arches or doors, at different

different intervals, and various elevations; the middle one is much higher and wider than the others. Within this vaſt line of building, a ſecond wall riſes to the height of the cornice, that covers the falſe arches; the middle part of it is indented in a ſemicircular form, and was probably the *pulpitum*, or part of the ſtage principally devoted to the action, as two narrow ſide doors give admittance into it from the galleries, that filled up the ſpace between the walls. This interior wall is joined at each end to a large ſquare tower advancing into the *orcheſtra* or pit, as far as the extremity of the benches, which may yet be traced in a vaſt ſemicircle on the declivity of the hill, to a height equal with that of the front wall; they were all ſo contrived as to afford the ſpectator a complete view of the ſtage from every part of the ſemicircle. The company entered by great gates on each ſide between the benches and the towers; the actors and workmen were

were admitted through the center door, which anſwered to a hall under the ſtage, and through four ſmaller doors, that opened into the lateral towers. The remaining twelve openings in the outer wall ſerved as entrances into magazines. This lofty pile croſſes at right angles a ſmall oblong plain, even yet unincumbered with buildings; it has all the appearance of having been the ſtadium or field, where the Circenſian games were exhibited; many parts of the wall, ſuch as imperfect arches, interrupted cornices, and toothings, indicate that there were galleries, and ſeats affixed to it for the purpoſe of beholding the races and other entertainments. The wall thus ſerved a double purpoſe, and while it backed the *ſcena* of the theatre, was employed alſo in ſupporting ſcaffolds for the ſhews of the Circus: it does not ſeem natural that this majeſtic ruin ſhould have acquired the uncommon name of a circus, had it never been any thing but a theatre, and therefore

therefore I am of opinion that the name has been handed down from the time of the Romans by a regular tradition.

The veſtiges of an amphitheatre, part of an aqueduct, ſome moſaics, and a few inſcriptions, complete the liſt of antiquities of Orange.

LETTER XXII.

Marſeilles, Nov. 14.

FROM Avignon we croſſed a marſhy country and the river Duſance to St. Remy, a town built about a mile from the ruins of Glanum Livii. I was not able, during our ſhort ſtay, to diſcover any other veſtiges of the city than the two pieces of antiquity which had induced us to quit the poſt road; one is a mauſoleum, the other a triumphal arch; they ſtand a few yards diſtant from each other, but it does not appear to me that there ever was any connection between them,

as is pretended by ſome authors, who think that they were erected by the ſame perſons, and in the Auguſtan age. In my opinion they were built at very different periods of the art, the ſculpture and architecture of the arch being much more chaſte and perfect than thoſe of the mauſoleum; the latter is compoſed of a pedeſtal, ornamented in baſſo relievo with combats of cavalry and infantry, over which hangs a net full of fiſhes, and borne up by genii and maſks; at each angle is placed an Ionic pilaſter; this pedeſtal ſuſtains a ſquare maſs, pierced through with an arch in each front, flanked by Corinthian columns; the architrave is charged with this inſcription;

SEXLMIVLIEICFPARENTIBVSSVIS.

Sextus, Lucius, and Marcus, ſons of Caius Julieius, *erected this* to their parents.

The frize is adorned with ſnakes and winged dragons; above, is a circular pedeſtal

and

and colonnade of twelve fluted Corinthian pillars, ſhort and thick in their proportions; the entablement is covered with a conical dome: under it appears a *togated* and a *ſtolated* figure of very different ſtature, without heads, probably the effigies of the perſons to whoſe memory this tomb was conſecrated. The whole building is light and pleaſing to the eye, but upon an examination of its ſeparate members, will be found faulty in many of its proportions; the columns are too ſhort for their diameter, the roof is too heavy; perhaps, as was frequently the cuſtom of the ancient maſters, the architect ſacrificed all conſideration for the minuter parts to the general effect; and calculated the proportions ſo as to produce a proper ſenſation on the beholder at ſome certain point of diſtance, where the ſituation of the ground, or the projection of adjacent buildings, obliged him to take his ſtand to view it.

The arch has ſuffered ſeverely by time

and dilapidations; all the upper part is deſtroyed, and only the gateway and a portion of the ſide-walls ſubſiſt. In both fronts the impoſts, from which the arch ſprings, reſt upon pilaſters, and on each ſide of them are fluted columns of the Corinthian order, with their pedeſtals, which ſupported the general entablature, but ſcarce a third of the ſhafts remains. Between each pair of columns ſtands the figure of a ſlave, one male, the other female, and in the triangle above the arch are the fragments of two winged victories: the ceiling of the gateway is delicately wrought in hexagon compartments. All that is yet left of this venerable pile beſpeaks the happy taſte of architecture, that flouriſhed under the firſt Roman emperors; the ſcience was then ſimple and correct, not yet ſophiſticated by that ſurcharge of ornament which debaſed and disfigured it in the following ages.

The

The country from hence grew bare and rocky; the banks of the rambling Durance ſtony and diſagreeable.

We paſſed through Lambeſe, a town belonging to the houſe of Lorraine; here the committee of the States of Provence is held: the ſtates themſelves have not been called together ſince the year 1639; but to ſupply their place with greater convenience to government, the king iſſues out a commiſſion annually to the archbiſhop of Aix, two biſhops, two gentlemen, the conſuls of Aix, and thirty-five deputies of diſtricts, ordering them to aſſemble under the direction of the military commandant, and the intendant of the province. In this meeting are ſettled the free gifts to the king, and all extraordinary impoſitions; the method of impoſing and collecting the taxes is regulated by the number of families in each diſtrict.

Aix,

Aix, the capital of Provence, and the ſeat of its parliament, lies in a bottom; the grounds that encircle it, are beautifully diverſified. Its ſize is not conſiderable, but the ſtreets are of a convenient breadth, the ſquares well planted, and the buildings ſolid; the town is plentifully ſupplied with ſtreams of water, flowing on all ſides from the impending hills.

The Cours or Orbitelle is a magnificent walk above three hundred yards long, formed by a triple avenue of venerable elms, that ſcreen two rows of regular and ſtately houſes; it is refreſhed by four fountains; one of its extremities is cloſed by the front of a church, the other admits a cheerful view of the country. The cathedral is a clumſy gothic pile; the cupola of its baptiſmal font is ſupported by ſix columns of marble and two of granite, found among the ruins of a Roman palace. Here, and in the other churches of the

the city, are to be ſeen the tombs of ſeveral earls of Provence, and ſome good pictures by French painters; in that of the Minims is a ſmall elegant monument erected by Frederic the Second, king of Pruſſia, to the memory of his friend the Marquis d' Argens, author of the *Lettres Juives*.

The civil buildings of this place are not remarkable, nor are there any great remains of antique magnificence, though this was the firſt ſettlement made in Gaul by the Romans: one hundred and twenty-four years before Chriſt, C. Sextius Calvinius conducted an army hither, to ſuccour the people of Marſeilles againſt the Salvii, a Celtic tribe. The diſcovery of ſome tepid ſprings determined the conſul to fix a ſtation in this valley, and theſe warm baths, which by habit, were become a neceſſary part of the exiſtence of a Roman, ſoon brought an affluence of inhabitants to the colony. The barbarian conquerors of Rome, who deſpiſed

this luxury, overturned the ſumptuous edifices that defended the waters and the bathers from injury, and buried the ſprings under a mountain of ruins and rubbiſh: it is not above a century ſince they were accidentally brought again to light: they are ſcarce warm, and almoſt taſteleſs, but are drunk in ſpring by a concourſe of people, upon whom they operate as gentle deterſive phyſic.

A rocky road over parched-up waſtes leads acroſs the hills towards Marſeilles. It is impoſſible for either poet or painter to give an adequate idea of the wonderful view that burſt at once upon us when we gained the ſummit. The brown crag, that crowns the height where we ſtood, ſlopes gently from it into thickets of evergreen flowering ſhrubs: theſe cover a large circle below, and terminate irregularly in fields of various culture, where the olive and other fruit trees are at firſt thinly dotted upon the grounds, but by degrees thicken into clumps, and ſoon into groves,

groves, till they form at laſt one wide expanded foreſt; beyond them, the apparent plain, for in reality it is a heap of little hills, is interſected in ten thouſand directions by walls, near each of which ſtands a ſmall pavilion called a baſtide, as white as milk, ſtrikingly oppoſed to the greens and yellows of the gardens that ſurround it: a dark border incloſes this ſpace, and ſeparates it from the ſea, that immenſe body of waters which ſeems to be raiſed half-way up to the firmament; the line of its horizon is loſt at each extremity behind far diſtant groupes of mountains; on its ſurface numberleſs ſhips are ſcattered like white ſpots, changing their place with a motion not to be followed by the eye. In a ſemicircular bay, deeply cut into the ſhore, lies the city of Marſeilles, huddled together, and defended by the iſlands, that ſeem to block up the entrance of its narrow channel. I deſcended with reluctance from this commanding ſtation,

and

and ſoon after beheld myſelf immured between high walls, ſuffocated with duſt, and poiſoned by the ſtench of the manure, which innumerable mules convey from the city to the vineyards.

LETTER XXIII.

Marſeilles.

WE have ſettled ourſelves for a month in a villa without the gates;—and from our windows enjoy a proſpect of great part of the city, bay, and iſlands, with a fine ſtretch of ſea and coaſt.

You who are acquainted with all my taſtes and affections, may eaſily conceive how my heart muſt dilate, while I gaze upon ſo admirable a picture in this cleareſt of atmoſpheres: you alſo well know with what enthuſiaſm I am fired when I read or talk of the exploits, the arts, the learning, and the

virtues of ancient Greece; and can therefore imagine with what veneration I view this Grecian colony, and meditate upon its hiſtory, and that incomparable ſyſtem of adminiſtration, which obtained the praiſe of the moſt judicious authors among the ancients. Even now Marſeilles commands our reſpect as a great commercial port; few cities can vie with it in extent of enterprize, in the various commodities diſplayed upon its wharfs, or in the number of veſſels that ſail from hence to all parts of the world; but theſe advantages are not entirely its own; it is now but an active member of a great monarchy, and I am conſidering it, as it once was, miſtreſs of itſelf, and the benefactreſs of ſurrounding nations.

Six hundred years before Chriſt, the inhabitants of the Ionian city of Phocea, having joined in the general but unſucceſsful inſurrection of the Greek colonies in Leſſer Aſia, againſt the Perſian king, fled to their

ſhips,

ſhips, and, rather than meet his vengeance, abandoned for ever the abode of their forefathers. They were long toſſed about on the waves, and wandered to many ports in queſt of a retreat, where they might enjoy the bleſſings of liberty, and the fruits of their induſtry: chance, or ſome reaſon unknown to us, brought them to the ſhores of Gaul, where they built a city, called Maſſylia. Their manners, inſtitutes, and language continued for many ages to be Grecian; their fame, as a trading nation, was equal to that of Carthage, and the ſpirit, with which their navigators explored unknown coaſts, was celebrated by the unanimous voice of antiquity. Their political inſtitutes and internal adminiſtration, were ſtill more admired; the wiſdom, which directed their councils, preſerved harmony at home, and eluded the malice, or repelled the inſults of the neighbouring barbarians: but their ſafety aroſe from a ſenſe of their favours, rather than

than the terror of their arms; the Gauls were indebted to the Maſſylians for inſtruction of every kind; the Maſſylians were their maſters not only in morals, politics, and learning, but they alſo taught them how to procure the neceſſaries and comforts of life with more eaſe and certainty, and in greater abundance. Theſe benefits inſured them the reſpect and gratitude of the Gauls, till commerce, which ſeldom fails to corrupt the people it enriches, introduced vices that poiſoned the ſources from whence the proſperity of the ſtate had ariſen. Then the Gauls began to perceive a change in the character of the Greeks, leſs probity in their dealings, and more ambition marked by the tranſactions of commerce; this gave birth to jealouſies, and no doubt provoked the Salvians to thoſe hoſtilities, which obliged the ſenate of Marſeilles to call in the Romans, and thus afford that all-uſurping power a pretext for croſſing the Alps. In the civil wars of Rome, Marſeilles took

took part with Pompey, was beſieged, ſtormed by Cæſar, and reduced to the ſtate of a tributary.

In the decline of the Roman empire, Marſeilles, having loſt all virtue and energy with its independence, dwindled away to a mere ruin; nor did it recover any degree of conſequence till one of the kings of Arles, in the ninth century, beſtowed it as an appendage upon a younger ſon. It remained under the government of viſcounts, or of its own magiſtrates, till the earls of Provence conquered it.

Marſeilles ſtands upon a declivity and embraces the port, which runs about one thouſand ſix hundred paces into the land. The old town is the moſt elevated, but it is ill built, filthy, and gloomy. The ſtreets of the new town are ſpacious, and full of neat, good habitations. The Cours is a very noble ſtreet, planted with a double row of trees between lines of houſes built upon a ſym-

ſymmetrical deſign, and ornamented with porticos and columns. In the evening, eſpecially that of a holiday, it is crowded with people, and forms one of the moſt variegated and lively ſcenes I ever beheld. This climate is exceſſively hot in ſummer, though tempered at certain hours by the breeze off the ſea; in winter the north-eaſt winds that blow for many weeks together, are the moſt cutting I ever felt; but when they ceaſe, the winter days of this country are as pleaſant as the fineſt ſummer ones in our northern regions.

In moſt of the churches are paintings of merit by Puget and other maſters of the French ſchool; but Puget's fame ariſes more deſervedly from his admirable works in ſculpture, of which many are to be ſeen in this his native city. The eſcutcheon of the royal arms over the door of the town hall, is a piece of exquiſite taſte and delicacy of touch.

The

The abbey of St. Victor contains a great quantity of tombs, and ancient inſcriptions, in honour both of chriſtians and pagans. It is one of the oldeſt monaſtical foundations in France; ſeveral eminent perſonages have belonged to its ſociety, and there imbibed the principles of thoſe virtues, and the rudiments of that knowledge, which afterwards raiſed them to the higheſt dignities of the church.

The harbour is ſhut up with a chain, and ſhips of war or heavy burden uſually ride at anchor in the road between the iſlands and the main land, but there is always a great crowd of ſmaller veſſels in the port; the uſual number to be ſeen amounts at leaſt to five hundred, and it is computed that near four thouſand ſhips and barks enter this port in the courſe of a year. Along the fine quay that lines it, the ſtir and buſtle is prodigious; a moving picture that is enlivened by the great variety of dreſſes, the geſticulations

and

and expreſſive countenances of the perſons that compoſe it.

The galley ſlaves, except when employed at work, chained in pairs, paſs their time in a part of the quay, lying near the gallies, which are uſed merely as places of confinement; this diſtrict, I am told, is a kind of market for ſtolen goods, as well as a receptacle of all ſorts of idle and profligate company. No place abounds more with diſſolute perſons of both ſexes than Marſeilles, and in the abundance of proſtitutes, that appear in the ſtreets, it is almoſt upon a par with London.

The fortifications that defend the city on the land ſide, are ſuch as no military perſon would think able to reſiſt the attacks of a regular army; and yet the emperor Charles the Fifth was foiled in his endeavours to break through them, and obliged to make a diſgraceful retreat into Italy. Several forts guard the entrance of the harbour, and high

upon the point of a mountain ſtands that of Notre Dame de la Garde, better known by the mention made of it in the voyage of Chapelle and Bachaumont, than by its ſtrength, or even its image of the Madonna, the patroneſs of the Marſeilleſe ſailors.

The Lazaretto is an extenſive inſulated building. As the Levant trade, which is the great concern of Marſeilles, ſubjects it to the dangers of the plague, and veſſels are continually arriving from the ſuſpicious ports of Aſia and Africa, the greateſt care is neceſſary to prevent this exterminating contagion from being communicated by any infected ſhip. The laws of quarantine are no where better regulated, or more ſtrictly enforced, than in this Lazaretto; nor is this to be wondered at, for the deſolation of the year 1720 may be ſaid to be yet freſh in the memory of the inhabitants; ſome ſurvivors remain to paint the horrid ſcene, and keep alive the fears of thoſe that

are

are too young to have been witneſſes of that dreadful viſitation of the hand of God. Above ſixty thouſand perſons died of the diſorder in the city of Marſeilles; but the loſs has been repaired, and it now reckons near ninety thouſand ſouls within its walls. Of this multitude almoſt every individual appears to have a concern in trade: I never ſaw a ſeaport, where there was ſo much noiſe and buſtle, but indeed I know no people of ſo lively, clamorous a turn, or ſo prone to boiſterous joy, as that of Marſeilles. The Provençal is all alive, and feels his nerves agitated in a ſupreme degree by accidents and objects that would ſcarce move a muſcle or a feature in the phlegmatic natives of more northern climes; his ſpirits are flurried by the ſlighteſt ſenſations of pleaſure or of pain, and ſeem always on the watch to ſeize the tranſient impreſſions of either; but to balance this deſtructive propenſity, nature has wiſely rendered it difficult for thoſe impreſſions to

ſink into their ſouls; they eaſily receive, but as eaſily diſcard and forget, thus daily offering a ſurface ſmoothed afreſh for new pains and pleaſures to trace their light affections upon. But this by no means excludes warm attachments and ſolid friendſhips; when time and habit afford leiſure for the impreſſion to penetrate deep enough, it will, no doubt, acquire and retain as firm a hold in their breaſt as in any other, and perhaps be ſtamped with ſtill greater warmth and energy.

The commerce of Marſeilles is divided into a multiplicity of branches; a variety of commodities are fabricated here, or brought from the other ports and inland provinces of France to be exported, and numerous articles of traffic are landed here in order to be diſperſed in this and other kingdoms. It is preſumed that one year with another buſineſs is tranſacted upon this exchange for near fifteen millions ſterling. The exports

to

to the Levant amount annually to thirty-one millions of livres; the imports from thence are valued at fifty. Thoſe from the Weſt Indies and Cayenne are calculated at ſeventeen millions of exports, and twenty-one of imports. About three millions and a half are employed in the Eaſt-India trade, ſix in the corn trade, and about twenty-nine in that with Spain and the reſt of Europe. Four millions worth of ſalt cod and train oil comes from North America; oils from Sicily, &c. to the amount of fourteen millions, exported again in ſoap to nearly the ſame value; as alſo various manufactures to the amount of two millions and an half. Add to this circulation the dealings in inſurances, and profits upon bullion, and you will have a rough, but comprehenſive ſketch of the commerce of Marſeilles.

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